Beginning

Poor Man's Gold a new novel **By Courtney Ryley Cooper**

June 22, 1935

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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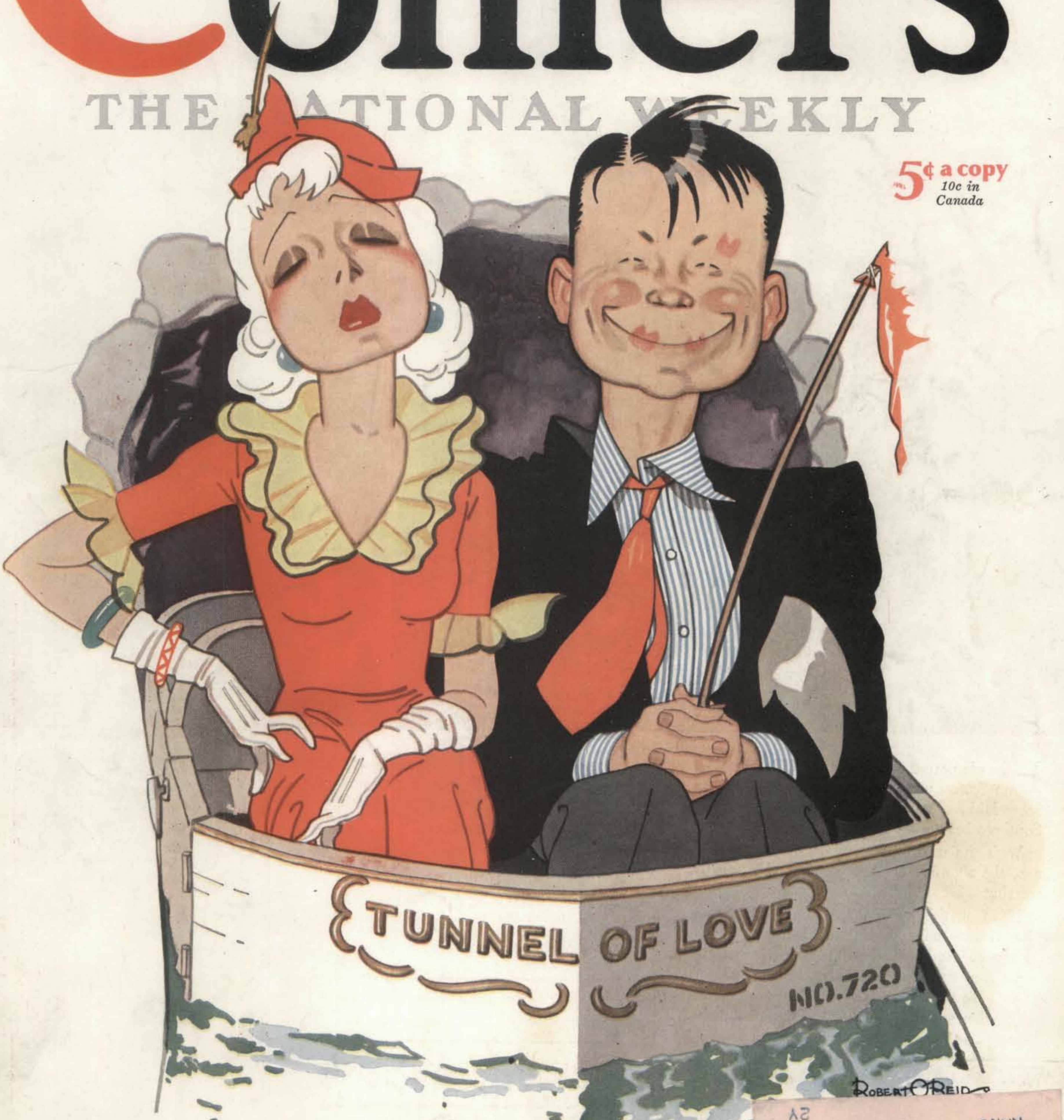
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JUNE 22, 1935

MOONLIGHT AND FOUR ROSES

IN the glamorous days before the War Between the States, a young gentleman named Paul Jones laid siege to the heart and hand of a lovely Southern belle.

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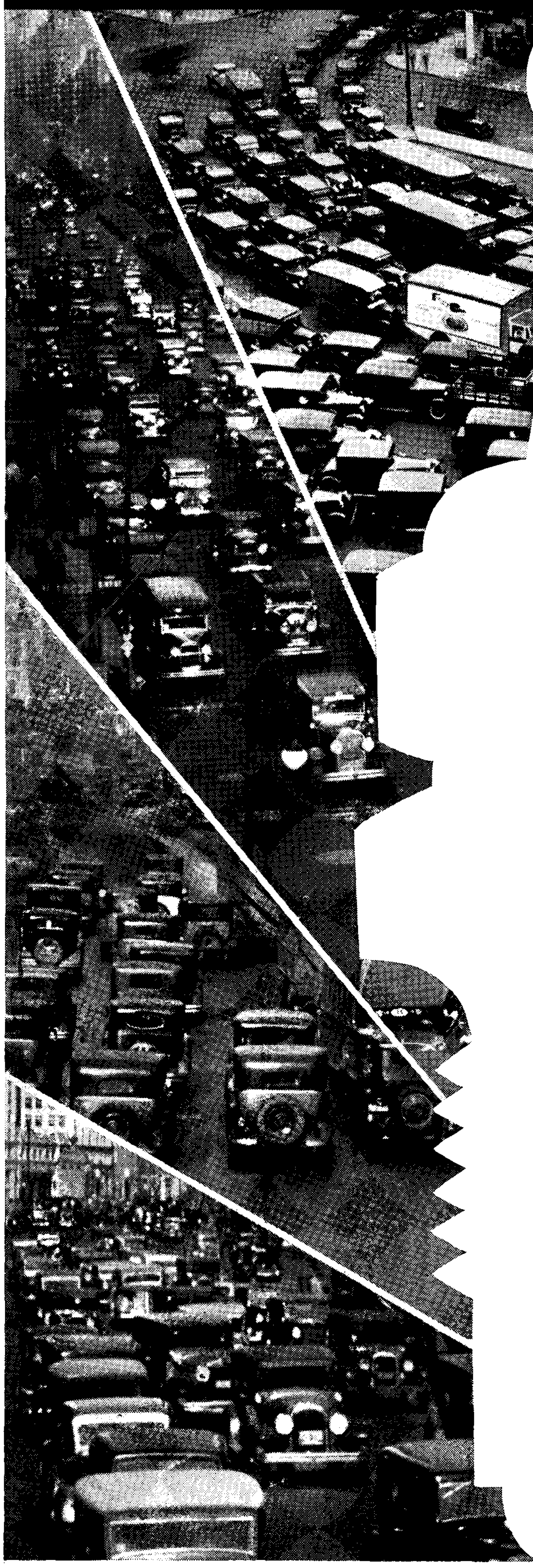
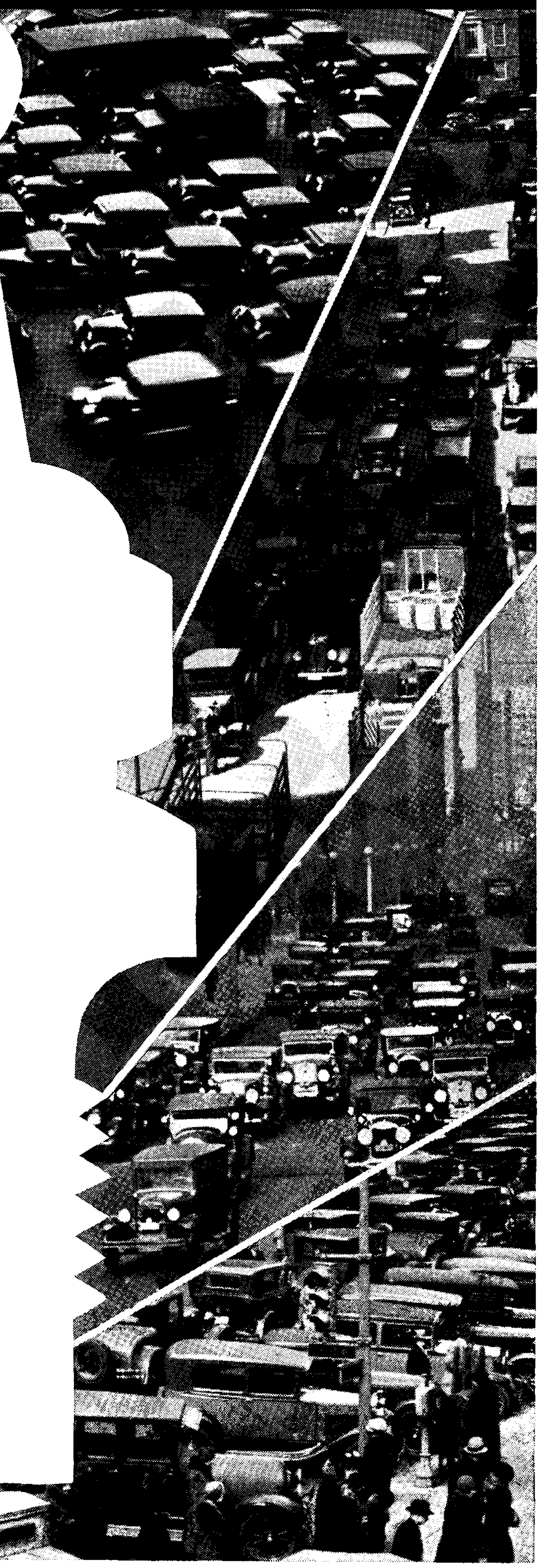
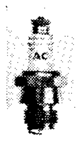




Millions CHOOSE AC SPARK PLUGS *every year!*

More than 20 million people owned motor cars last year. Each one was free to buy whatever he preferred as equipment for his car. So, it cannot be accident, or mere coincidence, that millions of these motorists chose to buy AC Quality Spark Plugs.



True, six out of every ten of their cars were factory-equipped with AC Spark Plugs. But thousands of owners must have switched to ACs. In no other way could AC's sales have exceeded not only those of any previous year, but of any other make of spark plug as well.

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Next Week

IT SEEMED a good idea at the time. Mary and Calvin could just slip off to San José and be quietly married. They would tell no one. Calvin could then go on to his job in the Los Angeles bank and Mary could go back to her two brothers and two sisters and her invalid aunt and to the responsibility of looking after them all. Mary was just twenty: she thought it was an exciting idea.

Kathleen Norris, with profound and sympathetic understanding, describes the results of this "Secret Marriage" in the days when Mary found herself tied to a man she hardly knew by a bond that stood inexorably between her and the one person she loved. The new serial begins next week.

LAST summer six inches less rain than usual fell on the Northwest. The ground dried up and cracked; dust storms rolled across the country; relief rolls mounted. It took only a few inches of rain to change all that. The showers that came in April and May this spring were worth a billion dollars in cold cash.

Those few inches of rain staged a heroic drama, elemental and human. In "Rain and Resurrection," Alexander F. Jones shows you the happy actors.

AND, for contrast, Jacland Marmur hurries you off to the bright and dangerous waterfront of old Marseilles to take part in a desperate venture with the Bourbon pirate and a lithe and impudent girl named Nina.

THE privilege of being a Mormon missionary is an honor reserved by the Church of Latter-Day Saints for its most brilliant young men. One of them, who spent three years converting Scotchmen, is now Governor of the Federal Reserve Board—Marriner S. Eccles. He is certain to be a continuing and increasing force in the Administration. His personal story is told by George Creel in "A Banker Who Can Talk."

WHEN you're seventeen and a girl and have a desire to be languorous, you are very, very likely to meet with little except misunderstanding. Just see what happened to Pinky when she suddenly decided that she had been wasting her life playing around with young boys. Stanley Paul shows you.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, Frank Condon, Quentin Reynolds and others contribute stories and articles. Courtney Ryley Cooper continues the headlong pace of "Poor Man's Gold." We hope that's not too much excitement.

This Week

●

June 22, 1935

Cover by Robert O. Reid

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER
Poor Man's Gold, Part I. How a girl started the gold rush—the new serial. Page 7

RUTH SEINFEL
Salad Days. Cool notions. Page 10

WILLIAM MacHARG
Plenty of Sand. O'Malley will sift it. Page 11

OWEN P. WHITE
Timber for the Future. Relieving the lumber famine. Page 12

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN
According to Plan. Vengeance was hers in the end. Page 14

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
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JAMES WARNER BELLAH
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KYLE CRICHTON
Waite, the Boy Wonder. The prosperity of Mr. Hoyt. Page 19

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
Love Story of a Liar. Who once slipped up and told the truth. Page 20

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Keep Up with the World. Our own fact-finding commission. Page 47

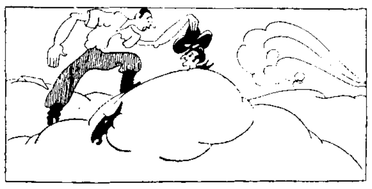
EDITORIAL
Well on Our Way. Page 70

●

Any Week

WELL knowing our eagerness to catch even the faintest whisper of modern trends, Mr. Russell Alexander of Greencastle, Indiana, writes to call our attention to the significant behavior of the graduating class of DePauw University. No longer do the young men have to follow Horace Greeley's advice, "Go West!" They sit on the college steps and let the wind blow the West right into their laps.

"As I interpret it," writes Mr. Alexander, "the modern college senior is a follower of Mohammed rather than Greeley. Why go to the West if the West will come to you?"



And then Mr. Alexander adds the story of a friend who was amazed to see, in a setting of utter desolation, a cowboy's ten-gallon hat sitting jauntily atop a dust drift. Trying to pick it up, he discovered the owner's head was still inside. He offered his aid and met with the drawling response: "Thanks, stranger, but I reckon I can make it. I'm on my horse."

FROM Guasave, Sinaloa, Mexico, F. W. Smith sends us his praise for George Creel's Mexican articles, in which he finds a dispassionate treatment of a controversial subject. And then, dropping a word of appreciation for James Warner Bellah, he goes on to say: "There is lots of good writing today, but we still lack a Dickens, Thackeray, Smollett. Please instruct your readers to look out for one." We have and are hopefully waiting.

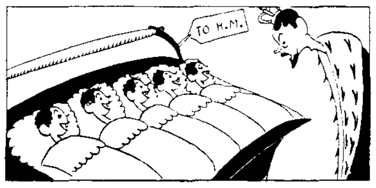
IN THE morning's mail comes a complaint from Leonard Stevens of Kansas City, Missouri, charging that Collier's is costing him sleep. Mr. Stevens is night manager of a store and goes off duty at seven A. M. Collier's does not go on sale Friday mornings until ten or eleven. So you see, all we can do is sympathize: Collier's costs us sleep too. And worth it.

WE JUDGE that something is amiss from the comments of E. F. Grabowski of Cleveland, Ohio. "Legislative bodies," says he, "cannot circumvent a moral 'oughtness,' nor is concentrated wealth necessarily an integral part of capitalism. You have betrayed yourselves as a conservative slumberer." Just when we were feeling so alert, too.

WE WERE just getting a little dazed thinking about the number of chain letters that had come to an abrupt end through arrival in this office when news reached us from Denver, Colorado, of a new development—the I Pledge Dandelions letter. "You pledge yourself to weed your neighbor's lawn, clean the dandelions out. The Ladies Prettier Front Yards and Garages Association has gone in for it strong. The boys have countered with a 'Send a pint of whisky' chain."

BUT that wasn't all. From the same city we hear: "The relief recipients are cashing their orders at the grocery for one dollar's worth of merchandise and the rest cash. This lets them in on the chain-letter craze. And other diversions. I met a guy on relief who won seventy dollars on Omaha. You see he'd been saving his doles."

ROBERT B. PALMER of Cincinnati, Ohio, rises to say that Mr. Fogarty was wrong in criticizing King George for adopting the Dionne babies as wards of the Crown. "Probably King George learned of the adoption about as soon as did Mr. Fogarty and, probably, in the same way—from reading it in the papers." And that's one reason why every man might not want to be a king.



OUR marksmanship is put in question by R. E. Hunter of Missoula, Montana, who has been reading Roark Bradford's "Midnight Special." "Either," writes he, "the field lark that Cotton Eye 'adjusted the peep' on 'until only the point of the front sight was visible,' died of natural causes or the 'crackling roar' scared him to death. The best marksmen *center* the front sight in the peep."

EVERY once in a while someone charges us with printing thought-provoking articles, and proof of this has just come from Miss Florence Hanlon of Phoenix, Arizona. She read W. B. Courtney's "This Year's War" and was led to wonder "why the silly militarists rush at each other when they haven't yet destroyed the lesser insects. The mosquitoes would be a foe worthy of their steel."

YES, but would they test their mettle?

Vol. 95, No. 25. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1935, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. 5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
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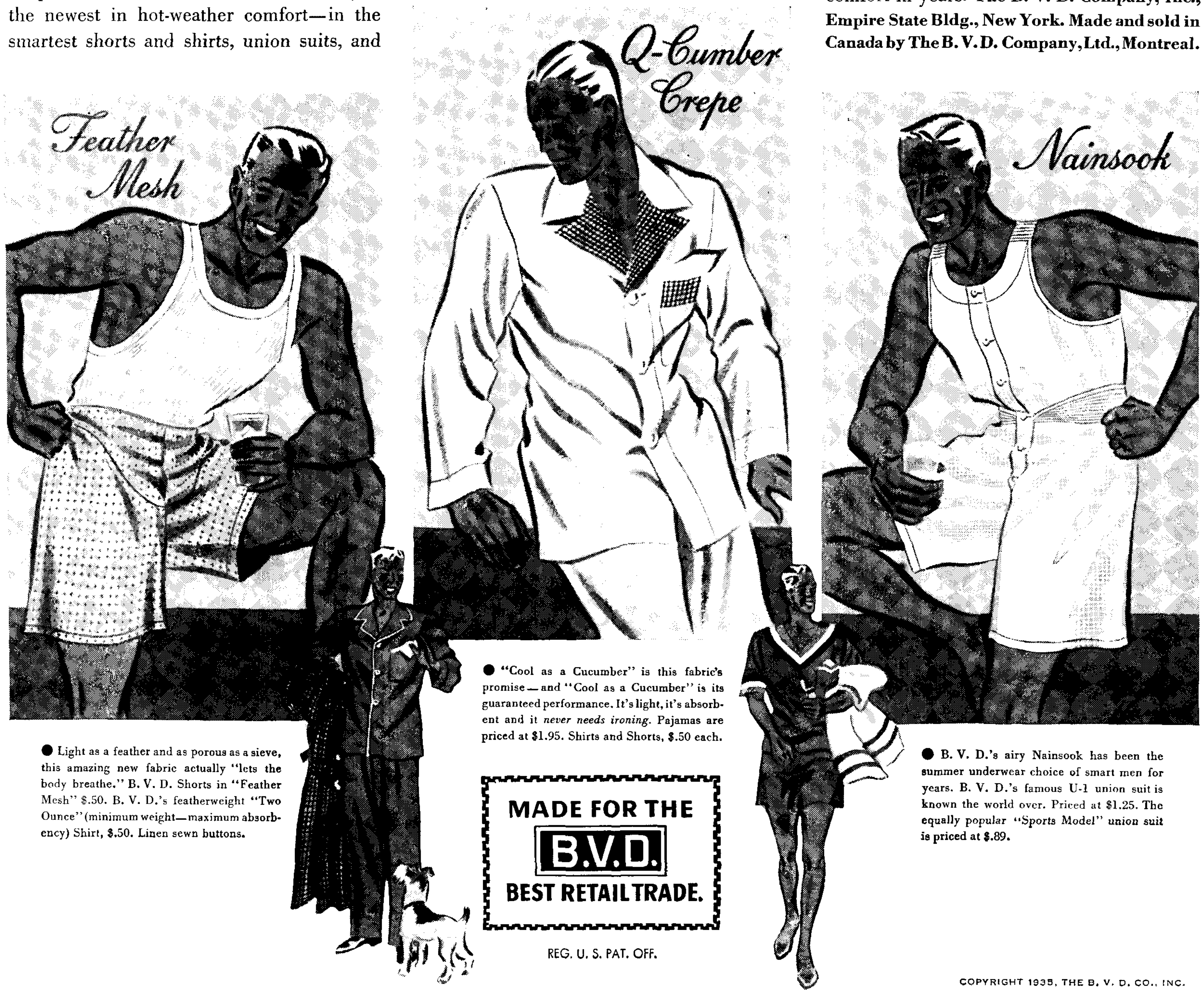

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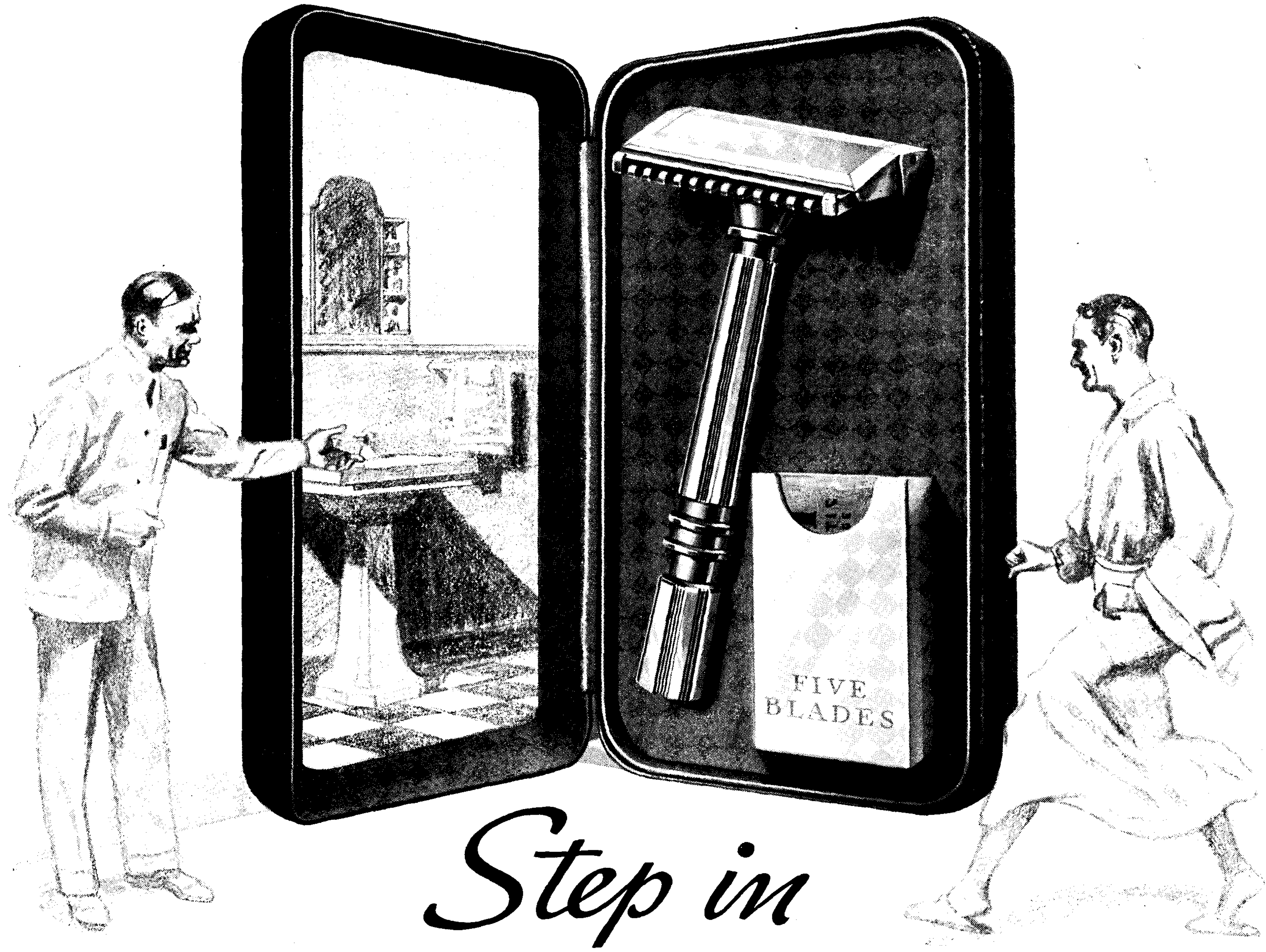

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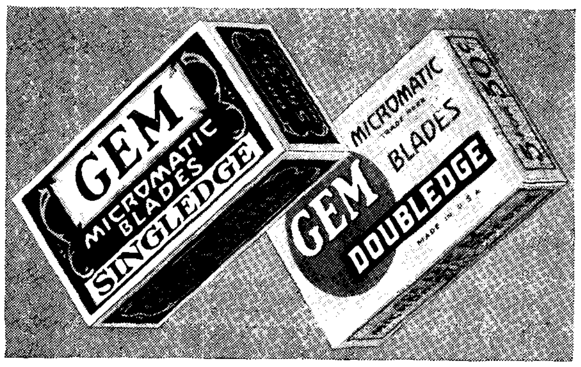

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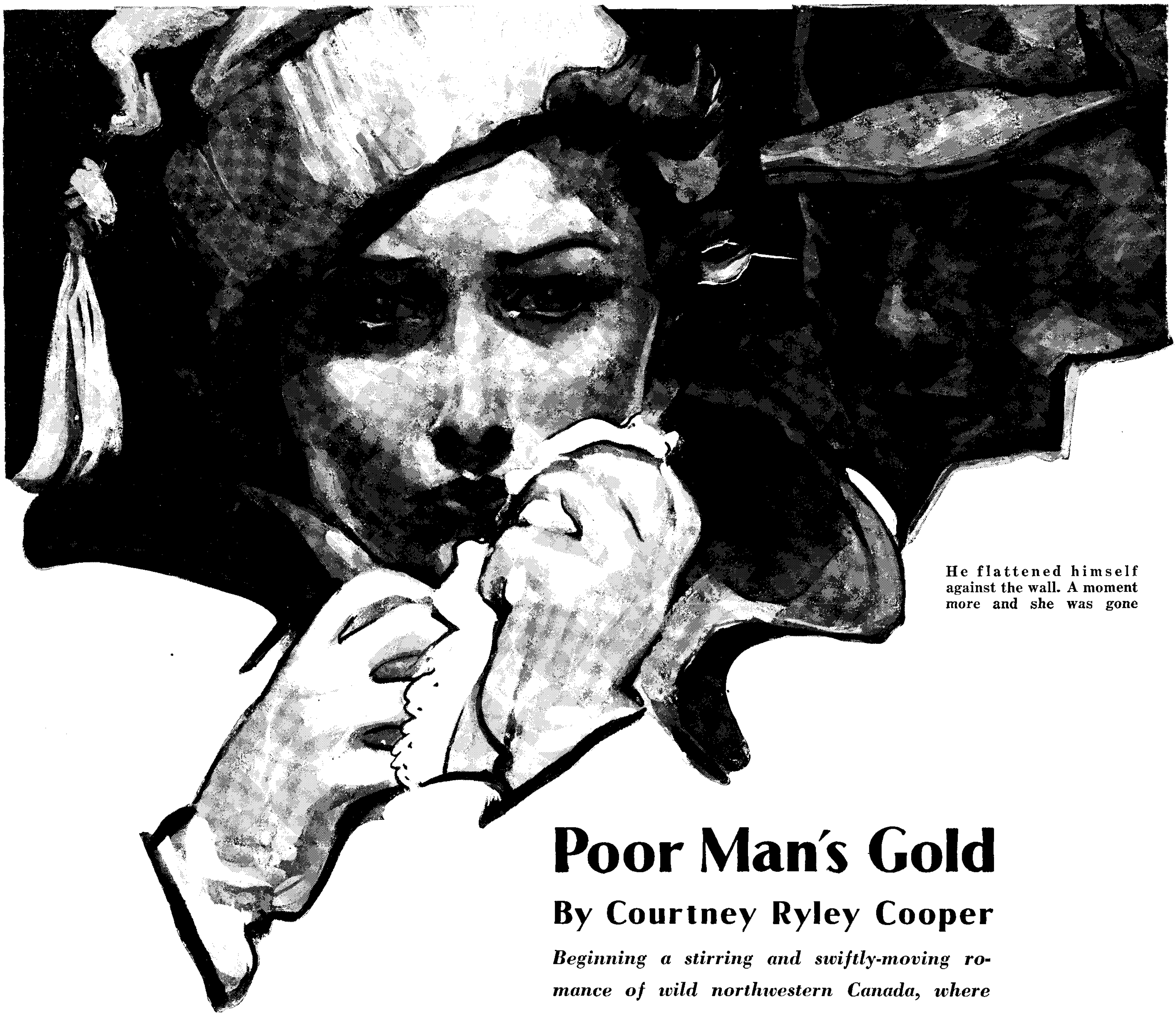


He flattened himself against the wall. A moment more and she was gone

Poor Man's Gold

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Beginning a stirring and swiftly-moving romance of wild northwestern Canada, where they are still finding gold—and high adventure

JACK HAMMOND reflected, as he walked up from the wharf, that rain was Prince Rupert's most bountiful crop. Chamber of Commerce reports might speak of the biggest fish cold storage houses in Canada, and the runs of salmon up the Skeena in the spring; but the cold storage buildings were works of man, and sometimes the salmon failed to run. Hammond, with his overcoat collar turned up against the spit of a raw winter drizzle, remarked that rain came without asking, and rarely failed.

He made the climb from the waterfront and cut across the little terraced park, where totem poles stood gleaming with moisture and grotesquely lonely. Everything dripped in Prince Rupert this morning, even the discolored stuffed Kadiak bear in front of Al Monson's Trading Store. At last Hammond halted abruptly, looking over the wooden fence of a back yard. Howls and whines had centered his attention.

"What are you trying to do with that dog?" he asked. A man halted in his efforts to kick a harnessed mongrel into progress along a muddy space before a makeshift sleigh, weighted with stones.

"Going to make a sled dog out of him."

"That bozo? He hasn't got the weight for it."

"Oh, he's pretty strong." The man grinned. "Say, they'll be buying anything where this dog's going!"

"Where's that?"

The pseudo trainer jerked his head toward the white pinnacles of distant mountains. The weather of British Columbia presents strange contrasts. Here along the coast, even on a February day like this, one seldom finds snow. But beyond—

"Over the hills there in B. C.," the man said, "up the Caribou River, somewhere around the valley of the Stikine. Haven't you heard about it?"

Hammond's features had become strangely grim.

"What's going on?"

"Where've you been that you haven't read the papers?"

"On the Aleutian, coming up from Vancouver."

The dog trainer stared.

"The ship that got in this morning?" he asked. "And you didn't know about it? Then you must have been deaf, dumb and blind. There were plenty of others who came on that boat—just because of it."

"BECAUSE of what?" Jack Hammond's hands, where they gripped the fence, were strangely discolored.

"Well, if you ain't kidding, the gold rush. Two fellows found placer gold up there. A couple of guys named Mackenzie Joe Britten and his partner, Jack Hammond."

"Oh, I see," said Hammond jerkily.

"Yeh." The volunteer trainer rubbed casually at the loose fur of his dog. "Guess they'd figured to keep it quiet, all for themselves, you know. But this Hammond goes down to Seattle to see some old girl he'd been stuck on ever since he was a kid. Then he got on a big bust and spilled everything. It's been in all the papers, I guess. Quite a romance."

"Yes, quite," said Hammond thinly. "So everybody's figuring on going up there, eh?"

"Everybody and his brother. That's why I thought I'd train this dog."

"Do you think he's worth it?"

"Why not?"

"That dog can't make the grade in the Stikine country. Zero's a hot day around there this time of year."

The man laughed.

"The dog's going, not me. Shipping him out."

"If you want to kill the pooch, why don't you chloroform him?"

"Who said I wanted to kill him? That dog's worth money."

"He won't be worth it long. No chest. Thin legs. A light coat from being around this coast country. No hair on his feet—he'd last about two days."

"That ain't my worry. Let the fellow who buys him lose sleep over that." He gave the dog a kick, shouting: "Mush! Mush on, there!"

The dog's howls remained in Jack Hammond's ears as he walked slowly up the street. So this was gold—this an echo of the broken laughter and excited jabberings of himself and Mackenzie Joe Britten, one day last autumn, up there in the faraway Stikine country. Then their discovery of placer or nugget gold, poor man's gold, as it is so often called, had brought great visions. Here was new money, waiting to be washed from the gravel of a river, and of value the minute it was found; no need for great shafts and expensive machinery to extract this wealth.

There had been big talk that day—of what new gold meant to a waiting world, the happiness it would bring, the accomplishments. There had been no thought of the greed, the suffering, the jealousies and hatred which must inevitably follow.

He passed Al Monson's Trading Store, and Ben Deacon's. Both were jammed with purchasers; many had the white faces of persons who know nothing of wind or pelting ice particles, the whip of a blizzard or the blaze of sun on ice. They had lived always in this coast region, warmed by the Japanese current until its temperatures were higher than districts a thousand miles to the south. But the warmth of the current did not flow over those distant mountains. There winter was fierce and cruel and unrelenting. Hammond tried to tell himself that it was none of his business. He entered the hotel.

"Joe here?" he asked the clerk.

"Mackenzie Joe? No, he pulled out yesterday morning, all in a rush."

"Down north?"

"Didn't say. Must have. Got out on a work train. Left a note for you though, Mr. Hammond."

Jack unfolded the scrawled letter left by his bearded partner. It was brusque, jerkily frank:

"Well, I figured you might play the fool if you ever got to Seattle and met that girl, but I never thought you'd spill the beans like you did. Why didn't you wait until you hit the bush again before you got drunk? There'll be a thousand fools up in the Stikine country before break-up. I'm hitting out of here with short supplies to get in there and protect our interests before the rush starts. See our lawyer and be sure our claims and leases are in good shape. Then come on with supplies as quick as you can. JOE."

HAMMOND turned to the waiting boy beside him and ordered his bags to his room. Then he headed for the door; again on the street, he started toward a three-story building a few blocks away.

His course was a broken one. Townspeople he knew halted him to question the accuracy of newspaper stories which Jack Hammond had not seen. His evasiveness only nettled them.

"What if you haven't seen the newspapers?" they asked. "You made the discovery. The Vancouver papers have been full of it. You know all about it—what's the use of trying to keep it a secret?"

Soon a crowd had gathered about him. Hammond fenced frantically.

"Suppose I have made a strike in the Stikine? There's no reason everyone should try to rush in there."

"What's the matter, got a patent on the country?" jeered someone from the edge of the throng.

"No, I haven't got any patent on it. And I don't know what the papers have said—"

"Oh, yes, you do—that you've found a new Klondike."

"Well, I haven't—nor anything like it."

"You and Mackenzie Joe Britten got placer gold."

"Yeh, lots of it," came an echo.

Hammond frowned.

"Suppose we did? That doesn't mean that everybody in the world can rush up there and do the same thing."

"Why not?" an excited man in a soggy gray coat demanded. "It's a big country, isn't it?"

"Too big. That's the trouble. It's no picnic to get into that part of the Stikine."

"Why ain't it?" asked a newcomer with a pack on his back. "It's just back of Wrangell, on the other side of the Alaskan range."

A BIG man, with a faint break of accent in his voice, poked a hard-skinned, hewed-out face close to that of Hammond.

"My name's Olson," he announced. "I've got a map here—suppose you point out the place to us."

Hammond pulled at his breath.

"Maybe I'd better," he agreed. Then, as Olson poked the map before him: "Didn't I see you on the boat from Vancouver?"

"Yah, you saw me," said Olson. "And a lot of others."

"Why didn't you come to me then? I could have explained all this to you—maybe you wouldn't have been so anxious about getting off here."

"You got off, didn't you?" asked the man with the pack on his back.

"That was enough for me," came another voice. Then a short man, red-faced, and with an excitable manner, edged forward.

"How about me? I saw the story in a Winnipeg paper and took a plane for Jasper Park. Then caught the train up here."

"Yeh, and I came from Prince George," cut in another member of the crowd. "I thought we'd go in from Alaska—around Wrangell."

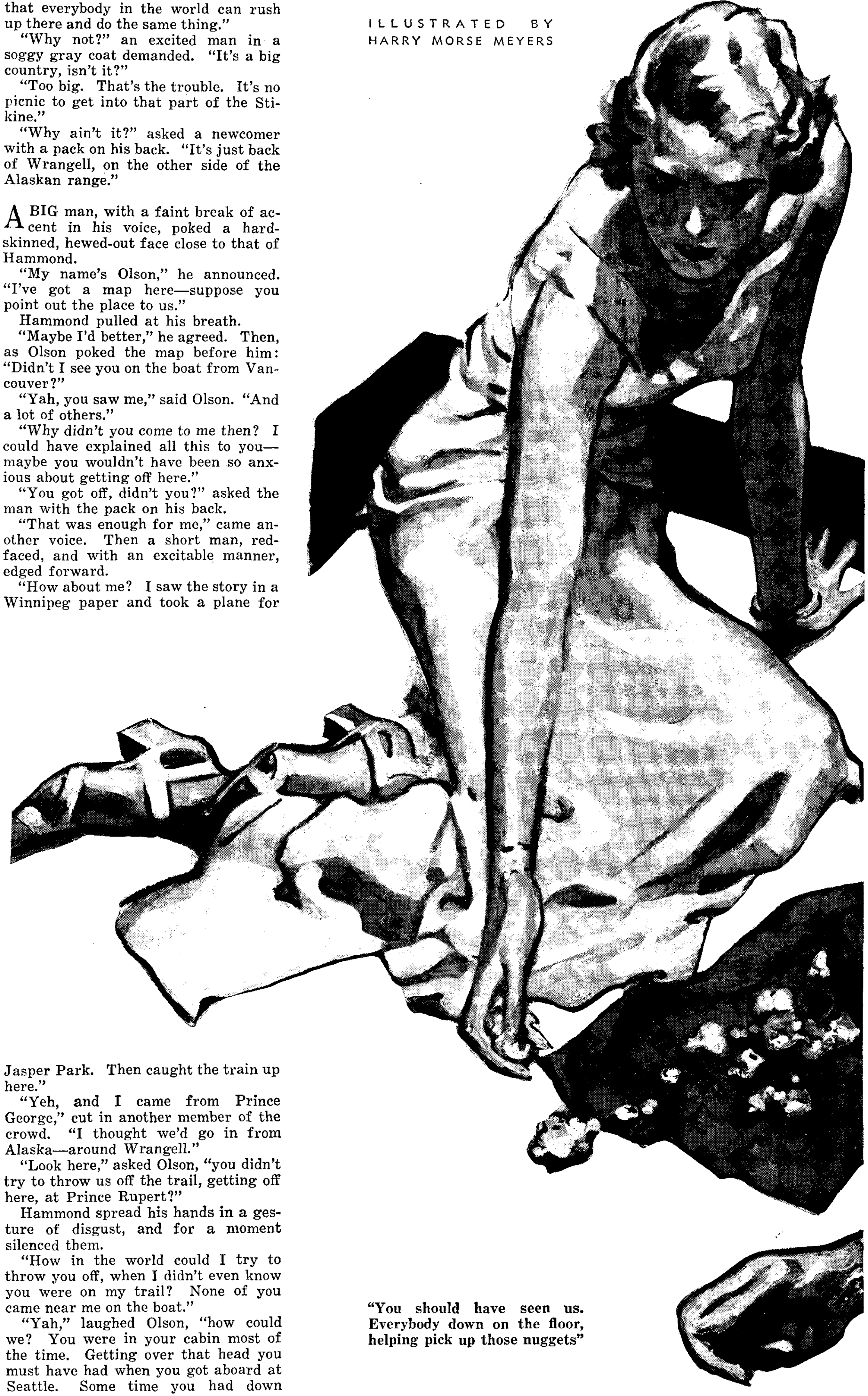
"Look here," asked Olson, "you didn't try to throw us off the trail, getting off here, at Prince Rupert?"

Hammond spread his hands in a gesture of disgust, and for a moment silenced them.

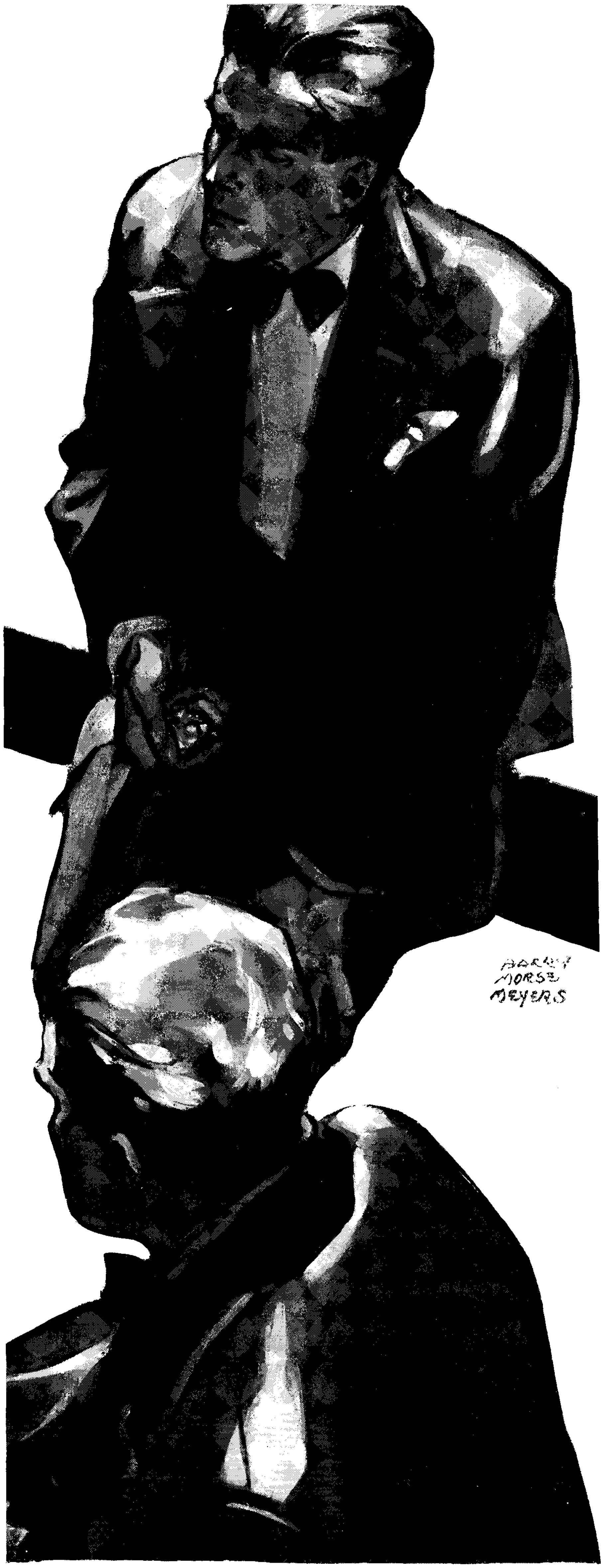
"How in the world could I try to throw you off, when I didn't even know you were on my trail? None of you came near me on the boat."

"Yah," laughed Olson, "how could we? You were in your cabin most of the time. Getting over that head you must have had when you got aboard at Seattle. Some time you had down there, yah?"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



"You should have seen us. Everybody down on the floor, helping pick up those nuggets"



"Never mind that. Now, see here, I've got business to look after. I can't stand here and argue—"

"You can tell us why you got off here instead of going on to Wrangell."

Hammond straightened. He raised a work-thickened hand and, removing his hat, allowed the cooling rain to fall for a moment on his dark, tousled hair. He regarded the crowd which hemmed him in, with a look almost of pity in his dark eyes. He was taller than most of those about him, with the exception of Olson, well-trimmed in his build, his wholesomely irregular features darkened by the glare of sun on ice and the whip of wind.

"Listen, fellows," he began, "you don't know what you're getting into by trying to beat that country."

"But the map shows that it's just back of Wrangell," Olson insisted.

"To hell with the map!" Hammond broke forth angrily. "Certainly, it's back of Wrangell. Maybe seventy-five miles, a hundred, I don't know."

"Just below the Stikine River, against the Alaskan border," supplemented the red-faced man from Winnipeg. "The newspaper said so."

"I suppose that makes it a fact," Hammond answered sarcastically.

"Then why don't you go on to Wrangell by boat and up the Stikine River?"

"You can't go up the Stikine this time of year," an outsider argued. "Might as well try to walk on icicles."

"Will you let me explain the set-up?" Hammond insisted. "If you go in by way of the Stikine, you've got to make nearly two hundred miles and double back. You can't turn off—that river runs through canyons almost to Telegraph Creek—'way past the discovery. Even if you do find a break, you've got mountain ranges seven and eight thousand feet high in the back country, to shut you off. It's next to impossible to cover the Stikine route on the ice—"

"Boats make that river in the summer time," someone insisted.

"Certainly; paddle wheelers. But this isn't summer. The spring break-up in that country isn't due for months. Think that over."

THEN Jack Hammond stood silent, listening to the jangle of words about him. Men were arguing about whether or not the newspaper was correct, as if any inaccuracy were a personal affront. All in an instant, the thought of gold had torn reason to shreds. Then Olson caught him by the arm and shot the question:

"Yah! If you can't go in by way of Wrangell, how do you go in?"

"Fourcross, if you want to be a fool and try it."

"What's so tough about that?"

"The weather," Jack insisted. "You don't get any warm winds from the Japanese current, once you're over the Coastal range. It's thirty-five and forty below, all the way to the Stikine."

"I know that," said Olson laconically.

"But why fight the bush for two hundred miles with dog team when in a few months there'll be airplanes or easy travel along the river and mountain trails—"

"Yah," said Olson, "and all the claims gone."

"Or you've gobbled up the whole country through a set of dummies," the red-faced man added.

"You can figure that out for yourself," Hammond answered abruptly, and shouldering through the crowd, again moved up the street, leaving the throng muttering behind him. But again, a block farther on, his progress was halted. This time it was a woman.

"Well, prospector," she asked, "can't you say hello?"

Hammond looked up into the features of a wrinkled person, valiantly battling her age with thick foundation cream, high rouge, mascaraed eyes and a heavily lipsticked mouth. Yet it was a sprightly face, blue eyes set in crows-feet of humor and experience; lips which life had hardened without leaving them grim.

"Well, Annie!" he exclaimed. "How are you?"

"About the same as the last time I saw you—when we made the rush together into Rouyn, in Quebec."

"That's right. Glad to see you again, Annie."

"Thanks. That goes double, prospector."

SILENCE followed. For an instant Jack Hammond felt annoyed at this interruption. Then he dismissed her; it was only Around-the-World Annie, who had made every Canadian gold rush of the last twenty years. Around-the-World Annie with her lore of frontier knowledge, her inevitable thickness of paint and mascara and garish clothes, her log cabin at the edge of camp with its illicit drinks, its more illicit women, its screaming phonograph—

"Living here, are you, Annie?" Hammond asked at last. Around-the-World Annie straightened. An effulgent woman, with what might be called an old-fashioned figure, she groomed a loose fold of dress, the better to delineate her melon-like breasts, and raised a diamond-fingered hand to restrain a wisp of bleached hair, wilting with the dampness of the incessant rain. Then with a jerk of her head, she indicated a group of girls who stood in a near-by doorway, as though they had been herded, all of them overdressed to that slight degree which marked them as though they had been labeled. A few had hard faces; others appeared strangely innocent—in fact, too innocent.

"Listen, prospector," she asked, "would I be wet-nursing that gang of girl scouts if I was living here in Prince Rupert?"

"But where are you headed for?"

She grinned, the wrinkles therefrom creating deep creases in her face enamel.

"I'm going where you're going, sweetheart."

Hammond sighed.

"I suppose you were on this morning's boat, too."

"Got on at Vancouver. I rounded up that gang as soon as I read the papers, and made the packet with ten minutes to spare."

Hammond pursed his lips. He was becoming more philosophical.

"I guess I missed a lot on that boat."

"Oh, you'll catch up with it all." She leaned closer. "Just tell me this much. You're going on on tomorrow morning's train, aren't you?"

FOR the first time that morning, Jack Hammond truly smiled.

"Yes, Annie," he said. "You might as well pass the word along. I guess the secret's out."

"You're damn' right it's out!" agreed Annie. She patted him on the shoulder. "Well, I'll be seeing you." Then with a grandiloquent wave, she summoned her followers from the doorway. "Come on, you she-hyenas," she commanded in a voice much coarser than it was unkind. "Let's see what the stores in this joint have got to offer."

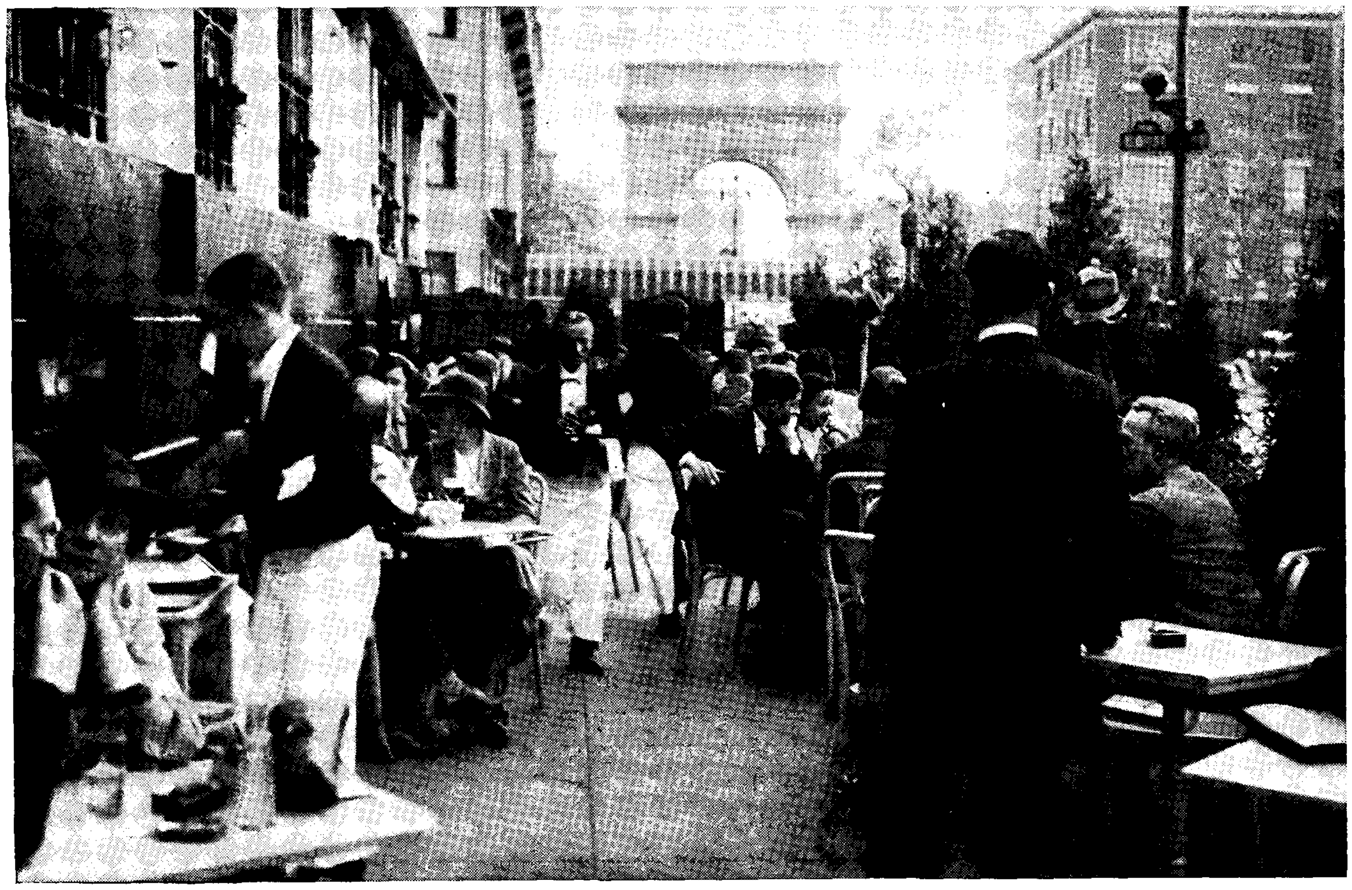
Hammond walked on, to the sting of fine rain against his face. The smile had vanished; gloominess had taken its place. Everything had looked so different down there in Seattle, with Kay in his arms, and the secret that he had promised his partner to treasure flooding over liquor-loosened lips.

Kay—the thought of her electrified

(Continued on page 58)

Salad Days

By Ruth Seinfel



If the family appetite is skittish in the summer heat, coax it with things like cold jellied veal, chilled trout and crisp salads. Cook with art, serve with artifice—and watch the joys of the table come leaping back again

SOME like it hot, but most prefer it cool. When summer steams up from the pavement, we sit at tables under bright umbrellas and ask the waiter what he has in the way of cool dishes. Summer is the time when the artists of the kitchen produce their most inspired ideas to entice us into eating.

"Not for a hungry man, you see," says Henri Charpentier, the daddy of restaurateurs, describing one of his masterpieces, a chilled trout reposing on a bed of parsley in a garden of peas, carrots, potatoes, string beans, beets and pearly white onions, all cool and bright and fresh-looking. "A hungry man one does not need to tempt. No, the cold dishes are for the *blasé*, the *fatigué*. They must be cooked with art and served with artifice. . . ."

Like most French masters of cooking, Maître Henri regards cold dishes with a suspicious eye. They are radical, they are a departure from tradition, they are American. And yet, just as the French took British mint sauce and made it ambrosia, the Gallic restaurateurs have exerted their most spirited technique on their warm-weather menus.

What is a hungry man? Papa Charpentier must have been thinking of the fish-roast-and-game dinners he served to royal gourmets in the hearty Victorian days of his youth. Some very animated appetites can be seen going to work on cold roast pork with sweet potatoes à la Henri—surprising summer dish—on his Lynbrook, Long Island, terrace. Under the awnings of the ancient Hotel Brevoort, they dig into things with names like Canard Bigarrade (cold roast duck to you) with a will, and in Central Park, where New York has just opened its new Tavern on the Green, equestrians come booted and spurred from the bridle path and call for the special sea-food plate in accents that won't be denied.

The art of cold dishes lies in three things: Careful cooking that preserves the taste, the sauce, and the accessories. The right salad or vegetable trimming can make worlds of difference to a cold dish.

Take fish, for instance—and you can take it fresh or canned. Lobster, shrimps and crab flakes, served with your favorite dressing, compose the sea-food plate so popular in the Park, and if you don't happen to live near where those ocean denizens grow, the can-opener is a handy tool for you. On the other hand, summer brings out the compleat angler in nearly every male, and when the family fishermen sail into the kitchen and demand the day's catch for dinner, you should greet them with open arms. Fish is not only cool eating—it is cool cooking, too, for ten minutes is as much cooking as any fish needs to have. The rules are simple: trout goes in while the water is boiling; all other fish when it's cold. Vegetables like onion, carrot, parsley, celery—also red peppers and bay leaves and whole cloves if you like—cooked with the fish help the flavor. A dash of lemon juice two or three minutes before the finish likewise. The moment it is done, out the fish comes, to cool on a dry platter.

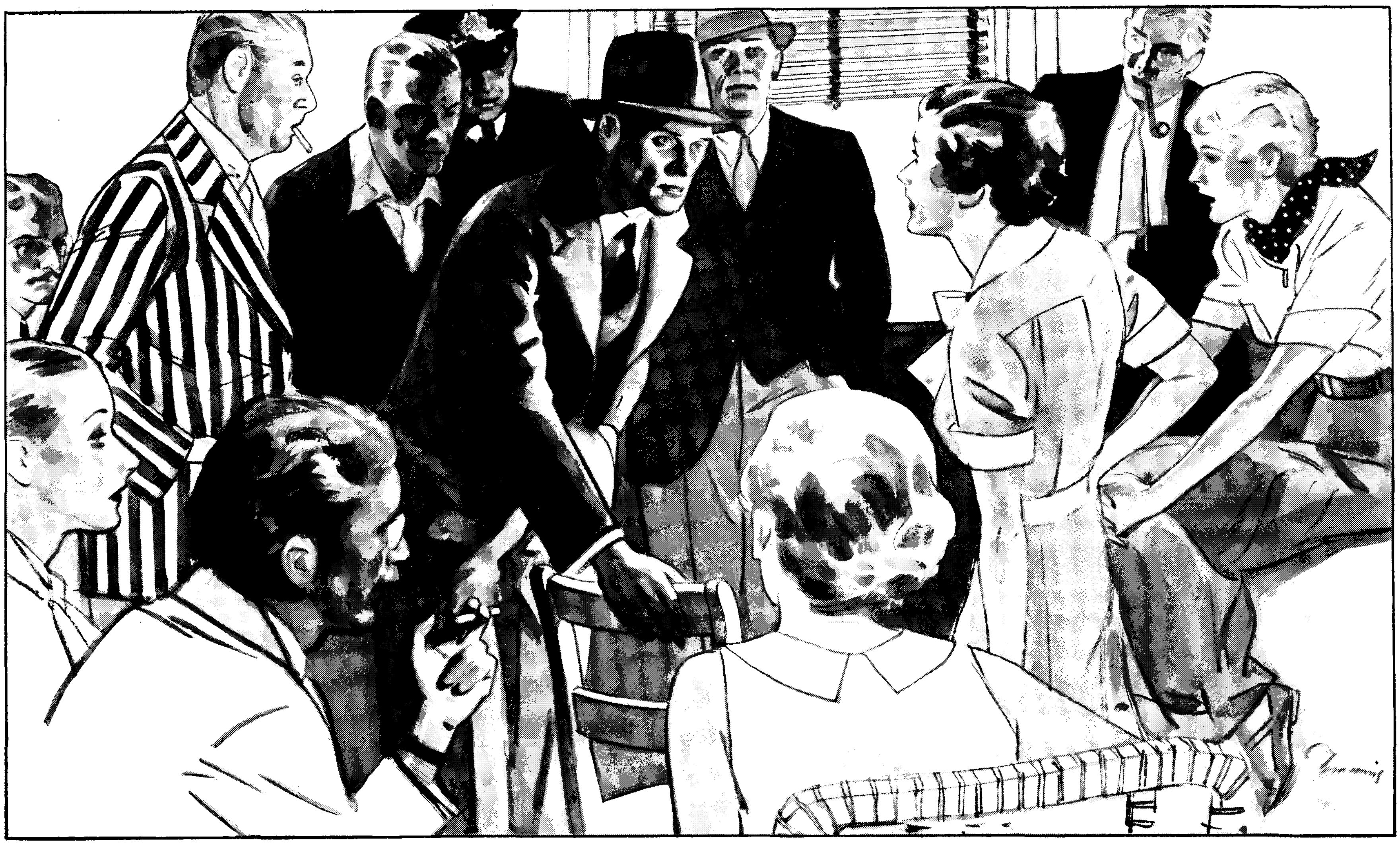
Dress Up Your Fish

Cold fish with mayonnaise is the tradition, but there are variations on the theme. A garniture of fresh cooked vegetables is one. Halibut Parisienne, as Chef Jules Prevost proffers it at the Brevoort, has a sauce in which thyme, laurel, celery and onions have been cooked with the fish, to which cream is added (enough to thicken smoothly) and the whole cooked five minutes longer after the fish is removed. A salad of cooked vegetables with mayonnaise dressing goes with this.

Henri suggests another dressing for almost any sort of briny- or fresh-water critter. To the yolk of an egg he adds salt, pepper, leaves of tarragon, parsley, chives and a little shallot. A tablespoon of vinegar next, and then three times as much oil—marry them well. The dressing is as good, by the way, on a vegetable salad.

Light appetites suggest an egg dish. Egg Remoulade, for instance, which is nothing more nor less than a poached egg on a slice of beef tongue, the sauce which gives the dish its name being mayonnaise with a sprinkling of capers and sliced pickles. Or the elegant Egg Bellevue, also poached, but reposing on a slice of pâté de foie gras with tarragon leaves for a touch of savory, the whole enclosed in jellied consommé.

(Continued on page 44)



"Was it them shots that waked you up, Miss Lessom?" O'Malley asked

Detective O'Malley in another man hunt, wherein he encounters a large number of suspects, one of whom, it would appear, had—

Plenty of Sand

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

A GIRL got bumped off in a bungalow," O'Malley said. "She was asleep and she got shot. About a dozen other folks was in the place because it was a week-end party, and they all say that they was sleeping too; but maybe one of 'em wasn't. This happened outside New York, but they asked for some New York cop to help 'em because all these people live in Manhattan. The chief picked on me."

"You act rather sore about it," I decided.

"Sure, I got trouble enough without going out of town to look for it."

We drove out on Long Island. We stopped first to look at the girl. She was in her twenties and very blond and pretty. She had been shot three times.

"They got them bullets yet?" O'Malley asked the attendant.

"Not yet. They're going to get 'em."

We went to the bungalow. We couldn't get near it with the car and had to leave the car and walk. It stood among pathless sand dunes, about a quarter of a mile from the beach, with no other building near. There were a lot of cops around. They had all the members of the week-end party in one big room and had been questioning them.

"What we got here?" O'Malley asked one of the cops.

"We don't know only what these people tell us. This Miss Carlew that got bumped off was sleeping in that little room. These other folks was sleeping in these other rooms. There wasn't no doors locked. The outside doors wasn't locked too. These people heard the shots and all come out here. They didn't see no one about the place except themselves."

"They sure they all was here?"

"A guy named Newel, inside there, says he checked 'em. These ain't dependable people. They're all people that paint pictures or write things."

"They're bohemians," I suggested.

"No," said the cop, "I guess they ain't got no religion. This dead dame posed for guys to make her picture. They got together here for a week-end party. You can't tell what people like them will do. We haven't found no gun."

"These ain't very smart cops," O'Malley confided to me.

We went around and examined the bungalow. A hall went through it from the front into the kitchen and there were doors in front and back. The bedrooms all opened off the hall. Everything was in disorder because the cops had been searching for the gun. Afterward we went into the big room and a cop there gave us the names of the week-end party and pointed out each person to us. There were about a dozen of them.

"How come, Mr. Newel," O'Malley asked, "you checked these people up after the shooting?"

"To be sure they all were here. It seemed the natural thing to do."

"That mean that you suspected one of 'em?"

"Oh, no."

"Was you the one that found the lady?"

"No; Miss Lessom found her."

"Was it them shots that waked you up, Miss Lessom?"

"I DON'T think so. I think I was awake before the shots. I think I heard Mildred Carlew scream, but I didn't know it was Mildred. Then I heard the shots, but I wasn't sure that they were shots or that they were inside the bungalow. I guess it was a minute, or perhaps more, before I decided to investigate. I switched on my light and opened the door and the house was dark, and Mildred's door was open and I thought I'd ask her if she had heard anything, so I switched on her light. Then I screamed and Mr. Newel came, and then they all came and Mr. Newel telephoned the police."

"Was Newel the first person you seen?"

"Yes."

"Who was the last one?"

"Mr. Martin."

"You seen all these people come out of their rooms?"

"No. Naturally I was in the room where we had found Miss Carlew. I saw them first in the hall and then they came in where we were."

"Who of you gave this party?" O'Malley asked them generally.

"Nobody gave it," Newel informed us. "We decided to come down here and Inlang arranged to get the bungalow for the week-end." He pointed to Inlang.

We made a thorough examination of the room where the girl had been shot but we didn't find anything.

"You haven't got much, O'Malley," I concluded.

"Not anything. I didn't expect to learn nothing when I come here, and I haven't."

"If you can't find the gun, that makes it look as though it may have been done by someone from outside the bungalow. Miss Carlew's room was nearest the front door. Someone could have come in there, shot her, and got out again."

"Right."

"If it was anyone in the bungalow," I said, "in my opinion it was Newel."

"You're good."

"What do you make of it yourself?"

"I don't make nothing."

The next day was Sunday and we drove out to the bungalow.

"Have they got anything more?" I asked.

"They got what kind of gun. They found the shell that one of the bullets was fired out of."

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Timber for the Future

By Owen P. White

We have been lumbering to ruin. You can see the evidence if you care to look—stumps and slash where the tall timber used to stand. The Man with the Saw has been destroying our national wealth with diabolical thoroughness. And so the government has appealed to him, saying, "Come, come, be a good forester—or else." There's profit in it for him as well as for us

"ONLY God can make a tree," and He takes His time about it.

But look at the Man with the Saw! He's ruthless. Before his attack a white oak or a hemlock, a pine or a maple, a black walnut or a noble redwood, a century, five centuries old, comes down with a crash in five minutes. Entire forests fall the same way. Waste makes wealth: that's the proverb of the lumberman, and so ever since we took this country away from the Indians this war of man against the woods has been fiercely carried on.

Finally man has won out. But he has also lost out. Having destroyed his forests he now finds that destruction *threatens him. He sees it closing in on* him on every side. He sees before him millions of acres of eroded, gullied, ruined farm lands on which millions of eroded, gullied, ruined men and women and children are trying to scratch an existence. He fights a fire this year only to fight a fiercer one next. He struggles against a flood in January only to have a higher one engulf him in June. His grain fields dry up and blow away before hot, desert winds. His cattle and sheep die by the millions because of drought, and thus, with all these things to instruct him he at last knows that man, civilized, cultured, intelligent man, cannot long survive in a treeless country.

He knows this is all true. You know it, I know it, the lumbermen who are primarily responsible for the condition know it, and yet practically nothing is being done about it. On the contrary, more than ninety per cent of the logging in the United States is still being carried on in accord with the old theory that waste makes wealth.

"Cut Out and Get Out"

Except in very exceptional cases, "Cut out and get out" is the motto of the *Man with the Saw. He lives up to it* too. The sooner he can destroy all the standing timber in his present location the sooner he can dismantle his mill and move on to the destruction of other timber, all to the end that just as he once destroyed the forests of the Lake states even so is he today destroying those of Washington, Oregon and northern Idaho.

In the South the same thing, except that it is much worse, is going on. In this region, which contains but twenty per cent of our standing timber but from which we are today cutting sixty per cent of our saw timber, including practically all of our hardwood, the Man with the Saw is even more of a menace than on the Pacific slope, from which area we get less than forty per cent of our lumber although it contains more than seventy-nine per cent of our commercial timber.

The reason for this wholly lopsided state of affairs is threefold. First, the South is closer to the consuming markets. Second, owing to the topography of the land there isn't a sapling in it that cannot easily be cut down. While, third, due to the fact that men can move back and forth from the farm to the logging camp, according to the seasons, *there is never any labor trouble.* Thus, the conditions which have been a boon to the lumbermen have spelled doom to the South.

Accompanied by a government forester, who has lived with trees for so many years that he can tell you how old one is by looking at its shadow, I drove leisurely through one of the busiest logging areas of the South. In that district, where the cut-out-and-get-out theory prevails, they are felling timber at a furious rate. They have to because the business setup of the huge concerns doing the devastating demands speed.

With such outfits this is what happens. They come into a new timber territory, make a survey and determine how many million board feet they can cut from the area they have acquired, say 200,000 acres. Against that estimate they figure the cost of logging the land and then to that cost they add the cost of a sawmill. Very well. That item of costs is the first item that goes down on their books. They know then the mark they have got to shoot at. Those costs must be liquidated, which means of course that if they can get all their timber off in ten years they are just about fifty per cent better off than they will be if it takes them twenty.

Consequently they work fast. Knowing that they are never going to come that way again, everything that stands in their path falls before them. Having gone into the forest with the intention of wrecking it, the Man with the Saw makes a thorough job of it. Down come saplings. Down come young trees as much as three inches in diameter. Down comes everything that can bear a seed, and thus down comes the hope that that particular piece of land will ever again, unless man plants it, produce timber.

I had a vivid picture of the results of this kind of lumbering brought directly before my eyes. For perhaps ten miles my companion and I had been riding through a federal forest reserve where every tree stood up tall, straight and beautiful, when suddenly he said: "At the turn on top of the next hill we'll be out of the government reserve. You'll see something then."

I did. As far as I could see in three directions there was nothing but devastation. Stumps. Slash. Stumps. Slash. More stumps, more slash and beyond that more and more again. Here and there, standing up bleakly and alone, I could see a dead tree. But never a live one. Of course not. I was looking out over the trail of the Man with the Saw who was working on the cut-out-and-get-out plan and wherever he passes nothing alive remains. Not even humans.

Within a few minutes I saw that last fact demonstrated also. We drove on through this wreckage, these stumps, sixty-seven thousand acres of stumps which only three years ago supported as noble a forest as the one we had just left, and then we came to the county seat. I've never seen a more pathetic one. Hopelessness: the sheer hopelessness of utter abandonment stares right out at you through the eyes of vacant stores and deserted dwellings. Even the court house was locked up. But why shouldn't it be? Public employees don't work for nothing, as a rule, and how can they be paid now that the Man with the Saw, having destroyed the value of about four fifths of the county's real estate, is no longer paying taxes on it?

An Economic Tragedy

That's what's happened; the county's broke; so are all its inhabitants, and yet, comparatively speaking, 67,000 acres of stumps isn't such a lot of stumps after all. Three million acres is a lot more, nearly fifty times more, and that amount, in case you care to look for it, is to be found in the State of Michigan, left there by the Man with the Saw, abandoned, ruined, tax delinquent!

From this dejected county seat my guide drove me on to a really lively lumbering town in the next county. Just at the edge of the place, though, we paused to look at the sawmill. It's a huge one which cost, so my companion told me, not a penny less than a million dollars. "But," he went on to explain

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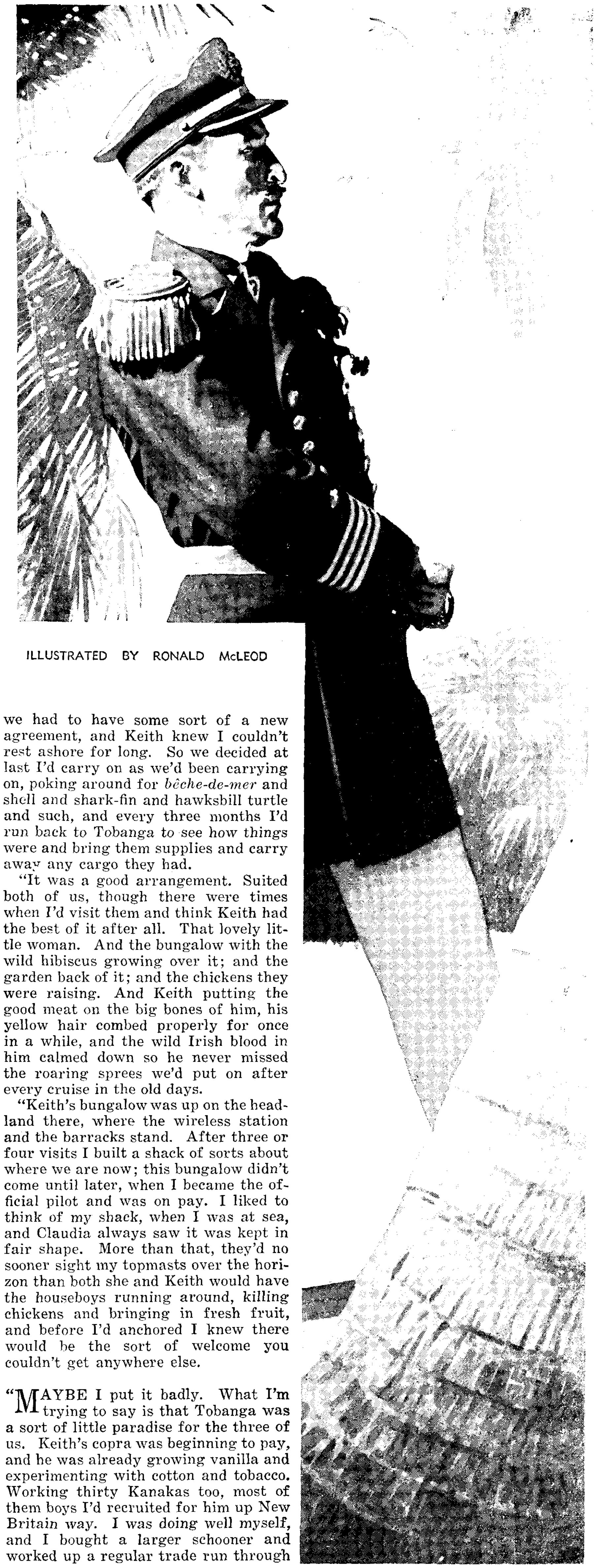
Cut-over forest land in North Carolina which will never recover usefulness. It is one of many similar areas in the United States

According to Plan

A story of love and terror in the South Seas, where idylls sometimes come to an end— and men and women sometimes remember

By Albert Richard Wetjen



ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

NO ONE who has in recent years had occasion to call at Port Annam on the island of Tobanga, can have failed to notice the rust-eaten, salt-spotted wreck of the Orinoff. There she lies, all that is left of a first-class, thirty-million-dollar battleship; sunk — on her maiden cruise! . . .

It was old Boyer who told me the story. He had made his home on Tobanga for over forty years, was one of the original discoverers of the island, in fact, and, knowing the waters around Tobanga and its adjoining archipelago better than any other man, he had for nearly thirty of those years been the only official pilot. This point must be stressed, because it is important. *For thirty years he was a pilot.* Later you will understand. For a beginning you can picture Boyer huddled in a great cane chair on the veranda of his bungalow that overlooked all Port Annam; a little man with shrewd blue eyes, a mop of white hair, a bristle of a white mustache, and with hands and face tanned to a lemony-brown from a lifetime in the wind and the sun.

It was very late then, so late the natives who speared fish along the reefs by torchlight had long since gone home. There was no moon, and what stars there were showed only at intervals through a thin shredding of scud driven before the trade. On the headland above the wreck of the Orinoff a bright white light flashed every ten seconds. On the opposite headland a smaller light shone constantly. In the center of the channel, and inside the harbor mouth, a light-buoy, its eye white, winked and flickered on an easy swell; on the roof of the governor's residence, below Boyer's bungalow, another light, a red light, shone with steady intensity.

"There'll be a light mist coming up soon," Boyer stated abruptly, changing a conversation that had been dealing with copra and rubber. "A light mist. Usual for this time of the year. It always reminds me of the night the Orinoff was wrecked. You've walked along the beach to look at her, of course. Everyone does. It was a sad business. A hundred men killed, and a prince. An admiral and a prince. I suppose you don't believe in poetic justice?"

"It does happen," I said cautiously. He reached for the whisky bottle and poured a drink that would have staggered an elephant.

"Of course it does," he snapped. "I know. I was pilot on the Orinoff." He mused for a while. Then—

"OVER forty years ago, there wasn't a soul on Tobanga. You wouldn't believe it now, of course, what with the plantations in the hills and a governor in residence." He laughed. "I understand now they appoint men governor here they want to get rid of. Why not? Tobanga's finished. But time was when they didn't think so, and we had important gentlemen living down there." He nodded at the residence. "Claudia Bradley changed all that. A woman. Keith Bradley's woman. You wouldn't believe it, would you?

"I was Keith's partner on the Marabell when we found Tobanga. A dinky little schooner you'd have been ashamed of if you hadn't been proud of her, and poor, as we were then. We'd been down into the archipelago for *trepang* and we'd been caught in a hurricane that drove us way north here, and we named the place Tobanga after our Samoan cook, who saw this land first. Yes, just like that it was. There we were sailing along and swearing at the weather, and thinking of beating back for the archipelago. And then Tobanga suddenly lets out a yell and points, and we can see the land a purple smear along the horizon where the last of the gale was shredding away.

"Of course we were surprised, enormously surprised. The old charts gave us clear sea for five hundred miles around. When we had time to explore the place and found it was not only uninhabited but really fertile, Keith was certain that our fortunes were made. He never was much of a sailor anyway; his heart never wholly in the business, I mean. He wanted a garden and a cottage and all that sort of thing. He talked of raising copra and vanilla, shipping out tons a year, keeping the place to ourselves and living like little kings. Well, he was right about the possibilities, but I couldn't see it then. I liked knocking about the archipelago and I thought as much of our schooner as I did of my right arm. But we didn't quarrel. Keith was my best friend and anything he wanted was all right with me."

BOYER finished his drink and poured another, his hand as steady as it had been before he had opened the first bottle, and there was nothing to do but marvel at the capacity of those giants who found islands and casually knocked about archipelagoes looking for *trepang*.

"We ran the Marabell over to Port Townsend," Boyer went on after a while. "Loaded up with supplies and signed on three or four Kanakas Keith figured he'd need to help him start his plantations. And then he held us up for two weeks while he made love to Claudia. I forget where he'd met her, but he brought her down to the ship one afternoon and said they were married and that she was going back with us. Simple, eh? I wanted to tell him Tobanga was no place for a white woman, not yet, anyway, but they were so much in love and . . . well, I let it go.

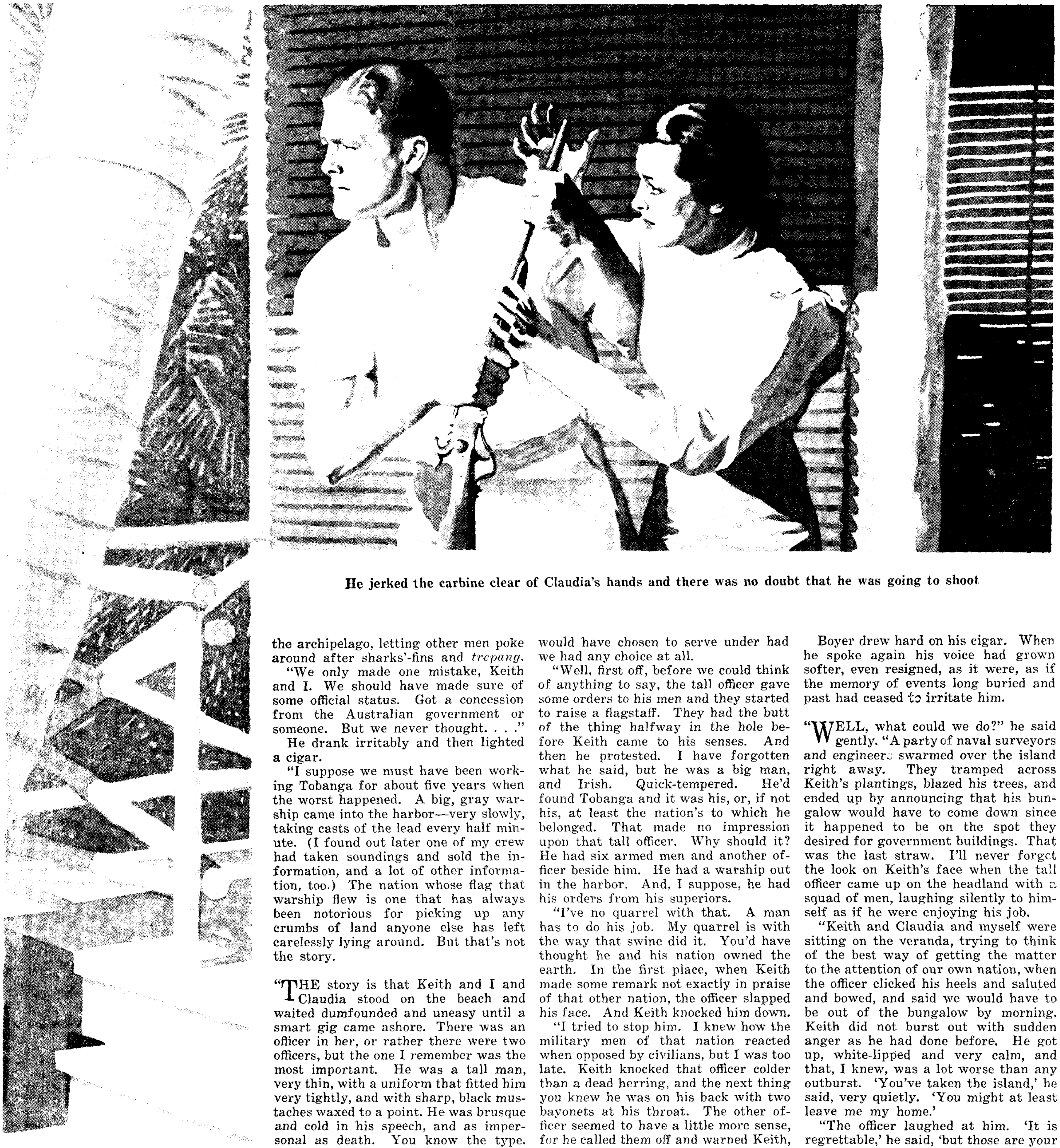
"She was a little thing, brown-haired, lovely. Brave too, if you understand. Never a whimper out of her about anything not being just so. Level-headed. Always laughing. I can tell you I began to think Keith wasn't such a fool by the time we anchored here again.

"I stuck around for a month or more, giving them a hand to build their houses and sheds. Being partners, of course, we had to have some sort of a new agreement, and Keith knew I couldn't rest ashore for long. So we decided at last I'd carry on as we'd been carrying on, poking around for *bêche-de-mer* and shell and shark-fin and hawksbill turtle and such, and every three months I'd run back to Tobanga to see how things were and bring them supplies and carry away any cargo they had.

"It was a good arrangement. Suited both of us, though there were times when I'd visit them and think Keith had the best of it after all. That lovely little woman. And the bungalow with the wild hibiscus growing over it; and the garden back of it; and the chickens they were raising. And Keith putting the good meat on the big bones of him, his yellow hair combed properly for once in a while, and the wild Irish blood in him calmed down so he never missed the roaring sprees we'd put on after every cruise in the old days.

"Keith's bungalow was up on the headland there, where the wireless station and the barracks stand. After three or four visits I built a shack of sorts about where we are now; this bungalow didn't come until later, when I became the official pilot and was on pay. I liked to think of my shack, when I was at sea, and Claudia always saw it was kept in fair shape. More than that, they'd no sooner sight my topmasts over the horizon than both she and Keith would have the houseboys running around, killing chickens and bringing in fresh fruit, and before I'd anchored I knew there would be the sort of welcome you couldn't get anywhere else.

"MAYBE I put it badly. What I'm trying to say is that Tobanga was a sort of little paradise for the three of us. Keith's copra was beginning to pay, and he was already growing vanilla and experimenting with cotton and tobacco. Working thirty Kanakas too, most of them boys I'd recruited for him up New Britain way. I was doing well myself, and I bought a larger schooner and worked up a regular trade run through



He jerked the carbine clear of Claudia's hands and there was no doubt that he was going to shoot

the archipelago, letting other men poke around after sharks'-fins and *trepang*.

"We only made one mistake, Keith and I. We should have made sure of some official status. Got a concession from the Australian government or someone. But we never thought. . . ."

He drank irritably and then lighted a cigar.

"I suppose we must have been working Tobanga for about five years when the worst happened. A big, gray warship came into the harbor—very slowly, taking casts of the lead every half minute. (I found out later one of my crew had taken soundings and sold the information, and a lot of other information, too.) The nation whose flag that warship flew is one that has always been notorious for picking up any crumbs of land anyone else has left carelessly lying around. But that's not the story.

"THE story is that Keith and I and Claudia stood on the beach and waited dumfounded and uneasy until a smart gig came ashore. There was an officer in her, or rather there were two officers, but the one I remember was the most important. He was a tall man, very thin, with a uniform that fitted him very tightly, and with sharp, black mustaches waxed to a point. He was brusque and cold in his speech, and as impersonal as death. You know the type. He bowed from the waist, asked who we were, and then unfolded an official paper and read out to us that Tobanga Island was thereby annexed in the name of his government.

"I was stunned. Keith was stunned. The archipelago to the south, you understand, was under the somewhat confused jurisdiction of two or three governments, including our own, and we had always thought, when we bothered to think about it at all, that if Tobanga was taken over by anybody it would naturally be by our own government. But there we were very peremptorily annexed, whether we liked it or not, by about the last power in the world we would have chosen to serve under had we had any choice at all.

"Well, first off, before we could think of anything to say, the tall officer gave some orders to his men and they started to raise a flagstaff. They had the butt of the thing halfway in the hole before Keith came to his senses. And then he protested. I have forgotten what he said, but he was a big man, and Irish. Quick-tempered. He'd found Tobanga and it was his, or, if not his, at least the nation's to which he belonged. That made no impression upon that tall officer. Why should it? He had six armed men and another officer beside him. He had a warship out in the harbor. And, I suppose, he had his orders from his superiors.

"I've no quarrel with that. A man has to do his job. My quarrel is with the way that swine did it. You'd have thought he and his nation owned the earth. In the first place, when Keith made some remark not exactly in praise of that other nation, the officer slapped his face. And Keith knocked him down.

"I tried to stop him. I knew how the military men of that nation reacted when opposed by civilians, but I was too late. Keith knocked that officer colder than a dead herring, and the next thing you knew he was on his back with two bayonets at his throat. The other officer seemed to have a little more sense, for he called them off and warned Keith, not unkindly, that it was all too bad, and that Tobanga was now under martial law and he had better be careful. By this time Claudia and I were reasoning with Keith too and we got him calmed somewhat.

"THE tall officer came to his senses after a while and if I ever saw murder in a man's eyes it was in his. But he said nothing, the other officer taking him aside and whispering to him, and so the ceremony of raising the flagstaff and the flag went on, a boatload of marines coming ashore to take part in it and the warship firing a salute as the flag went up."

Boyer drew hard on his cigar. When he spoke again his voice had grown softer, even resigned, as it were, as if the memory of events long buried and past had ceased to irritate him.

"WELL, what could we do?" he said gently. "A party of naval surveyors and engineers swarmed over the island right away. They tramped across Keith's plantings, blazed his trees, and ended up by announcing that his bungalow would have to come down since it happened to be on the spot they desired for government buildings. That was the last straw. I'll never forget the look on Keith's face when the tall officer came up on the headland with a squad of men, laughing silently to himself as if he were enjoying his job.

"Keith and Claudia and myself were sitting on the veranda, trying to think of the best way of getting the matter to the attention of our own nation, when the officer clicked his heels and saluted and bowed, and said we would have to be out of the bungalow by morning. Keith did not burst out with sudden anger as he had done before. He got up, white-lipped and very calm, and that, I knew, was a lot worse than any outburst. 'You've taken the island,' he said, very quietly. 'You might at least leave me my home.'

"The officer laughed at him. 'It is regrettable,' he said, 'but those are your orders. I have no doubt that some financial settlement may be allowed you later.' 'Settlement be damned!' Keith told him and he reached for the carbine he kept hanging on the bungalow wall just in case of native trouble. 'Get off my property and stay off,' he said, and the tall officer went very pale.

"'The penalty for armed resistance is death,' he said very slowly. 'You will throw that carbine down and deliver up any other weapons you possess.' 'I said to get off my property and I mean it,' was all Keith told him, and then Claudia had hold of the carbine and was tearing it away, crying hysterically

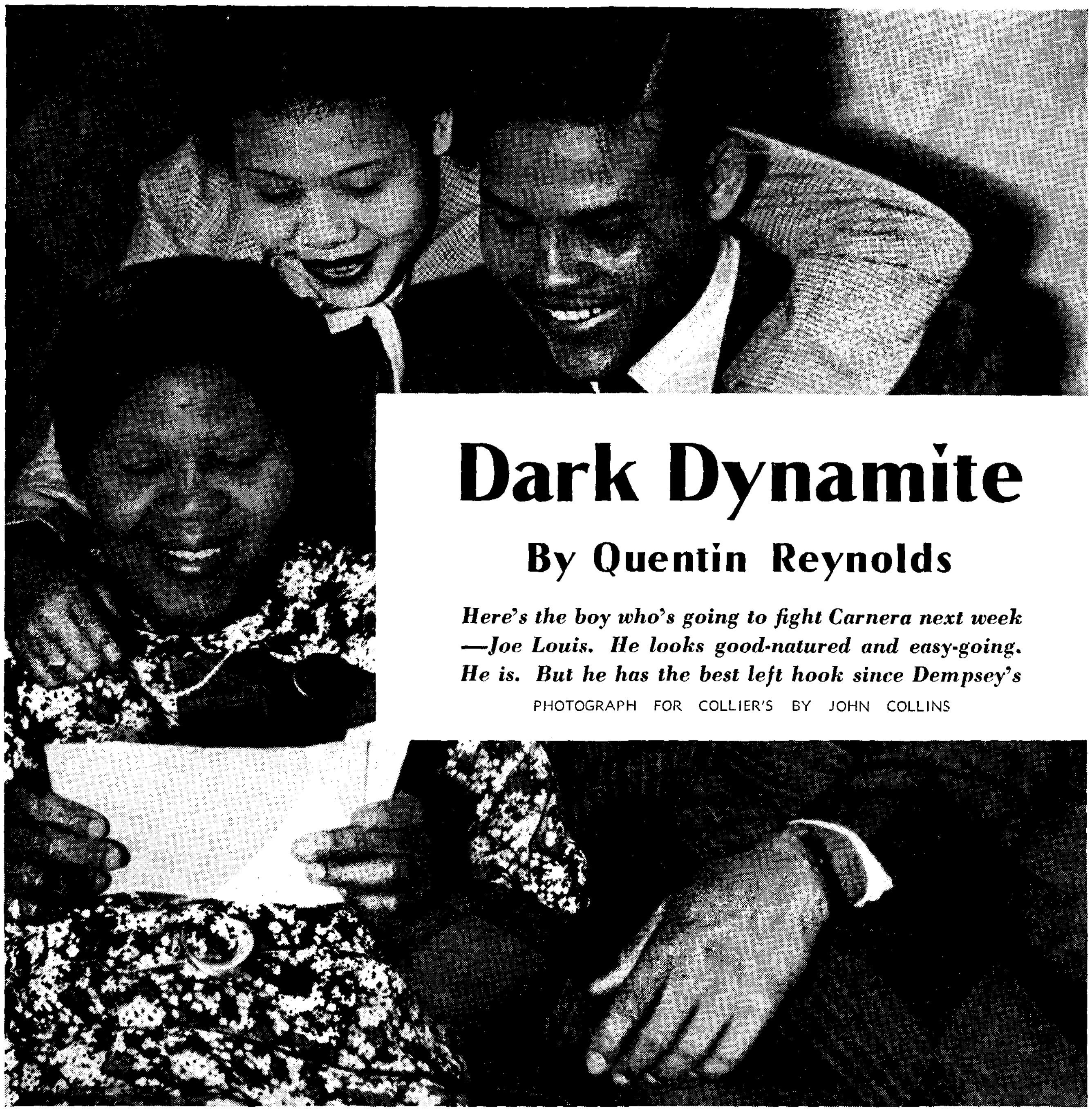
(*Continued on page 62*)

Dark Dynamite

By Quentin Reynolds

Here's the boy who's going to fight Carnera next week—Joe Louis. He looks good-natured and easy-going. He is. But he has the best left hook since Dempsey's

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN COLLINS



Chuckles come easily to the Louis family, with Baby Joe promising to bring home a boxing championship

THE postman rang once but Joe Louis only grunted and buried his head deeper under the covers. The postman rang twice and then Joe grumbled and called, "Hey, Mom, ain't you gonna answer that bell?"

His mother came out of the kitchen. You'd only have to look at her once to know that she was somebody's mother. "All right, you lazy boy," she grumbled, but really she didn't mean it. She just loved waiting on that big boy of hers. She had four boys and four girls and Joe was the baby boy. If you asked her which was the youngest she'd say, "Eulalia is the baby girl and Joe is the baby boy."

"All you care about is sleepin' and fightin'," she grumbled with huge good nature as she went to the door.

"It's a letter for you, honey," she said, going into Joe's room.

"Give it here, Mom." Joe sat up, blinking a little in the sharp sun that filled the room. He yawned and stretched lazily, completely contented, a twenty-one-year-old boy with nothing to worry about and lots of time to sleep. Then he read the letter.

"Who's it from, son?" his mother asked.

Joe didn't answer for a moment. Joe was looking at the letter with a peculiar expression from which all traces of sleep had vanished.

"It's from a man named Weske—Jack Weske," Joe said slowly. There was something in his voice that made his mother look at him sharply. "I don't know that man, Mom, but this letter—lemme read it to you."

Joe's mother listened attentively. This was only six months ago. Joe had just won his twelfth professional fight and the sports writers in Detroit were calling him the Brown Bomber, the Killer, the Black Menace. He was attracting country-wide attention as the latest heavyweight sensation, but of course to his mother he was just a kid. Until then all that Joe had wanted was a roof over his head, plenty of sleep and enough money so that his mother wouldn't have to worry about bills.

A Man's Greatest Opportunity

As he read this letter from a man he had never heard of, I think Joe suddenly emerged from the smothering chrysalis of youth—and became a man. Certain it is that his life was suddenly furnished with something it had lacked—a definite purpose. He read:

Dear Joe:

I presume that like all young fellows you will cast this letter aside without giving it a moment's thought. However, that isn't going to keep me from writing it.

Let me introduce myself. My name is Jack Weske and for five years I was manager of that grand little fighter, Johnny Coulon, bantamweight champion of the world. In all I was connected with boxing for seventeen years but finally severed my connection with the game because of the sickening crooked tactics of the outstanding managers in the business.

Today through your gentlemanly conduct you are as highly regarded by the whites as you are by members of your own race, possibly more so. That in itself is remarkable. You can by your fine boxing, your ability, your personality and your good behavior continue to be the good-will ambassador of the Negro race to the rest of the world. This will do more to help your race and make it respected than anything I know of.

Some day you may be champion of the world. There have been Negro champions whose conduct reflected nothing but discredit on their race. What a wonderful opportunity you have!

You are fortunate in having your affairs handled by men like John Roxborough, Julian Black and Jack Blackburn, all men of your own race. I understand that your staff would sacrifice anything for your interests. Have faith in your managers, in yourself and when you reach the top do not be swayed by the smooth talk and colossal promises of the big-time fight managers. Be true to your own people and to yourself.

Yours truly,
JACK WESKE.

"Hear that, Mom?" Joe said thoughtfully. "An ambassador of good will . . . help make my race respected . . . opportunity to help my people . . . what do you think of that, Mom?"

Joe's mother was probably thinking of a great many things. She was probably thinking of those early days down in Lafayette, Alabama, when Joe was a baby and she and his father were picking cotton under hot Alabama suns. She was thinking of the hard struggle it had been to raise Joe and his three brothers and four sisters and she was probably feeling that the struggle had been well worth while. She was probably feeling that age-old mother feeling of pride—just as she felt on Sunday when she saw her whole brood troop into the Calvary Baptist Church around the corner on Clinton Street.

"I know you won't ever do anythin' to bring disgrace on yo' family or yo' people, son," she told Joe.

"No, Mom, I won't," Joe said seriously.

There's a bet you can make. Whether or not Joe Louis will beat Primo Carnera when they meet next week I do not know. Whether Joe Louis will go on to become heavyweight champion I do not know. I would be inclined to answer "Yes" to both questions—but this I do know: If Louis does become the heavyweight champion the boxing game will have a leader of whom it will not be ashamed and—what is more important—the Negro race will have a representative that it can point to with pride.

Joe Louis was twenty-one only a month ago. Up to that time he had engaged in 22 professional fights. By paying ten thousand in cash he had been able to present his mother with a $25,000 house, a charming, comfortable home on the corner of McDougal and Chestnut Streets in Detroit.

Music and Laughter

The big living-room is furnished with taste and in one corner of it there is a piano that Joe bought his mother. In another is a radio that Joe's ring earnings bought his mother. On his twenty-first birthday we sat in this living-room and talked of Joe's boyhood and of his present status and of his future. We talked, Joe and his mother and his sisters and his brothers, but mostly Joe's mother just sat there proud-eyed, only occasionally saying something and with one ear very obviously cocked in the direction of the kitchen where something in a pot was boiling merrily.

We sat there and talked and laughed a lot and it was a very happy family. After all, the youngest boy had reached twenty-one. That was cause for happiness. And there was cause for laughter, too. Joe's sister had given him a razor for a birthday present—and they laughed at that because Joe had never shaved. He just doesn't have to shave yet.

Joe's mother was born in the South, and a Negro born in the South is born with a song in his mouth. Joe's mother always loved music, and if she hadn't her son wouldn't be on the threshold of the heavyweight championship today. It's like this: Joe's father died when Joe was only two, and a few years later Joe's mother married again and with her family moved to Detroit. She liked Detroit but she missed one thing—music. To satisfy this wistful longing she resolved that one of her children would be a musician. Joe was elected.

Now Joe liked baseball an awful lot. He certainly did hate to take his violin lessons. He grumbled a bit, but it would be difficult to refuse anything that sweet, motherly soul asked you to do. So he kept on taking violin lessons. Joe had a pal named Thurston McKinney, who didn't care anything about

(Continued on page 32)

The Brass Gong Tree

By James Warner Bellah

The Story Thus Far:

COUNT ITO, a distinguished Japanese statesman, is murdered in Tokyo—shot to death in a crowded railroad station by an assassin who escapes. A short time later, on a steamer bound for China, Prince Tokugawa, another great Japanese leader, is likewise assassinated.

Sturgis Hammond, an American newspaperman en route to Manchukuo, is near both victims when they die. Also, Vonny Cass, a noted girl flyer, who, to secure a much needed visa, is posing as Hammond's secretary; a beautiful Russian woman known as "Nahta"—a woman of mystery with whom Hammond has fallen in love; Major Pat Nugent, a clever soldier of fortune whom Hammond has known for years; and Anton Krupp, a wealthy German, who, his neck broken, is wheeled about in a rolling-chair by one Li, a Peking boy.

Hammond suspects Nahta. He has learned quite by chance that, secreted in her lipstick, are tiny film photos of many important Japanese figures. And he has learned—not by chance, but in a heated interview with Anton Krupp—that she is the German's wife! He confronts her, accuses her. Whereupon, she admits that she is deeply involved in a sinister plot of some sort—and that she, though not guilty of the murders, is aware of the murderer's identity. Beyond that she will say nothing.

Near the coast of China, Hammond's steamer sinks after an accident. The entire ship's company is rescued, taken to Dairen. There, Hammond learns that Vonny Cass—against whom the brilliant Mitsuchi, a secret agent, and other Japanese investigators have some extremely damning evidence—has disappeared!

Mitsuchi, whom Hammond questions, will admit nothing. It is obvious, however, that Vonny is being held—that she is in great peril. Hoping to save her, Hammond calls on Nahta. The woman, living in an imposing establishment known as Thy Soul Hill Villa, receives him with delight, tells him that she loves him. After which—in answer to his questions—she calmly informs him that her husband, Krupp—a husband who loathes her, and has threatened many times to betray her—is the killer! "You can, if you will," Hammond says eagerly, "save Miss Cass. Will you go to Mitsuchi, and tell him what you've just told me?" Nahta makes no promise; and presently she glides out of the room.

Hammond follows her. In the hallway, he finds Nahta's maid—murdered! In a near-by room one Doctor Tyrwhitt (who is coöperating with Major Nugent in some mysterious project) is torturing Li, Krupp's Peking boy—trying to make him confess something! Perplexed, shocked, Hammond rushes from the house. Outside, he encounters Major Nugent!

Conclusion

"I TOLD you," Sturg said. "After you had Tyrwhitt work on him, he told you it was Krupp?"

"He was reticent," Nugent said, "but he told us. Our Japanese friends inside have it all straight in their minds—"

"But you didn't have to do it—I knew it was Krupp—I could have told you—"

"So did I, but I couldn't prove it to these blighters. I could have shown you a small burned hole in the border of his lap rug in Tokyo station the night Ito was killed, but there didn't seem to be any need to meddle in it. It didn't interest me until Miss Cass became involved." The Major straightened Sturg up and held him off, his hands upon his shoulders. "How now?"

Sturg wiped his hand across his mouth. "Better. Listen to me, Pat—you're here with authority—those Japs inside—the lad with the pistol—?"

Pat nodded. "They were sent with me to carry this thing out properly. When I left you at the hotel I went straight to Number 55. They know me there. I offered them a straight swap for Miss Cass. They took it."

"I know—they offered me one—Mitsuchi himself—and I took it."

Pat said, "They had to play that way—the man Krupp killed on the Dairen was their man. He had the case in his hands. Krupp knew that and killed him for it, or by mistake for the prince. I don't know which—but with him gone—the case went high on them."

"They have Krupp?"

"Not through me."

"But they got Nahta when you broke in here?"

"No. There was no one here but a gatekeeper and a Chinese woman and Li. I know this house."

"But they *must* have gotten her—someone must have."

Pat said, "Why?"

"She was with me until a few minutes before. Listen to me. She knows Krupp is the man. Krupp has stuff planted on her to implicate her. She knows that too. She's gone to 55. But she won't squeal on Krupp. She'll give herself up to get Vonny out! Do you get what I'm saying?"

"Sturgis—do you believe in women? Why won't she be on her way out of the whole mess with the chase this hot?"

"She won't. Have you a car here?"

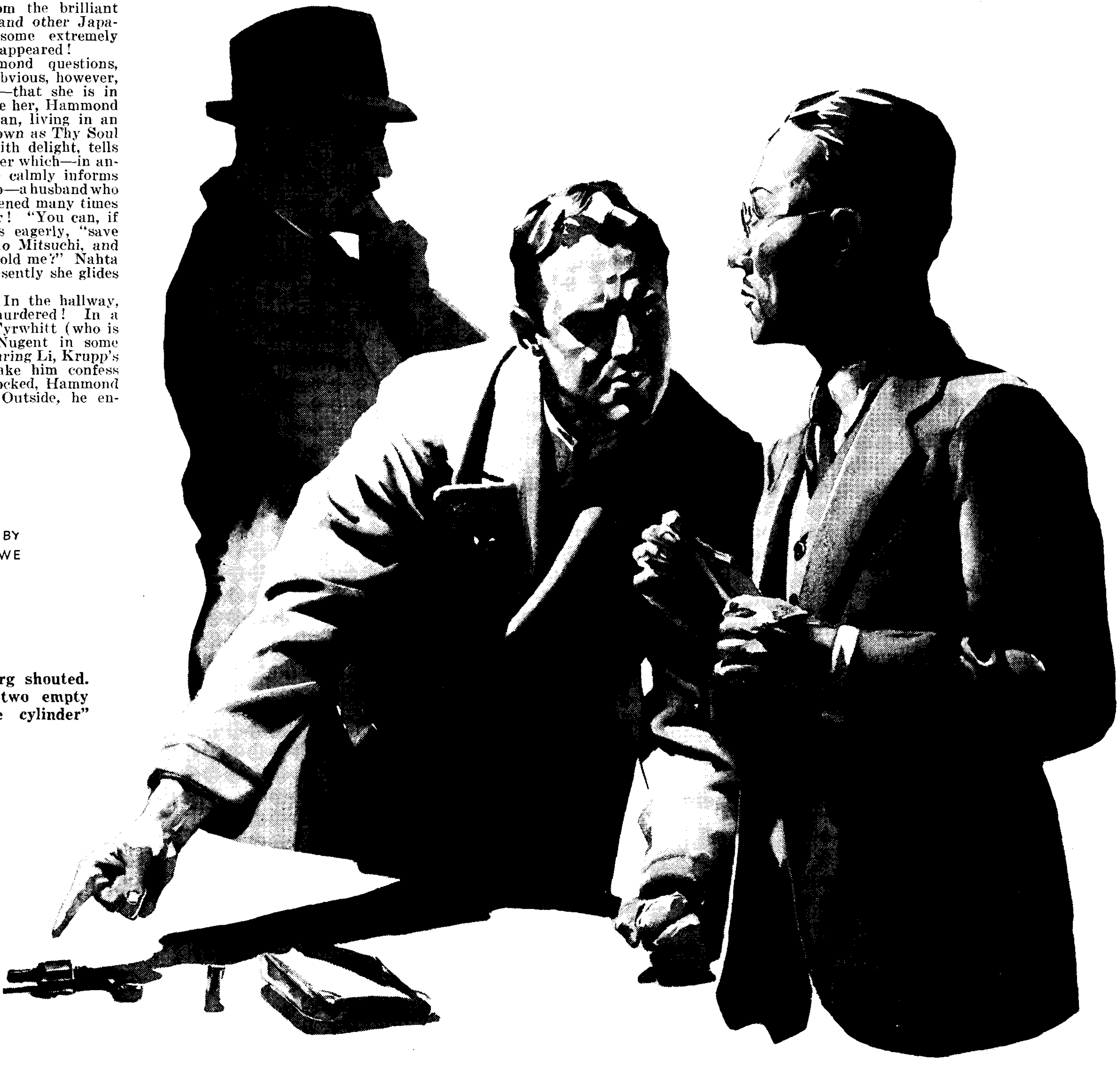
There were voices from the house doorway. The Japanese in the gray Norfolk jacket came toward them, smoking.

"We go, please," he said.

THE gates were open and there were two cars beyond them at the curb. Nugent explained Sturg to the Japanese and they all got into the first car. Its gears retched sullenly as the driver backed it and turned. He slugged them into first and howled off toward town, shifting with a frightful racket.

Number 55 is a narrow, hunch-shouldered building of gray stone, with the sloping ledges of its windows turned black with age until they look as if the

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE HOWE



"Listen to me," Sturg shouted. "That gun—it has two empty shells still in the cylinder"

building had been gutted by fire. The door in the Viscaya Prospekt is high and double with large brass knobs and inset panels of frosted glass. There is the Café de Bagdad on the right and the warehouse of Sandersen and Company on the left. There is no doorman, no pretense. There is the long, empty hallway and an open room in the front with a table and a wooden bench. High brackets on the walls lit the place with flaring gas flames behind dirty globes. The Japanese in the Norfolk jacket led the way down the hallway to the end. He knocked sharply and went in. It was a bare office. Mitsuchi stood at the window looking out at the town lights below, his back toward the door. Number 55 is on a hill with its rear entrances almost two full stories below its Viscaya entrance.

Mitsuchi said, "Yes, gentlemen?"

His man spoke to him briefly in Japanese.

"Really?" Mitsuchi said, and he looked up at Major Nugent. "Thank you, Major—but there seems to be some slight discrepancy. These various theories that we are working on seem to conflict with each other. I already have the murderess—and now you bring me a murderer."

STURGIS saw the handbag on Mitsuchi's bare desk—with the gold lipstick tube beside it—and the gun.

"She didn't do it, Mitsuchi."

"I beg your pardon, Hammond san. Number 55 is not a police station or a court of law. We don't plead cases in my department."

"The Russian woman didn't do it, I tell you—"

"Can you prove it?"

"Do you need proof in Manchukuo? Do you need anything but a suspect and a strong stomach? Hasn't this man told you who did do it—hasn't he seen the truth torn out of a man?"

Mitsuchi smiled. "Apparently he has. That is what makes the discrepancy. On my desk there, there is a most conflicting exhibit—a gun and a complete series of identifying pictures of the two victims and of the next men in line for assassination—the Chief of Air Service and the Military Adviser to the Emperor Kang Teh of Manchukuo. Certainly this woman you speak of has done her best to convince me that she is the murderess."

"She isn't—any more than Miss Cass is!" Sturg said. "Instead of horsing—why don't you get your hands on Krupp?"

"Permit me—"

"Listen to *me*," Sturg shouted; "that gun there on your desk—it has two empty shells still in the cylinder—how does that fit with the gun Watanabe found on the deck outside Tokugawa's cabin window? Something's screwy in Denmark—"

"There are several things, Hammond san, that you may have to explain to me. How is it that you know there are two empty shells in that gun—and why is it that you would not name the other two intended victims when we talked this afternoon—"

"Why is it you don't get Krupp—he left Thy Soul Hill Villa over an hour ago—you're holding Madame Krupp because you've lost Krupp! My God—Nugent and I have more brains between us—" he stopped suddenly and slapped the palms of his hands together. "Krupp's at the Yamato Hotel now, Mitsuchi! The Chief of Air Service—General Nabouchi—came in as I left for Thy Soul Hill. Five hundred dollars says Krupp went there in his car to polish him off and if you catch him there red-handed—that clears his wife—"

Mitsuchi smiled. "We should work together, Hammond san—we would be a combination."

There was a knock on his door again.

He took hold of her shoulders and shook her

He called in Japanese to whoever it was—and the door opened. There were four Japanese civilians in the hallway. Two of them carried Anton Krupp, wrapped still in his long overcoat with the funnel that braced his neck reaching up from his wasted shoulders in a sweep of leather and bright steel to the chromium hook that arched from behind him somewhere to just above the crown of his head. They put him down in a chair and stood back from him. One of them spoke quickly to Mitsuchi. Mitsuchi lit a cigarette of brown rice paper. The smoke of it drove straight upward into the shadows of the ceiling. The man who was speaking to him finished and placed a handkerchief-wrapped gun on Mitsuchi's desk.

Mitsuchi said, "They found him at the Yamato, Hammond san—as you thought they would. I sent them there when I saw General Nabouchi's picture among those other exhibits on my desk."

"Your men tell me," Krupp said, "that you are holding my servant Li. Will you have the goodness to allow him to come here and attend me?"

Mitsuchi turned to him.

"I'm afraid I can't do that. Your servant is dead."

"And why is he dead, do you mind telling me that?"

Mitsuchi said, "He is dead, Herr Krupp, because he did not deem it advisable to speak on certain matters quickly enough. It was necessary therefore that pressure be brought to bear to induce him to speak. Unfortunately he did not survive the pressure. Let me commend him to you. He was a very loyal servant."

Krupp said, "Will you have the goodness then, to reach into the left-hand pocket of my dressing gown for my cigarettes? I should like one." His eyes flicked and the red tip of his tongue wet his grayish lips.

There was a preliminary whirr from the clock on the wall as the strikers lifted from the chimes—a whirr as of tiny wings beating through the shadows above. It stopped with a sharp click and the three gongs of the quarter hour before seven o'clock melted into the air of the room until the echo of them was one soft stream of sound.

Mitsuchi leaned over him and drew out the heavy silver case from Krupp's pocket. He put a cigarette between Krupp's lips. And he lit it. Krupp inhaled deeply. "What," he asked, "was it that you wanted my boy to tell you?"

"We suggested to him," Mitsuchi said, "that there were certain details of the assassination of His Excellency the Count Ito that we wanted him to clear up—and also of a death that occurred violently on the Dairen Maru an hour before she sank."

"I see," Krupp said, "but I can't understand why you ruin a perfectly good servant for me—to find these things out."

"Because we were under the strong impression that your servant might know. He did know."

KRUPP was absolutely immovable. Even his eyes were immovable now. But his voice still created the bizarre impression of gestures. For all the fact that it had a harsh, mechanical timbre, the man imparted intonation to it that gave it liveliness and spirit. It was as if he shrugged now, shrugged, half raised his hands and cocked his head slightly to one side. That was the impression only. He had not moved. He said:

"Do you mind putting that cigarette to my lips again? Thank you." Again he inhaled deeply and expelled the blue mists of smoke from his nostrils. His face was ashen. It hung above his dark garments and the shadows below him and there was the shine of sweat on it—an unearthly shine that came to his flesh suddenly as if pain had burned through the nerves below it. His hands lay deathly still upon the arms of his chair. His lips were pressed so tightly together that there was a whiteness around them like white grease paint—and there was no color in them.

As clearly as if Krupp had screamed, Sturg felt death in the man.

Mitsuchi reached quickly for his right hand where it lay on the chair arm. He turned it over and pressed the coal of the cigarette into the gray flesh of the palm.

Krupp gasped with pain and snatched the hand away.

Mitsuchi dropped the cigarette into an ash tray. Sturg was sick with it. He thought of the burning funeral pyres and the black boxes of Nugent's drunkenness the night before.

"You might have spared yourself that trouble," Krupp said. "I have control of my hands. Your man found that gun in my hand at the Yamato."

Mitsuchi was looking down at Krupp's head. "I suppose, Herr Krupp—that you have no great desire to live?"

"I am quite ready for any further stupidity you may see fit to inflict on me."

"You understand that the final disposition of your case rests entirely in my hands?"

"I assume that it does. When you are ready—you will find me ready."

"The Count Ito, Herr Krupp, was an old man. His life was drawing to a

(Continued on page 64)

With complete and
sympathetic understanding

Kathleen Norris

has written a superb
novel of human love
and bravery

Secret Marriage

Begins in
Next Week's Collier's

Waite, the Boy Wonder

By Kyle Crichton

Equipped with a slider instead of a fast ball but using the same wisecracks, Mr. Waite Hoyt is with us again. And doing very well. Some call it a comeback, but Mr. Hoyt says it is just love

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Waite Hoyt, for fifteen years baseball's Boy Wonder, is coming back for another fling

ALONG about the middle of last summer Waite Hoyt began to pitch two- and three-hit shutouts for the Pittsburgh Pirates. The old boy, said the baseball writers, is making a comeback.

"That's the way it goes," said Mr. Hoyt philosophically. "For fifteen years I'm the Boy Wonder and now I'm Amos Rusie coming back for one last fling. What's all this talk about a comeback? I was never away."

Mr. Hoyt was referring to the fact that he had come to the New York Giants at the age of sixteen, direct from Erasmus High in Brooklyn. The Giants kept him around long enough to get the benefit of the publicity and then farmed him out.

"It was the Retreat from Moscow," said Hoyt reminiscently. "I was with Mount Carmel, Hartford, Lynn, Memphis, Montreal and then back to the Giants again in 1918. They shunted me over to Newark, brought me in again and then farmed me out to Rochester. I decided I had enough. I had a severe case of day-coach spavin."

He quit organized baseball and got a job with the Baltimore Dry Dock team. The Boston Red Sox rescued him from that fate, but for years he used to wake up in his berth in the Pullman and say:

"I'm giving you fair warning. If it's Memphis, I'm not getting off."

Up at Boston he was a star immediately but he had his head working all the time. He had discovered the secret of being a winning pitcher in the American League.

"It wasn't any secret," said Hoyt. "It was just common sense. The way to be a great pitcher was to get on the same team with Babe Ruth. I saw that right away and took no chances. I went around insulting the Boston club officials for fear they might want to keep me. It was either New York or Memphis for me. The rest of those dumb guys could have the pleasure of pitching to the Babe."

Hoyt was with the Yankees from 1921 to 1930, their great years. His best year was 1928, when he won 23 and lost 7. After being in the top flight all those years, with a World Series record of six victories, tied only by Chief Bender, he was suddenly traded in 1930 to Detroit for assorted gentlemen who subsequently did the Yankees no good.

"There's no use denying it," says Hoyt. "It was a great shock. From being a highly-polished success, I had suddenly slipped to a future of doubt. About the same time I started to have domestic troubles and I couldn't seem to take interest in baseball any longer. When Detroit shipped me to Philadelphia, I snapped out of it and won ten out of thirteen, but next year Connie Mack and I had a dispute over a new contract and I asked for my release. I signed with Brooklyn and was pretty bad.

Romance—and a Comeback

"About that time everything began to happen to me. I knew I wasn't through but everybody thought I was and I always had the feeling I was fighting the world as well as myself. Before I even got settled at Brooklyn, divorce proceedings were filed and that knocked me out completely. I didn't care what happened to me and it showed in the box. Brooklyn let me out in June and I was with the Giants until fall, getting no better rapidly. The Giants released me in the fall and I thought that was the end. By that time I was so low in mind that I had lost all confidence in myself."

"But what about the comeback?"

"That's like something out of a Harold Bell Wright novel. . . . Moral regeneration and love and all that sort of thing. I married Ellen Burbank, and that made all the difference in the world. I readjusted my whole life and got a new purpose in living. She got after me immediately: 'You're still young, Waite, and your arm is still strong; why don't you ask for another chance?' So I got in touch with Pittsburgh and they took me on, not feeling any too good about it but thinking I might help them a bit in the bull pen. They helped me all they could, however, and I soon started to pitch real ball again. That's the way it sits now."

But it was the days with the Yankees that made Hoyt famous. Ruth and Gehrig and Meusel were murdering the opposing pitchers and Durocher and Paschal were on the bench driving the enemy wild with insults. Paschal sat there for years, coming out occasionally to pinch-hit but doing his work mostly with his mouth. He got more goats than anybody in the history of baseball, with the possible exception of Ray Kolp of the Cincinnati Reds. There was a time when three words from either Paschal or Kolp could set players charging up the façade of the grandstand to get a whack at them with a bat. The dead-pans of the Yankees were Ray Morehart, Bob Meusel and Tony Lazzeri, who said hello at training camp in the spring and uttered no further word until the season ended.

Meusel was a great outfielder who never seemed to be trying. Going after a fly, he looked like a slow-motion picture of Stepin Fetchit. At the plate he waved his bat as if he were lying on a porch swing warding off gnats.

"If that bum would only try," said an irate player on the bench one day, "he'd be the greatest player in baseball."

"Well," said Hoyt, who had great admiration for Meusel, "half a loaf is better than none."

Tales of a Rookie

Hoyt's first training trip with New York was made interesting by a player on the club who turned out to be a kleptomaniac, stealing everything not tied down by a rock. He stole money and watches and clothes. Finally he lifted thirty-six dollars from Hoyt, who had previously been very gay about the business and now verged on apoplexy.

"Why don't you do something about it?" asked a newspaperman.

"It won't last long," said Hoyt with a dark look. "He's robbed everybody on the club. Pretty soon he'll rob himself and that's when he'll get found out."

It was on a later spring trip that Babe Ruth became seriously ill and was taken off the train on a stretcher at Asheville, North Carolina. The club went on to Charlotte and was sitting on the bench next day waiting for the game to start when the press box sent down word that Ruth was reported dead.

Hoyt was reflecting upon the matter only last summer.

"I shall never cease to marvel," he said, "at the sentiment which exists in

(Continued on page 57)

Love Story of a Liar

Mark Twain once said: "Save your lies—you may need them." This is the story of a young man who did not save his

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

DOC FRASER, veterinarian and justice of the peace, spat viciously at a tumblebug which was setting forth into the great world of the Courthouse Square, and cocked an indignant eye at me. All Pike County was reverberating with a scandal involving Doc's nephew, Wilford.

"The highway department's wrong and the Auburn Jimplicute's plumb venal and that jury was addled and all the fool gossipy folks in this county ought to be horsewhipped!" Doc said.

"How about the women in the case, Doc?" I asked slyly.

I'm a good Christian man—Doc said, with several heathen oaths for emphasis—but tar-and-feathering would be too good for Mertha Wiggoner. And as for Sis Gurney, I've said my say direct to her sassy face. Them two got holt of as promising a lad as was ever raised in Pike County. Nephew of mine or thirty-third cousin, it wouldn't make no difference. I say Wilford Fraser is a good boy, a mighty good boy.

What say? Oh, ya-as, Wilford does yarn right smart. But he never did *lie*. There's a heap of difference between a yarn and a lie. A yarn is a tall story and it ain't meant to hurt nobody. A lie is allus aimed *agin* someone and is plain and simple of the devil. What I maintain is that from the fust Wilford Fraser was a innocent yarner. The bad part come when them gals, Mertha and Sis, got into it.

Mertha Wiggoner is old Dolphie Wiggoner's daughter, and between them they've made that Auburn Jimplicute paper a disgrace to journalism. Us Democrats in this county ain't forgot how Dolphie switched Republican in the last election jest to land some state printing from Jeff City. And since Mertha was app'inted a correspondent for the Kansas City Star, this county ain't been big enough to hold her.

My nephew Wilford works on his daddy's farm, over by The Knob, and he'd allus had a habit of making up yarns about the strange ways of nature. I recollect that when he wasn't no higher than a sow's back he started a yarn concerning a tomcat that struck up a friendship with some squirrels in an old sycamore back of his daddy's smokehouse. Accordin' to Wilford, them squirrels got the tomcat to steal black walnuts for them and paid him off with baby jay birds.

WHAT'S the harm in that? Wilford's daddy wanted to whip him for it, I mind, but I and his ma stuck up for him. I said: "The boy don't mean nothing wrong. He's jest got a active imagination and for all we know he may turn out right well."

Wilford and Mertha and Sis all went to school together in Bowling Green. But the real howdy-do started a year or so back, when Mertha printed one of Wilford's yarns in her daddy's paper.

The boy come into my office, waving the paper real proud. "Uncle Doc," says he, "I'm an author!"

I looked at the piece; it went like this:

"It seems that we are due for another dry summer. Wilford Fraser, nephew of Justice of the Peace Samuel Fraser, paid a visit to the editorial sanctum the other day and this popular young member of The Knob community reports that the tree frogs out his way are storing water in hollow trees and stumps.

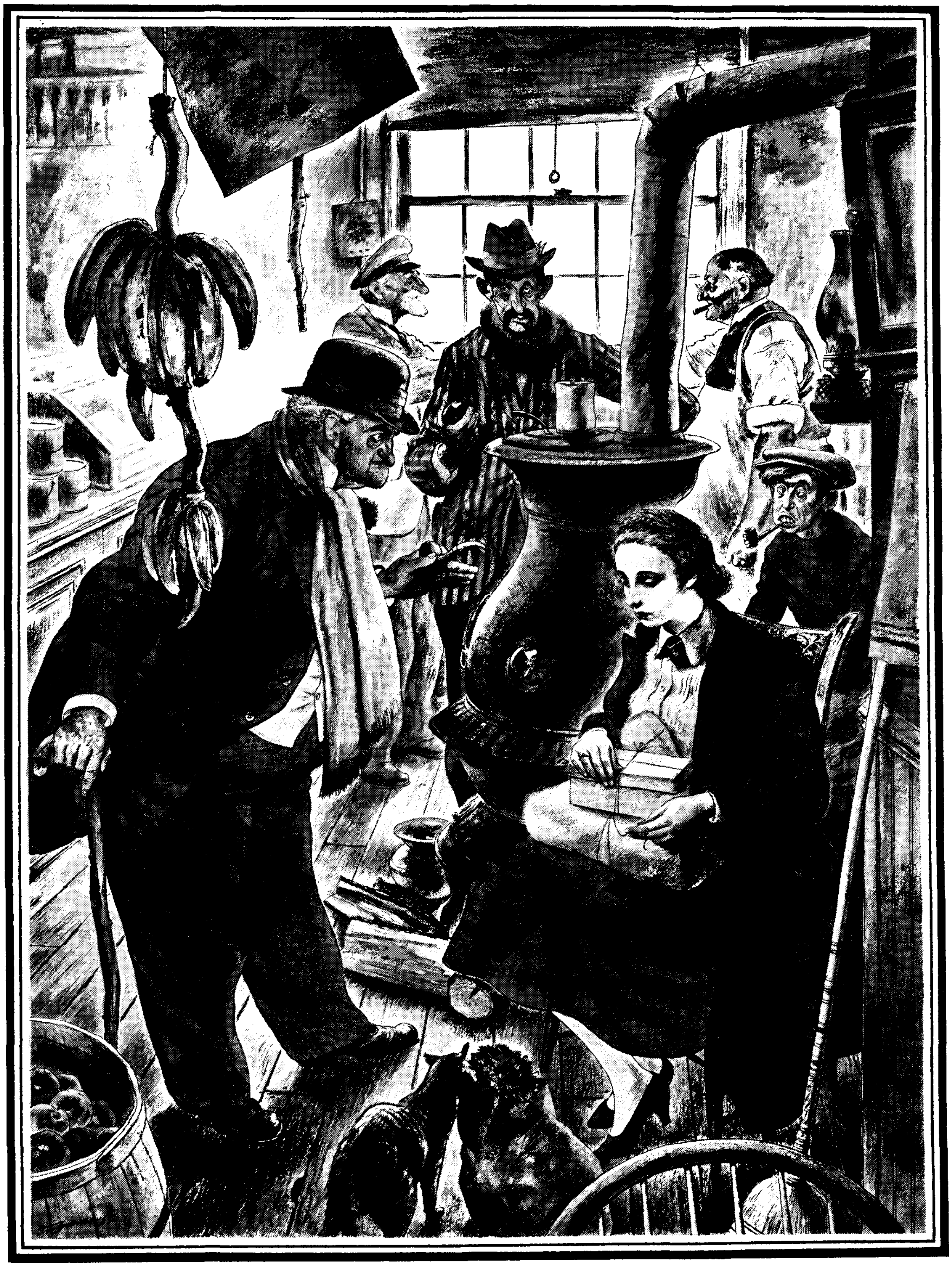
" 'One frog will drink himself so full he can't hop,' Wilford explains, 'and two of his friends then drag him from the pond to the tree or stump selected for a water reservoir. The water-carrier opens his mouth and his assistants jump up and down on him until all the water is deposited.

" 'It looks like a long, dry summer,' Wilford says."

"How's that, Uncle Doc?" Wilford says to me.

Well, sir, I didn't have the heart to p'int a moral, then. If you knowed Wilford, you'd see why. The boy has a bright look on him and favors us Frasers, being good-featured and jest naturally taking joy in this world.

"Bully for you, Wilford," I says.



"Sis," says I, "you can't fool an old man. You love Wilford"

"But don't tell me you're taking a shine to Mertha Wiggoner?"

Wilford blushes and is embarrassed.

"She's a mighty smart girl, Uncle Doc."

I couldn't let that pass.

"Boy," I says, "a newspaper is a corrupting influence. I ain't a-saying that Mertha's corrupt, now, but she will be, she will be. Mark my words. And you stick to little Sis Gurney."

Like all us Frasers, Wilford has a head of his own. He folded up the Auburn Jimplicute and stared around at the floor. Finally he comes out with: "I'll never make a go of it with Sis, Uncle Doc. She wants me to quit yarning."

I DIDN'T say no more. You can't say much to a Fraser. You've got to lay low and wait till you have black and white proof to show 'em.

The proof didn't take long in coming.

One morning I'd jest disposed of a speeding case—that city feller took on a spell, but he paid—when in rushes Mertha Wiggoner herself. She was all diked out in fashionable clothes and looked right pretty for a Wiggoner.

"Doctor Sam!" she says, "where's Wilford?"

"Gone to the Bottom catfishing," says I.

"The most wonderful thing has happened," says Mertha. "A big syndicate wants to buy a story from Wilford every week!" Then, she shoves a copy of the weekly Kansas City paper at me. "This is the story that did it!"

I didn't pay much attention to the yarn, but as I recollect, it told how a red sow belonging to Wilford's daddy had disappeared last November out of a truck on the way to market and had turned up this week with a litter of nine half-grown shoats. Wilford allowed in the piece that the sow had been plumb agin the AAA pig-reduction program and had hid out her litter so they wouldn't be slaughtered.

"Mertha," says I, "how many of Wilford's yarns have you been circulating in them papers?"

Mertha giggles.

"Every one I could get him to tell me," she says real proud, "and the city papers are crazy about them. Mister Ted Starr that runs a syndicated column has reprinted three already. I think I can get maybe fifteen or twenty dollars *every week* for Wilford's nature stories. How's that?"

Well, sir, I told her plainly that I was plumb agin it. Yarning for fun and out of sheer good spirits is one thing. And yarning for money in a newspaper is another. Besides and moreover, I didn't want any nephew of mine getting mixed up with them Wiggoners. I've knowed Dolphie Wiggoner forty year and never liked him a single day; and I didn't noways approve of the way Mertha was traipsing over this county sticking her nose into personal and private business.

"Gal," says I, "you and your daddy ain't a-going to turn any nephew of mine into a public figger and a professional liar."

She lifted her dern' Wiggoner nose and sassed me. She allowed that Wilford was the one to decide it.

I DIDN'T say nothing more. I jest hotfooted it over to the Bottom to Wilford's regular fishing hole. The boy wasn't there. He was a quarter-mile up Salt River bank, laying on his belly and watching a big mud turtle he had tied up to a sapling.

"Studyin' nature, Wilford?" says I.

"Take a look at that turtle's back, Uncle Doc," he says. "It's a perfect checker-board. I'll get Dad Turner and Hepie Byars to pose for a picture with the turtle between 'em and checkers laid out—"

He caught my eye and blushed.

"I thought ye'd carve Dan'l Boone's initials on him with a date," says I. That made him right sheepish and I follered up with: "Mertha Wiggoner was in. She allows she can peddle your yarns for fifteen dollars a week."

The fool boy jumps up, grinning all over his face. "Pay me fifteen dollars a week for *yarning?*" says he. "Just for *yarning?*"

I felt right sick, jest looking at him.

"Nephew," I told him, "getting paid for yarning is agin nature and agin Almighty God. I want you to tell Mertha you won't have no truck with it!"

The boy couldn't see my p'int.

"This means that I'll be syndicated all over the U. S., Uncle Doc. Me! Why-y—it's the chance of a lifetime."

Yep, my own blood nephew. I set down with him and tried to guide his feet the right way, but it wasn't no use. The truth come out. Wilford had the idea that he'd be paid for having fun; and, furthermore, he was plumb infatuated with Mertha Wiggoner and figgered that this job would clinch his sparking.

"I'VE got an extry good one to start with, Uncle Doc," he says. "Those crows in the eighty acres on the hill have worked out a swell system. There's a bald-headed sentinel that always lights on a belled cow's neck. When the coast is clear, the crow pecks the cow on top of her head and makes her shake the bell. Soon as they hear the bell, the other crows fly silently out of the woods pasture and go to digging up corn. Not a single 'caw-caw' to warn you they're at work!"

And he laughed real proud. He laughed like he didn't have a care in the world. I went back to town.

Little Sis Gurney drew me aside at the Prairieville basket supper, that evening. I'd allus thought a heap of Sis. She was a farm gal, who bought her clothes mail-order, and she was plumb contented to stay a farm gal. None of this sashaying around the county picking up mean gossip agin folks. A nice sensible little body, plump as a heifer ready to make baby beef. Good, honest blue eyes in her head, too.

"Doctor Sam," she says right out, "are the Frasers a-going to let Wilford tell lies all over this country?"

"The boy has turned twenty-one," I said, "and I don't reckon there's anything we can do to stop him."

Sis believed in speaking her mind plain.

"He's doing it because he thinks he'll make a hit with Mertha Wiggoner. And he won't. She's practically engaged to a man in St. Louis. All she wants out of Wilford is a pack of silly lies to print in the Jimplicute!"

"Give the boy time, Sis. He'll learn."

"Time?" says Sis, right spunky. "I've given him the air! If there's anything I detest and despise, it's a liar."

She turned away quick and went on back to the tables. I wasn't fooled nary bit. The gal's shoulders was a-heaving and I knowed she climbed into her folks' car and cried a spell.

I looked around for Wilford, but Ned Wybell said the boy had gone to Louisiana with Mertha.

WELL, sir, it wasn't more than three weeks after that when Wilford come into my office looking like he had the yaller jaundice. Yep, his dauber sure was dragging. I never saw such a change in a young feller.

"How's it going, nephew?" says I.

"Swell," says he.

"Been sick?"

"No. I feel fine."

"You sure don't look it."

He kicked about the floor whilst I issued a no-trespass warning agin Jud Meeks. I didn't say nothing. Finally Wilford come out with it:

"Say, Uncle Doc, what was that yarn you used to tell about the time those tame ducks of Cousin Henry's got drunk on sorghum mash?"

I jest looked at him. I knowed what he meant; and it was the dernedest funniest yarn you ever heard in Pike County. Mostly true, too.

"Plumb forgot how that yarn went, nephew," says I. "What's the matter? Ain't run out of yarns of your own, already, have you?"

Wilford looked mighty sheepish and worried.

"No, I'm doing fine. But I haven't anything worked out smooth for this week. I thought maybe you might remember that one about the ducks."

"Plumb forgot it," says I.

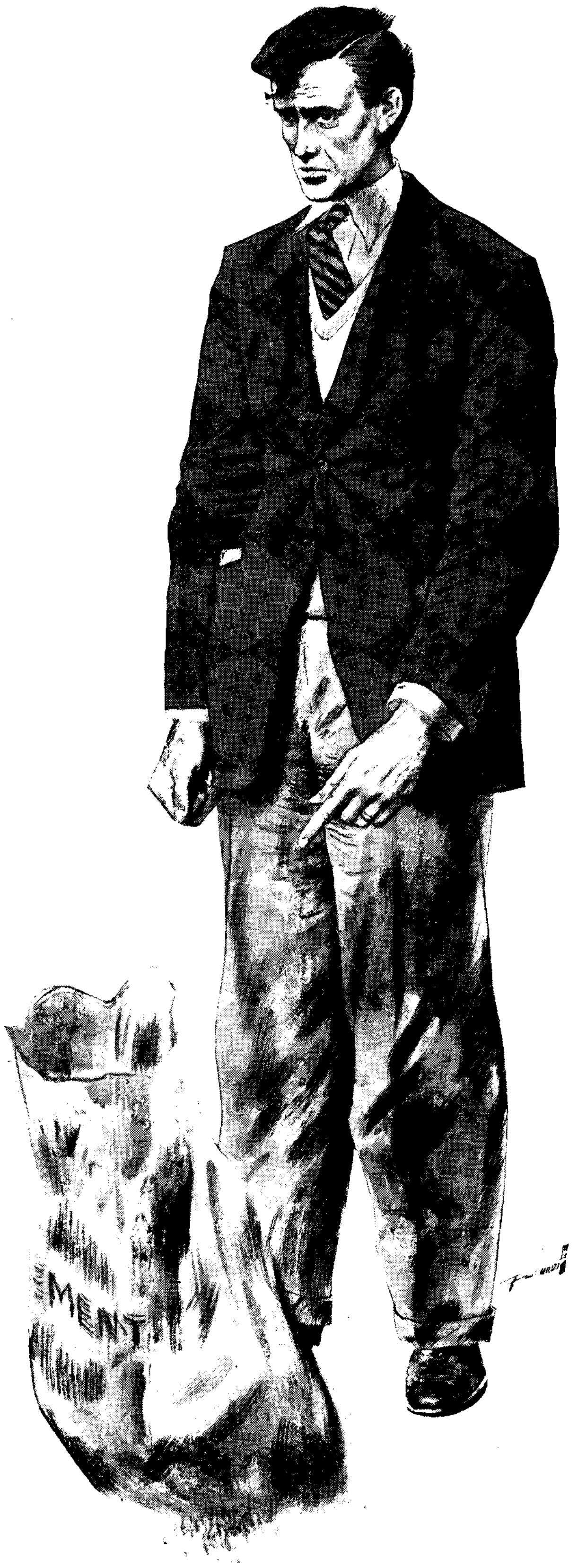
He wandered out the door, his face all twisted up and his hair like a jay bird's tail feathers. His own ma wouldn't of knowed him.

I jest set there and cussed Mertha Wiggoner. She'd taken holt of a joyful and natural yarner and milked all the laughter out of him.

It got worse and worse. Cy Burtnett stopped me on the Clarksville gravel and says: "Is that nephew of yours gone plumb daft? I seed him behind the Regal Garage trying to make a blacksnake swaller a imitation rubber hoptoad." And Joey Hume come to the county seat with word that Wilford had been pestering Silly Sally Tucker to tell about the time she found a pet possum mothering some baby skunks. Finally I heard the boy couldn't even do his day's work proper. Nigger Spencer, who was barring-off corn with Wilford,

(Continued on page 29)

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS



"I'm going to tell the truth, Uncle Doc!" he says

Cargo booms are lashed and Captain Stedman and his staff stand by as Pilot Baisley eases the S. S. President Harding from her pier out into the river for another North Atlantic run

The Captain Loves the Sea

By Captain Giles C. Stedman

"All ashore [illegible] for deep [illegible] the [illegible] for a cruise at all. [illegible] tures, the [illegible] tells you [illegible] your money's [illegible]

MARIAN WAS very pretty; smart, too. But I think it was her quarter-pint size alone that saved her from a taste of the rope's end—old-fashioned nautical term for spanking—in the hands of some exasperated member of the staff of officers on my ship.

She had come down to see a friend off: call him Joe. It was an oppressively warm day; you know how it can be at a New York pier on a breathless July noon when the sun makes the tin roofs and cement walls and creosoted pilings almost incandescent, and a thousand excited folks laugh and shout and mill around in each space that would be crowded by a mere hundred. Marian began her adventure in a canary-yellow dress, handbag to match, openwork footgear—sandals, I guess you'd call them—without stockings, and without much of anything else, according to gossip which reached my ears.

Joe's wife came to see him off, also. That, as well as the weather, may have accounted for Marian's grim preoccupation with the liquid refreshment that Joe had provided in abundance for his numerous and merry bon-voyage wishers. When, why, or how she escaped the crush around the sidecar and sandwich trays in Joe's cabin Marian never remembered; for the next thing she knew she was sitting in a chair on deck, chilled by a strong breeze, vowing it was time for a girl to climb on the water-wagon when she saw the Statue of Liberty running upstream toward Albany. The ship's doctor, fetched by a worried deck steward, found nothing amiss with Liberty; but plenty wrong with Marian. So much so, in fact, that he could not, after the custom in such matters, send her off with the pilot. The pilot, as you know, must go down a rope ladder into a sometimes twitchy small boat.

The full impact of what had happened to her did not strike Marian until home was a day's steaming astern. Joe, scared, made believe he did not know her; that's how easily you can turn from honey to dynamite in a man's scheme. In plain truth, Marian was a stowaway; they put you in the lockup in Havre for that, and in Southampton, too. Marian, a bedraggled and fretful prisoner in the ship's hospital all the way across, was badly frightened until cabled money from her parents snatched her from the closing jail doors.

There was just enough to cover her round trip fare in tourist. A small loan from one of the officers—promptly repaid after New York was reached, by the way—got lipstick and toothbrush for her; but she was, on the whole, an unkempt as well as a chastened adventuress when we made home landfall. Nevertheless, one thrill remained to her. Romance crossed her path in the form of a young theological student who, come "Last Night," asked her to do something for him.

The evening before port is made, on either side, there is a gala time in the dining saloon. This is known as "The Captain's Dinner," although the captain does not have to pay for it, thank goodness. But ocean passengers have an old, old tradition of their own with regard to "Last Night"—in this case, specifically the eve of arrival home. Socially, a crossing is intensive; a lifetime compressed into a week. "Last Night" is the climax, when inhibitions are washed down the scuppers, when hearts are full and guards are down and young lips are willing and you swear this is not the end—although it usually is, and that is why you are in this mood, fighting off the sad knowledge that tomorrow you and your new friends will part never perhaps to meet again. It is in the tradition to ask, on that night, the greatest favor that you have been led to expect you might receive. When Marian's theology student, therefore, asked if she would do something for him, she could only nod timidly and wonder.

"Will you," he asked, hesitantly, "—will you, er-r, come into the Night Club and have a *drink* with me?"

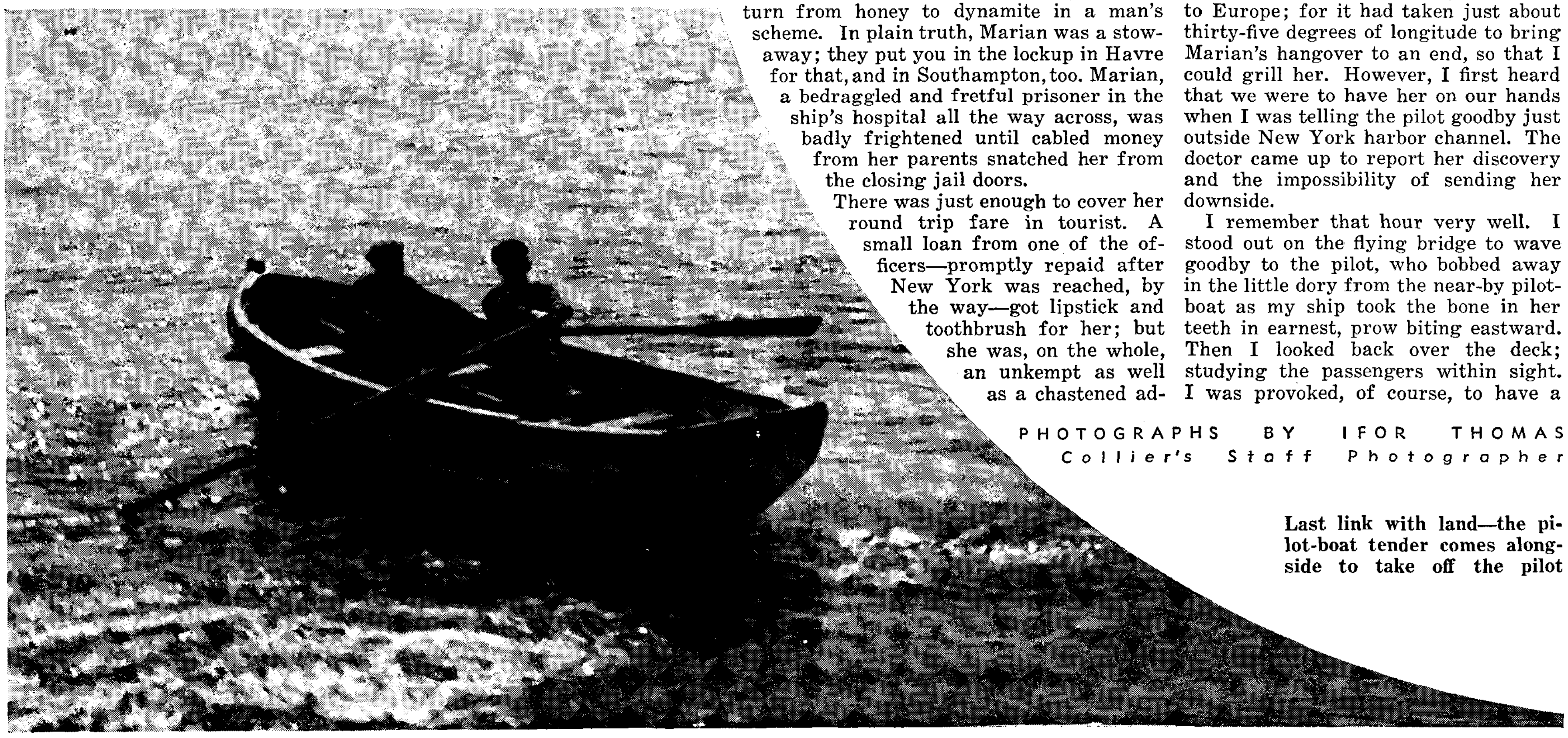
She did; and when—for reasons known only to herself and the ship's officers—she ordered "Just a nice tall glass of lemonade" the student exclaimed triumphantly, "I knew all the time you were just that type of girl!"

A First Look at the Passengers

Much of what I have told you about the beginning of Marian's escapade I did not learn until we had got halfway to Europe; for it had taken just about thirty-five degrees of longitude to bring Marian's hangover to an end, so that I could grill her. However, I first heard that we were to have her on our hands when I was telling the pilot goodby just outside New York harbor channel. The doctor came up to report her discovery and the impossibility of sending her downside.

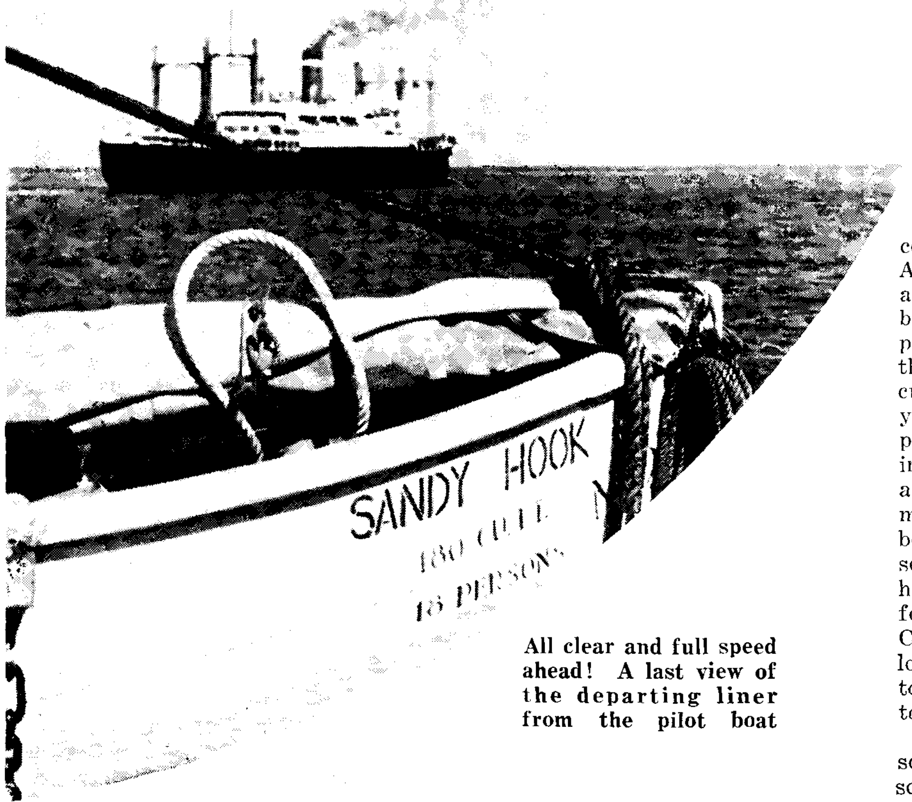
I remember that hour very well. I stood out on the flying bridge to wave goodby to the pilot, who bobbed away in the little dory from the near-by pilot-boat as my ship took the bone in her teeth in earnest, prow biting eastward. Then I looked back over the deck; studying the passengers within sight. I was provoked, of course, to have a

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer



Last link with land—the pilot-boat tender comes alongside to take off the pilot

"Dropping the pilot," a gentleman who needs agility for the transfer from liner to bobbing tender to the deck of the pilot boat, below



All clear and full speed ahead! A last view of the departing liner from the pilot boat

stowaway aboard; especially such a pathetically unprepared and unequipped one. Yet, as I watched them, I wondered how many of the paid-up passengers were really much better prepared than Marian for the trip.

When the work of clearing port is over in fine weather, and we of the ship's company are settling to deep-water routine, there comes a sense of relaxation to the captain. In scores of departures from New York I have used this hour to take the first look for which I have had time at the people who are to be my shipmates. Out of my experience, as I stand there, and look back over the passengers—some already playing games; some already "walking to Europe" in tweed plus-fours and checkered caps—berets, nowadays—and tennis shoes, I wonder how many of you are as ready as you might be for the luck of the passage, for the full enjoyment of your trip. I wonder how many of you are really prepared to get your money's worth at sea!

I wonder about it particularly upon the approach of this summer vacation season of 1935, when, according to advance bookings, to the plans of travel agencies, to the estimates of ocean-traffic wiseacres, more of you than ever before will go forth upon the broad seas; not all upon the North Atlantic. The Pacific and Hawaii, our national all-year mid-ocean garden, will take their share; so will cruises north to Canada and Labrador, suth'ard to Bermuda and the suddenly popular Virgin Islands and other West Indian beauty spots out of great eastern ports; while the San Diego Fair has at this early date already brought sell-out bookings and extra schedules into the coast-to-coast voyage which gives the additional thrills of the Panama Canal, the ancient cities of the Spanish Main, the strange coast towns of Central America. Vacationers have learned that temperatures on the open sea are fairly constant, always enjoyable, without hot spells.

Where thousands crossed to Europe each summer in the stuffy days before the war, hundreds of thousands will go this year. Then it was a special privilege; a part of the lives of people of culture and means; an offshoot of the traditional "Grand Tour" in the Georgian and Victorian English schemes of education. We common folks went to Niagara Falls, or Asthma-in-the-Azaleas. Today you are as likely to meet your grocer as your boss hanging over the bow to watch for porpoises. The public has learned that the old days when it cost a fortune to cross in comfort have gone; that now you can go to Europe and back, with perhaps three days in London and four in Paris, within the scope of the average vacation period, and for as little money as you might spend on a land-bound vacation. Americans began the sea-going craze; but the Europeans have been apt learners, as indicated by four hundred cruises out of British and Continental ports last year, and shiploads of Europeans coming westward to look us over while we sailed eastward to look them over.

Neither the current European war scare nor the vexed money exchange has scared off the Atlantic vacationers. They know that to meet the latter situation thrifty Europe has pulled down its prices. As for the war alarms, these seem to have attracted more than they have frightened; Americans, evidently, are still adventurous, eager for those authentic impressions and opinions which can only be got at first-hand. Moreover, there are outstanding events of peace that will help to make this a record year upon the North Atlantic.

You'd be surprised, for example, by the number of people going to England for the pomp and circumstance of the good King's Silver Jubilee. You'd be surprised, too, as I have been in recent years, by the number of persons who sail just for the round trip; with no more time ashore in Europe than the ship's layover. These are people limited in time—two weeks, usually; and such vacations are now almost as commonplace as automobile tours, or sojourns in the mountains, and frequently less expensive because the all-inclusive fare enables you to make beforehand a nearly exact budget.

Thus, instead of being merely a unit of world transportation, a means of getting from country to country, the ship has become a glamorous moving resort with many advantages the land-bound one cannot match, not the least of these being the flame it touches to your imagination.

The Atlantic Holiday was born just after the Great War. The decline of immigration, due to quota restrictions, as well as more elbow room in a man-depleted Europe, set in then. Steamship companies, faced with empty steerage quarters, hurrahed at the suggestion of a bright young man for "White Collar Tours" in spruced-up lower decks. That idea saved Atlantic shipping. Its subsequent trend might be guessed from the later name, "Student Tourist Class"; and presently this became the modern "Tourist Class," and the quarters, on the newer boats, are far better than First Class was in the pre-war days.

How to Plan Your Sea Trip

Last winter as I stared down from my bridge upon passenger decks that are now gay and busy with summer vacationists, I thought of last season and of Marian, and figured I might be able to do you a turn. Not that I believe you may stow away, like Marian; but many of you might just as well be stowaways, for all the comfort and fun you get. You have read this or that book, perhaps; and you have listened to this or that travel-wise friend; or maybe you have just blundered aboard in a tumult of rosy anticipation. In any event, I wonder if it might not be useful and interesting to you, whether it might not insure your getting your money's worth out of your voyage, if I, a North Atlantic sea captain, tell you how I would set out to plan and to prepare for an Atlantic crossing as a passenger.

Before I selected a ship or a sailing date, as soon, in fact, as I had decided where I wanted to go, I'd sit down and make up a list of what to take. I would pare that down to a minimum; and then I would coldly slash the result in half! You will spare yourself much trouble if you do likewise. You will leave room in your bags for the souvenirs you are bound to collect. You will save important time in Customs. Fewer and lighter bags will save you in tips; also in excess charges on planes and trains abroad. A rule: don't take more than you can keep under your own hands and eyes.

Things stay cleaner aboard ship; a week-end's requirements on shore will stretch to a week on the sea. Beach pajamas or a bathing suit, even if your ship doesn't have a pool, will do for

(Continued on page 38)

Saving Susan

The way this romance works out, it will be very nice for young Mr. Vaughn when the stock of Pacific Utilities booms again. But it won't make any essential difference

By Duncan Norton-Taylor

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

SHE was sure she looked pale; purposely she had not put on any rouge and in black satin lounging pajamas she decided that she conveyed the idea. Especially when she pushed her brown bobbed hair back of her ears. Then she went down to breakfast.

Though she was hungry, she shook her head at the omelet and said in a tragic voice, "I just want some coffee." Out of the corner of her eye she was pleased to see that her uncle was looking at her, and she languidly unfolded her napkin and gazed into space.

"Good morning," said Uncle Ogden.

She sighed.

"What's the matter with you?"

She was gratified. The butler was pouring her coffee and she watched him with a melancholy face; and not until he had departed and she guessed Uncle Ogden's suspense had reached its peak did she burst out: "It's him—it's he, Russ!"

"Not already. He has only just come home."

"It's his pride," she explained passionately. "It's diabolic—to be so calmly full of pride. He says we must wait until Pacific Utilities comes back and then he can marry me without losing what he calls his self-respect. Meanwhile I'm expected to sit and yearn. . . ."

"It's a crafty plan to escape," Uncle Ogden suggested. "He has discovered what a gangling, homely creature you are and now he doesn't love you."

She gave him a withering look with her beautiful eyes. "I don't think you are funny," she said. "This is too serious."

He looked repentant.

"We've gone around with each other for years. Of course he loves me. Once he said he has really loved me ever since the day he noticed I was no longer a girl but a lovely woman."

"Hmph, what day was that?"

She folded her hands under her chin and announced: "I am going away!" and studied his reaction.

BUT Uncle Ogden was running his finger down the stock quotations. "Pacific Utilities is one and seven eighths. How far does it have to come back?"

"It was worth half a million when his father gave it to him on a birthday."

"Darius Vaughn did large things when he owned all but the moon. What Russ has is probably worth now about ten thousand—"

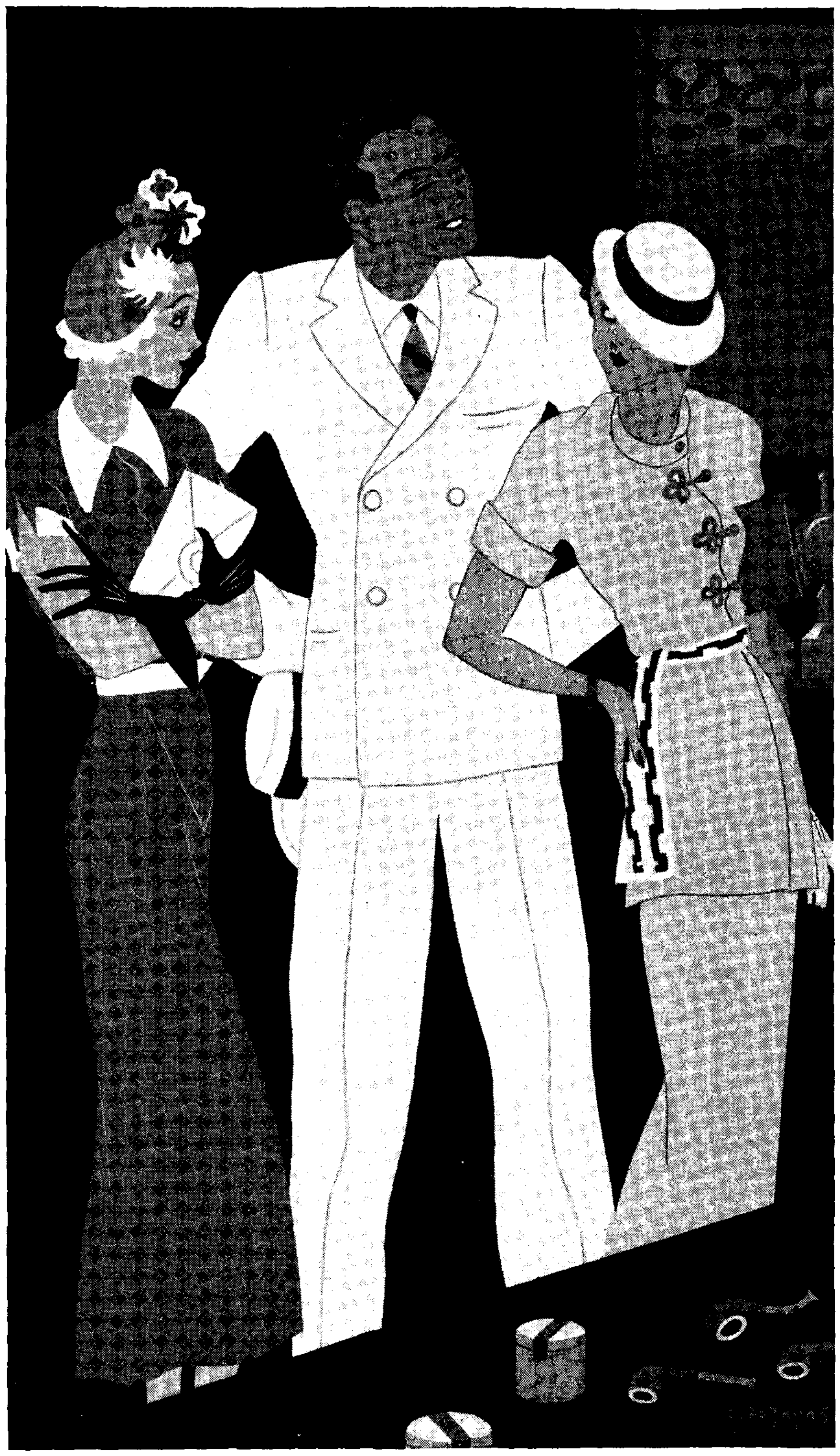
"And he won't sell it."

"I don't blame him. In ten or fifteen years it may be worth what Darius paid for it."

"And I've got to wait that long! Because of his idiotic pride! I'm going away from it all. When I'm gone he will realize, the big moose—"

"I forbid you to do anything giddy. How old are you? I've forgotten."

"But I wish to go away—anywhere, maybe the Bahamas. I'm nineteen, but what has that got to do with it?"



"I'm just doing a sort of job for your uncle," he said. "I've got to see you, Susan"

It appeared to have some significance to Uncle Ogden, for he vanished behind his newspaper, and Susan, temporarily frustrated, said that she had changed her mind about the omelet and ate some in indignation.

Uncle Ogden forgot the incident until two days later when he received a telephone call at his office from his wife.

"Susan's gone!" gasped Mrs. Blackwell.

"Gone where?"

"To Nassau—"

"Nassau—what of it?—wait, do you mean Nassau in the Bahamas?"

"Yes. Ogden, I came back from our luncheon bridge at the club and they told me Susan had left, bag and baggage. There was a note. She must have made all the arrangements, booked her passage and everything and not said a word. What will you do?"

"Oh, Lord—I don't know what I can do. I've got a steamship company to attend to. Have you ever heard of the Southern Export Lines? Her father left her a twenty-five-thousand-dollar income. If she wants to take a trip to Nassau, why—"

Mrs. Blackwell groaned.

"She'll be all right," he yelped. "Did she go on one of our boats?—No, of course she wouldn't."

They had a cable from her that night. "Gorgeous trip having lovely time home soon." And Ogden Blackwell said eagerly, "See? Nothing to get upset about."

"Oh, I don't think you feel any sense of responsibility. We, her guardians—your brother's child—"

"What am I supposed to do?"

"At least worry," Mrs. Blackwell said hysterically. Ogden Blackwell waved his hands and retired from her presence. Worry—Lord! He blamed Russell Vaughn. The third day after she had left, he summoned Mr. Vaughn from the freight soliciting department to his office.

SUSAN sometimes referred to young Mr. Vaughn as a big moose, not because of any swiftness of pace or majestic grandeur but because he reminded her, she said, of a moose at twilight beside a lake, still and unemotional and single-minded. She had seen a picture of a moose in this attitude.

He had played guard at Yale and had been held in respect by Harvard teams of three seasons. This was on account of his unholy zeal and his method of exploding upward into plays.

He had graduated in 1930. It was the previous winter that his father crashed and dropped out of the picture—Darius Vaughn was now living on a chicken farm in Indiana—and Russ came out of Yale, his family bankrupt, no prospect of a job, and still engaged to Susan Blackwell, who had inherited a fortune. Ogden Blackwell offered him a job with Southern Export and he said, "Thanks, no," mumbling something about charity. But Mr. Blackwell explained he planned to put Russ on one of their freighters until he learned *something* and there was no charity about that, and Russ finally accepted.

He sailed away. The devil of it was leaving Susan. And yet it was probably best.

He was scraping paint in the Caribbean when she made her debut. She hadn't wanted to. "It's just a gesture for Aunt Anne's sake," she wrote him. "I'm waiting for you. When you get back you'll go into the New York office." She met the S. S. Valdivia when it docked in Brooklyn in the spring.

"We can't get married now," he said. He was bronzed and hard-muscled, with close-cropped, sun-bleached hair. "Your uncle can't pay me enough to put me in your income level. My job doesn't justify it. However"—he brightened up—"I salvaged five thousand shares of Pacific, and when it comes back—Darling, you know what people would say: 'His old man went broke, so he married money.' You wouldn't want them to say that. It won't work—with you having an income six times my salary—"

"Oh, damn my income!" Susan swore.

But Russ was adamant. "We're young, we can wait a few years," he pointed out.

MR. BLACKWELL waved Russ into a chair. "Have you and Susan any —er—understanding?" he asked.

"Why, no—well, yes, in a way." Russ took his large hands out of his pockets and clasped them around one knee. "You see, of course, I am not in a position to marry Susan now—a financial position. When Pacific comes back—"

"Oh, yes." Ogden Blackwell's small, thin and dapper figure swung half around in the mahogany chair and his little wrinkled face tilted thoughtfully toward the ceiling. "Don't you think it may be some time?"

"I hope not, Mr. Blackwell."

"Are you very fond of her?"

Russ blushed and looked surprised and old Blackwell favored him with an encouraging smile, which was abruptly replaced by a grave scowl. "You know she has gone to Nassau in spite of my forbidding it—"

"I didn't know you had forbidden it. I sent her some flowers and some books."

Mr. Blackwell frowned. "I am worried. She's headstrong, self-willed." He paused. "Why do you suppose she was set on taking this trip?"

Russ shook his head. "I wondered about that, too."

"Hmph. As far as I know she has gone alone. All kinds of unscrupulous people infest these boats and these resorts. In spite of herself, Susan is unsophisticated and naïve. I am worried. She could fall into the clutches of some gigolo, for instance."

"That's right."

Mr. Blackwell leaned forward. "I'm going to send you after her."

"Send me?"

"I can't go. I can't at this time. I won't send an agency detective. I want to fetch her back. I want you to fetch her back."

He picked up a check, already written. "As a matter of fact, I have told Hollis that I am sending you to the Bahamas on a special job for me, so you don't need to explain anything around the office. There's a check which will cover all expenses. When can you leave?"

"On the next boat—"

"There's no boat until Sunday. You had better go by plane to Miami and get a plane from there across to Nassau. . . ."

When the door had closed after Russ, Mr. Blackwell examined the end of his cigar. He was a pretty smart old rooster at that. Killed two birds with one stone. He even smiled, because he was devoted to his niece and had a good deal of respect and affection for the son of Darius Vaughn.

Russ' face, as he walked out of Mr. Blackwell's office and back to his own desk, was wooden. He sat down and laid Ogden Blackwell's check in front of him. It was for three thousand dollars.

He made several notes for Hollis, the vice president in charge of freight soliciting, about some cancellations and new contracts, closed his desk, and departed.

Flying down the coast the next day he had time to think. And the more he thought the more he began to wonder. How was he going to fetch her back? She would not be coerced, or cajoled, or even tricked. Not Susan. How was he going to manage it? He thought about it the rest of the way to Miami and during the two-hour flight across to Nassau the following morning.

He guessed that she would stay at the New Colonial and he went there first. He was right. His inquiry at the desk elicited the information that she had stayed there one day and then had checked out—to depart on a cruise boat for Bermuda.

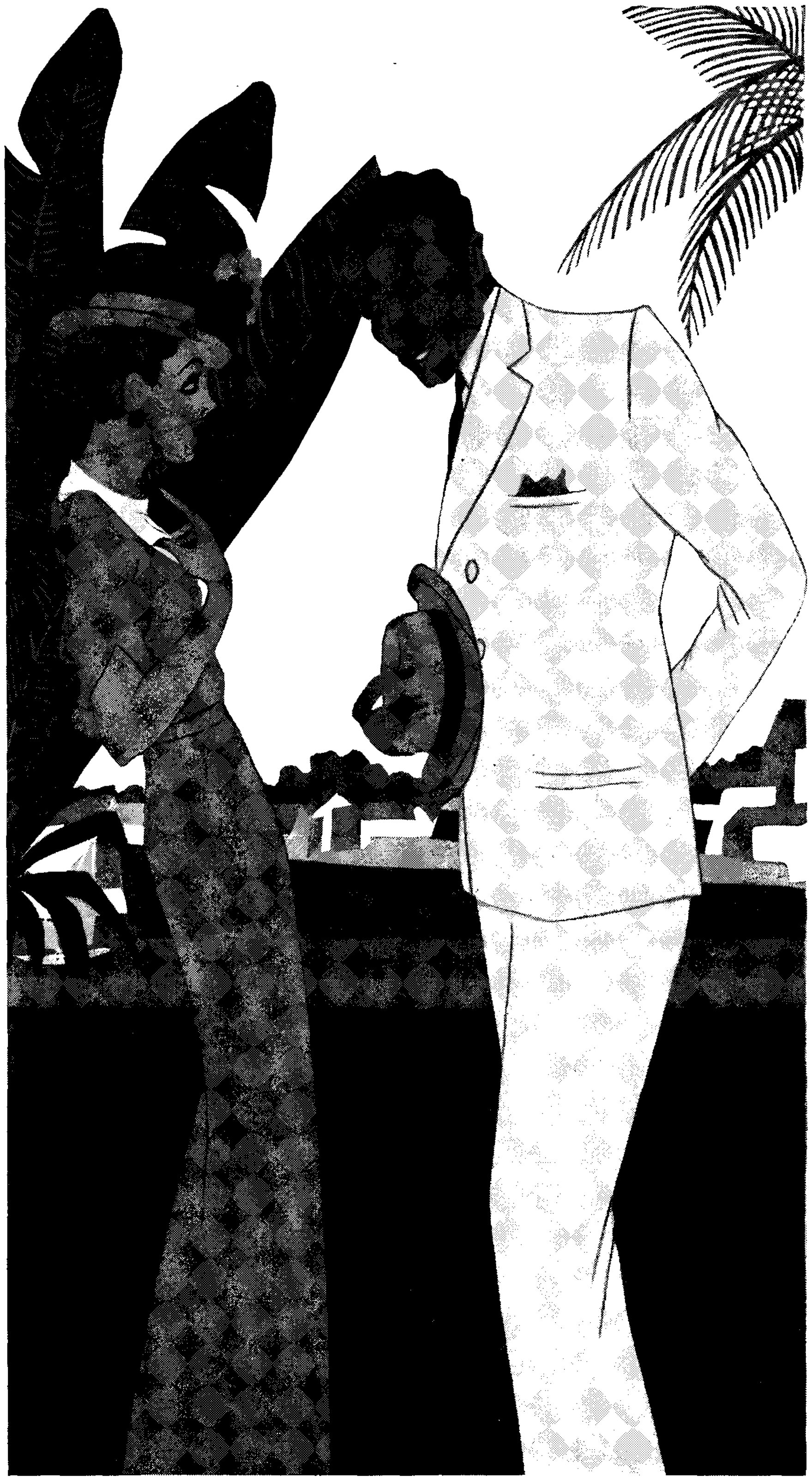
UPSET, he sat down and composed a cable to Mr. Blackwell. He wrote: "Susan left here West Indies cruise boat expect catch her in Bermuda can you suggest way to bring her back?"

He spent the day hanging around the hotel lobby and read in the Nassau Guardian that among the visitors to Nassau arriving aboard the Miami plane was "Russell Vaughn, son of the well-known financier, Darius Vaughn, of New York City."

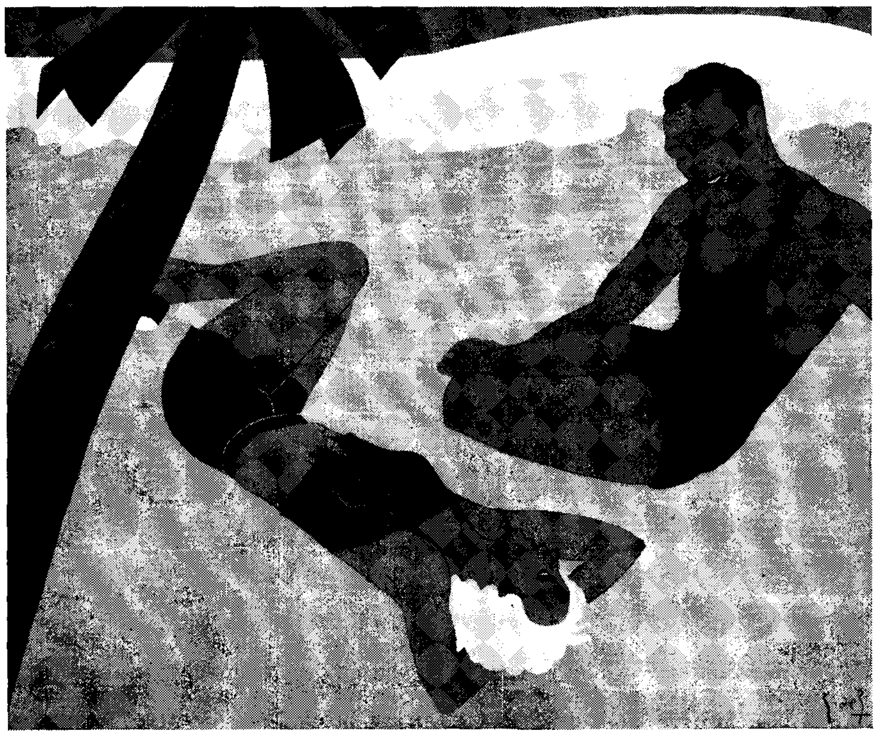
He was aboard a steamer sailing for Bermuda a day later when Mr. Blackwell's reply caught up with him. It was evening and he was leaning against the after rail when a steward handed him the message. It said: "Cabled Susan wait for you in Bermuda in re your question how to bring her back marry her you big moose."

He stared at it. And he knew the truth: They had framed him!

Susan's flight, her uncle's concern—spurious—sending him to fetch her back. Oh, yes, he could see Susan writing the plot and playing the romantic role and in the end whispering to him provocatively under one of these West Indies moons, "I ran away because you wouldn't marry me!"



"Would it be presuming," Mr. Ruiz asked, "if I might show the points of interest?"



He sat beside her, gazing down into her blue eyes

For the sixth time he read the radio and then crumpled it up in his fist. She cared nothing about the pride a man might have. She nor her uncle. What was Blackwell's motive? Probably only to get rid of a difficult responsibility.

And the thing that maddened him was the temptation of it. He was in love with her, and Ogden Blackwell knew it. The insidiousness of it.

He brought his fist down smartly on the rail and scowled into the tropic night. His orders were to bring her home; he would do just that. How, he still wasn't sure. But he did think he might radio old Blackwell such a message: "Consider your suggestion irrelevant." Which was what it was. He leaned on the rail, seeing, unhappily, her warm, gray eyes, her laughing mouth.

A voice at his elbow said, "A penny for your thoughts."

He turned to look into the large, blue and shy eyes of a fellow passenger, with whom he had become curiously acquainted.

"My thoughts aren't worth a penny, Miss Tremaine," he said bitterly, stuffing the radiogram into his pocket. "I am not supposed to think. I'm just a waffle that people are always putting something over on."

SHE was an extremely beautiful girl —a golden blonde with a little, earnest, very red mouth, like a child's, which she made into a little pout and said, "*I* certainly appreciated you this morning."

"I was glad I could help you."

"It would have been terrible if it had really been lost."

"Sure it would. . . ." He *had* been pretty good, as he thought back on it with a pleasant glow. She had been frantic because she was sure they had not got her trunk aboard during the embarkation from Nassau. She hadn't

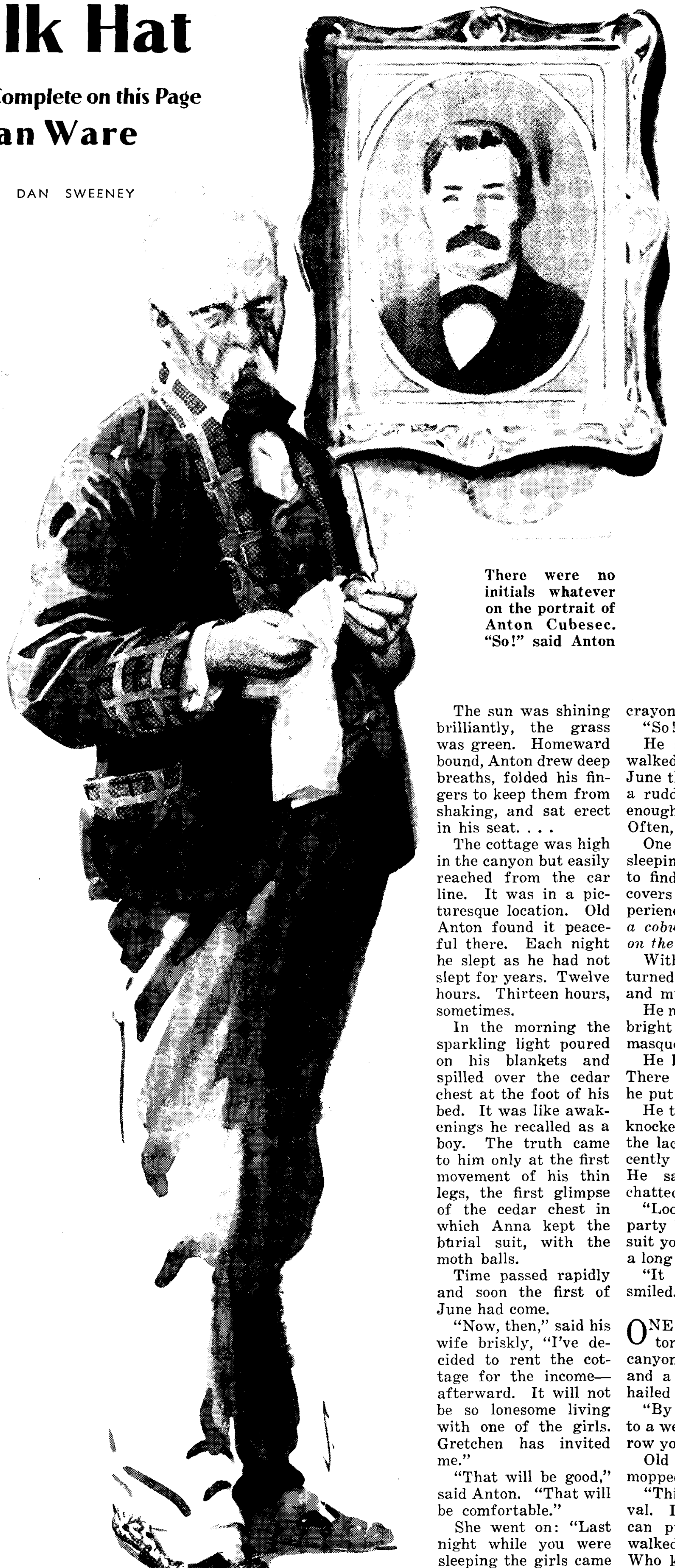
(*Continued on page 53*)

The Silk Hat

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Harlan Ware

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



There were no initials whatever on the portrait of Anton Cubesec. "So!" said Anton

OLD Anton Cubesec was haunted by his own ghost. He dreaded to eat his meals, sit in his favorite morris chair, or go to his bedroom because wherever he went his ghost was there to haunt him.

It had begun in March.

An old Swiss watch, older than Anton—and he was a very old Swiss indeed—had given the first warning. The watch, like Anton, was all through.

In his shop in Pasadena, he looked at it through his magnifier. For ten years—since moving to Pasadena from Elgin, Illinois, with his second wife and her three daughters—that particular watch had been coming in for repairs.

And on this day, when he was not feeling so well himself, Anton realized that nothing more could be done.

"You must buy a new one," Anton said to the owner. "This could not even be called a watch any longer."

As he lowered himself to his stool the sad thought occurred to Anton Cubesec that he and the watch were in much the same condition. This realization made his hands shake. He was so startled that he put on his hat, closed his shop, and went to see his good friend Dr. Zweig.

"The truth is what I want," said old Anton. "I am not afraid."

The truth was that a doctor cannot remove the years from a man's shoulders. Anton should rest if he cared to live so much as three months longer.

ANNA'S three daughters were married now, so that she was alone when Anton came home with the news.

She had been expecting it.

Anna promptly suggested using part of their savings to buy a mountain cottage in a near-by canyon. One she had always wanted.

"You live out your April, May and June there," she said evenly, "and I'll have a home—for afterward."

She withdrew enough money. She also bought a cemetery lot because Anton's relatives were buried in Elgin, Illinois, and that was too far to ship him.

She made arrangements with a tailor. It would be more convenient to have Anton measured for his burial suit when vertical than when horizontal.

In April, the suit was ready. A dress suit, with tails. Old Anton looked very well in it when he remembered to stand erect. The tailor admired him:

"Such clothes take years off a man's shoulders," he said, holding up a gleaming, high silk hat. "And this, too, sir?"

Anton shook his head.

"I will not need the hat," he said.

He was too tired just then to inspect the cemetery lot but after a few nights' sleep in the new cottage he felt stronger and early in May they made the trip. It was three miles on the electric car.

He found it a neat lot. Lettering on the tombstone read:

CUBESEC	
Anton 1854—	Anna 1877—

"Good," he said. "Restful. Let's go home now."

The sun was shining brilliantly, the grass was green. Homeward bound, Anton drew deep breaths, folded his fingers to keep them from shaking, and sat erect in his seat. . . .

The cottage was high in the canyon but easily reached from the car line. It was in a picturesque location. Old Anton found it peaceful there. Each night he slept as he had not slept for years. Twelve hours. Thirteen hours, sometimes.

In the morning the sparkling light poured on his blankets and spilled over the cedar chest at the foot of his bed. It was like awakenings he recalled as a boy. The truth came to him only at the first movement of his thin legs, the first glimpse of the cedar chest in which Anna kept the burial suit, with the moth balls.

Time passed rapidly and soon the first of June had come.

"Now, then," said his wife briskly, "I've decided to rent the cottage for the income—afterward. It will not be so lonesome living with one of the girls. Gretchen has invited me."

"That will be good," said Anton. "That will be comfortable."

She went on: "Last night while you were sleeping the girls came over and divided the furniture. They put their initials on everything. Now there will be no squabbling in a house of death."

Had he not felt so splendid on this June day, these preliminary arrangements would have seemed reasonable to Anton.

"Is it not a little soon?" he snapped. "I am feeling stronger every morning."

He walked to the balcony and drank deep of the air. There was life in it.

Below him, in the ravine, he could see his neighbor, Duval, the artist, vigorously chopping wood.

"Bring me another cup of coffee!" shouted Anton to his wife. "Bring me my pipe! I am not yet twice as old as Duval, even!"

Now he was haunted by his own ghost. When he sat down for meals he found a stepdaughter's initials on the back of the silverware. His chair had a G scratched on it. The sideboard was for Frieda—it said F on the handle. The wedding dishes were Ada's, a neat A on the silver serving platter.

Over the mantel was a crayon portrait which Dr. Zweig had made in his spare time. Anton squinted at the frame, the canvas, studied it on top and underneath. There were no initials whatever on the crayon portrait of Anton Cubesec.

"So!" said Anton.

He sat long hours in the sun. He walked every day. Toward the end of June the parchment of his skin took on a ruddy color; sometimes he felt well enough to stop at Duval's for a chat. Often, he forgot how old he was. . . .

One night when old Anton had been sleeping for several hours he woke up to find moonlight dancing on his bedcovers and over the cedar chest. He experienced a moment of fright. *He saw a cobweb outline of himself crouching on the cedar chest!*

With a groan, he sat up. The outline turned into moonbeams. Then laughter and music struck his ears!

He moved to the window. Lights were bright in Duval's studio. There was a masquerade party at Duval's!

He lifted the lid of the cedar chest. There was his burial suit. Very quietly he put it on.

He tiptoed down the canyon road and knocked at Duval's door. Except for the lack of a silk hat, he was magnificently groomed. They welcomed him. He sat in corners, sipped drinks, chatted with women. He felt fine.

"Look," he said to Duval, when the party broke up, "if you ever need this suit you can borrow it. You can keep it a long time."

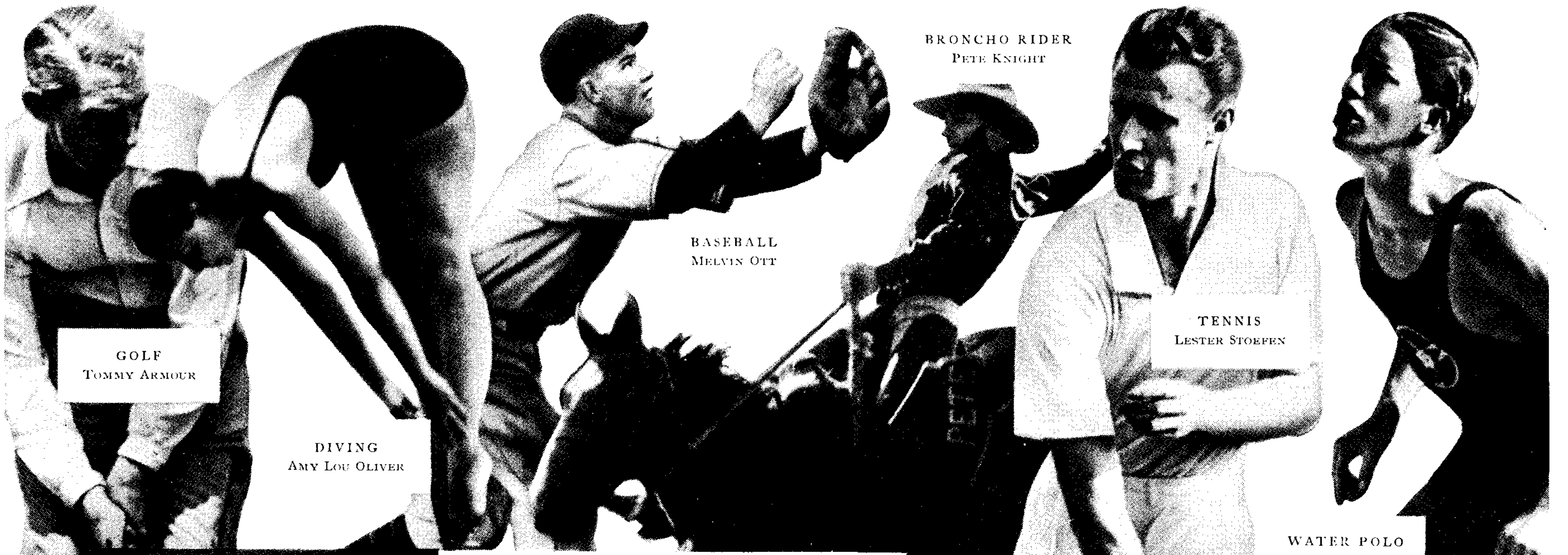
"It might fit me at that," Duval smiled. "I'll remember. Good night."

ONE bright February afternoon Anton Cubesec came briskly down the canyon road, wearing his burial suit and a gleaming high silk hat. Duval hailed him:

"By the way, Mr. Cubesec, I'm going to a wedding next week—I'd like to borrow your suit after all."

Old Anton took off the silk hat and mopped his brow. He shook his head.

"Things happen suddenly, Mr. Duval. I want to have this suit where I can put my hands on it. I've just walked home from my wife's funeral. Who knows? There may be more funerals in my family yet, that I will want to wear it to, before it comes time for my own."


GOLF
Tommy Armour
DIVING
Amy Lou Oliver
BASEBALL
Melvin Ott
BRONCHO RIDER
Pete Knight
TENNIS
Lester Stoefen
WATER POLO
Stubby Kruger

TOMMY ARMOUR says: "I'd walk a mile for a Camel...any day!"

ATHLETES SAY:

"THEY DON'T GET YOUR WIND!"

Read below what these famous athletes say about Camels

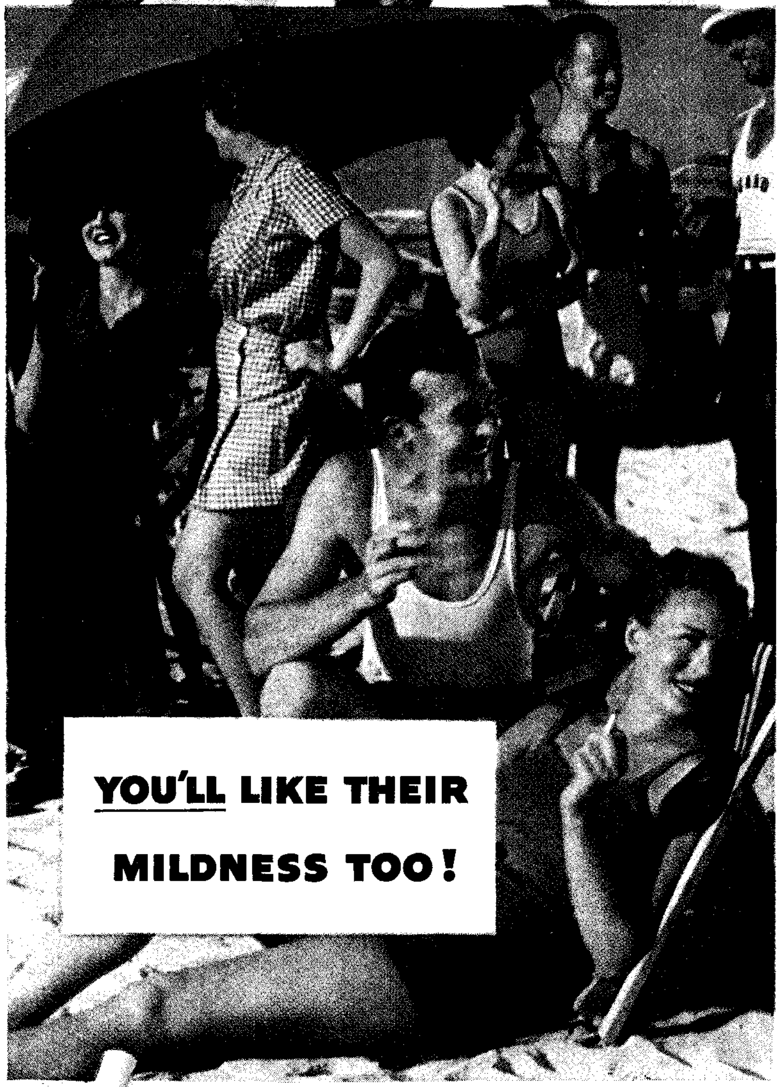
A suggestion: follow the athletes in your search for cigarette mildness. For the cigarette they smoke *must* be mild.

Tommy Armour, the golf champion, says: "Camels never bother my nerves or shorten my wind—that is convincing evidence that Camels are mild." Mel Ott, heavy-hitting outfielder of the New York Giants, reports: "My experience is that Camels are so mild they never get my wind."

Stubby Kruger, water polo and swimming star: "Camels are mild and gentle. They don't interfere with my wind." And Amy Lou Oliver, diver, and Lester Stoefen, tennis star, agree with Pete Knight, the rodeo champion, who says: "Camels—there's a smoke so mild it never cuts your wind, never gets you out of condition."

A mildness that will please you too!

Camels are mild, cool, gentle on the throat. Smoke them all you wish. They don't upset your nerves or tire your taste. And athletes find that Camels do not get their wind.


YOU'LL LIKE THEIR MILDNESS TOO!

LIFE IS MORE WORTH WHILE when you feel fit, "in condition." Think of your nerves...your wind...and turn to Camels. They are made from costlier tobaccos. Athletes say: "They don't get your wind."

SO MILD! YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT! Camels

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

- Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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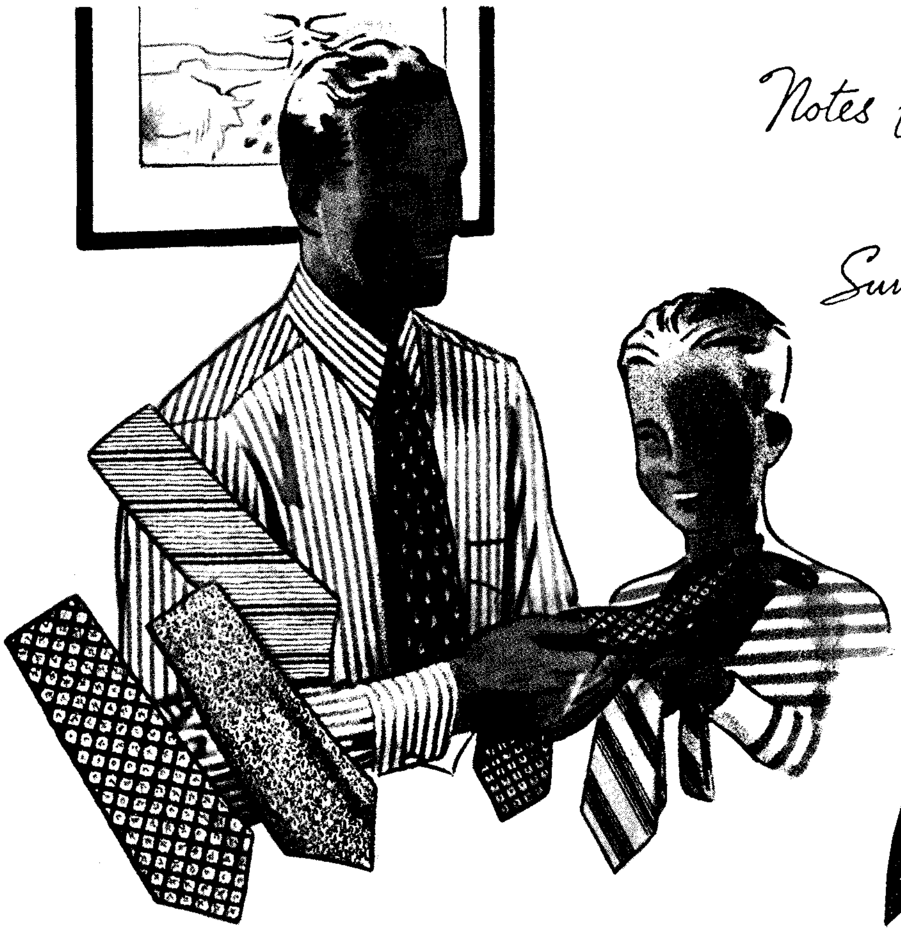
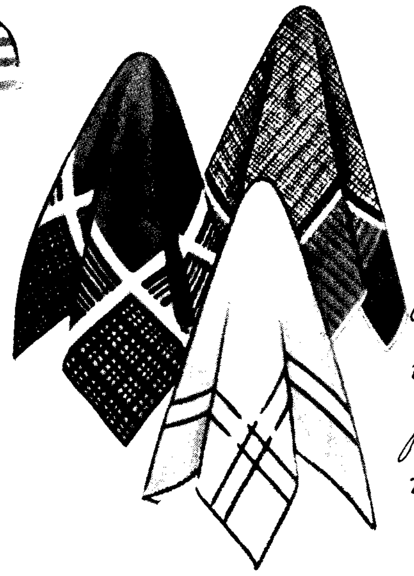


Notes for a young man worried about his Father

Sunday June 16th is Father's Day

ARROW
SANFORIZED SHRUNK
SHIRT
WITH
ARROW COLLAR

If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow

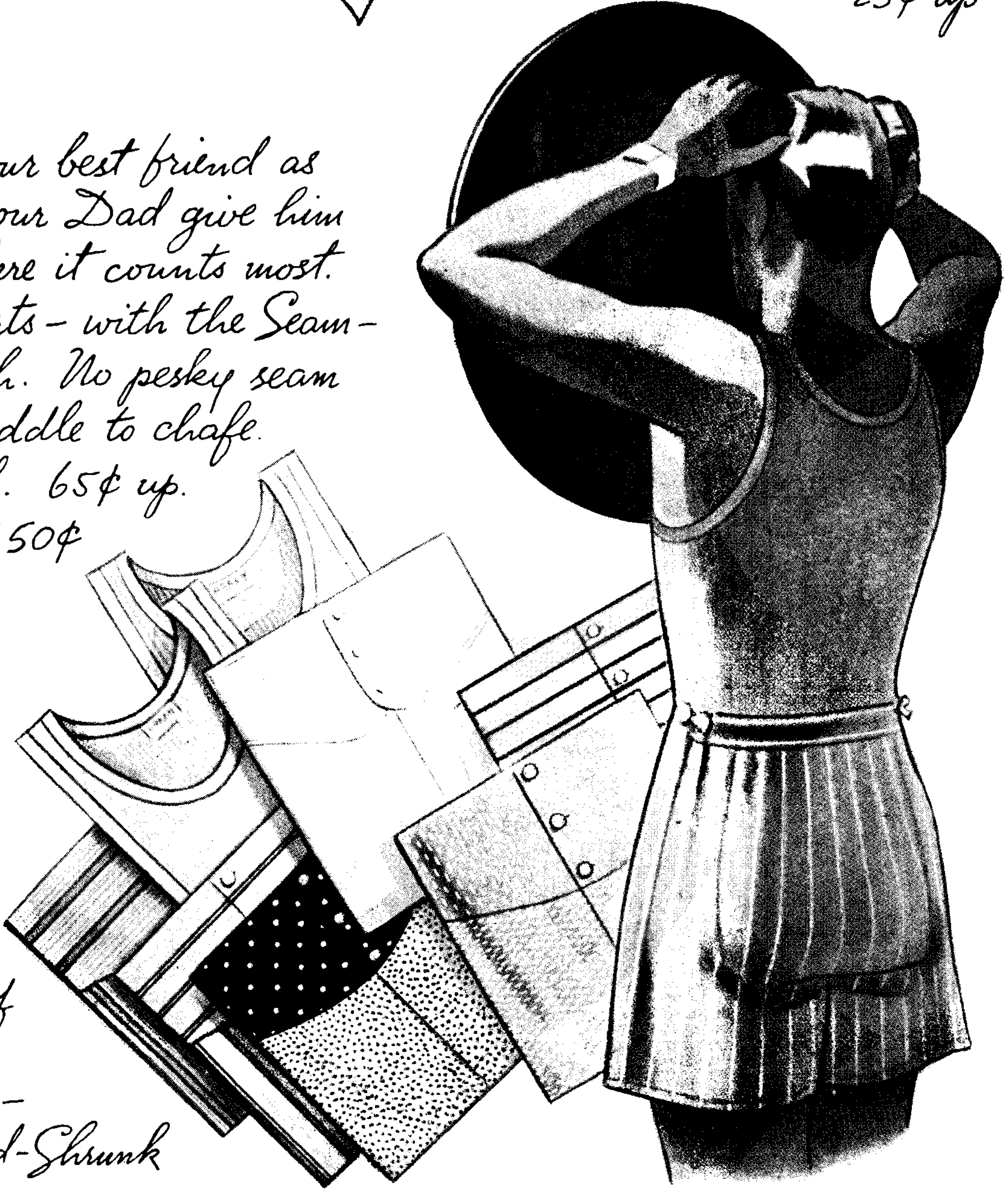


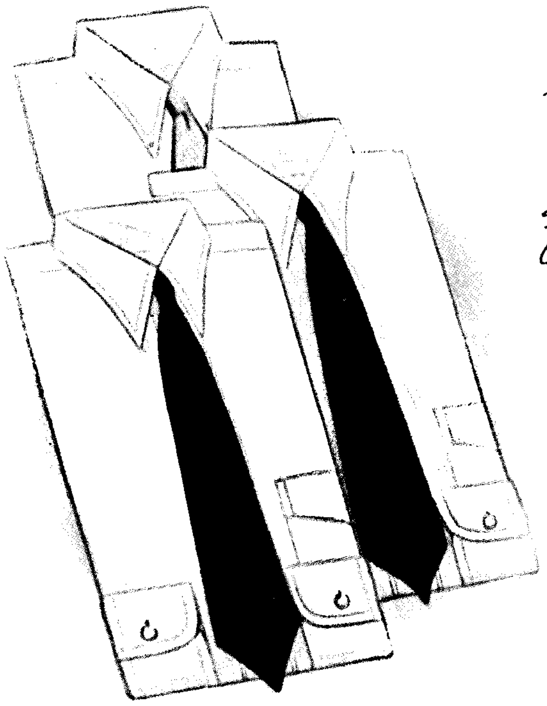
If Father's Day means more than a gesture — we suggest these smart Foulards. Arrow's latest bit of summer neckwear. $1. each.

Three handsome ways to dress up his pocket. Arrow handkerchiefs — new summer patterns. Masculine colors. He-man sizes. Hand-rolled hems. 25¢ up

© 1935, Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

If he's your best friend as well as your Dad give him comfort where it counts most. Arrow shorts — with the Seamless Crotch. No pesky seam in the middle to chafe. Sanforized. 65¢ up. Undershirts 50¢





Give the man of the day the shirt of the day — Arrow! TRUMP — $1.95 PAR — the form-fit shirt — $2.— GORDON — Arrow's cool oxford — $2.— All Sanforized-Shrunk

Love Story of a Liar

Continued from page 21

let on like Wilford would hop off his cultivator a dozen times a row to see if a buzzard would come down and make friends with that setter dog of his'n that's allus eating carrion.

A stop had to be put to it. Even the darkies was a-laughing at Wilford, and him a Fraser. I drove out to have a showdown with Wilford's daddy and ma.

My brother Oliver is hard-headed and cantankerous, but I'll say this for him: he seed his duty plain.

"Wilford will be having the brain fever, if he don't stop," says my brother Oliver, "and I ain't a-going to warn him no more. I've canceled my subscription to that fool Jimplicute paper and I've told him plainly that he's got to quit writing yarns."

Wilford's ma, being a Orthaway and flighty, stuck up for the boy.

"Mertha says Wilford has real talent," says Sarah, "and you can't stand in his way. I ain't a-going to permit it!"

WHILST Oliver and I was arguing the p'int with Sarah, in comes Wilford, from town. I never laid eyes on a worse tuckered out youngster.

"I caught up with the syndicate," he says. "I thought of one! I thought of a good one!"

My brother Oliver spoke right out.

"It's the last one, son," says he. "You're a-going to tell Merthie and her old man that you won't write ary other yarn. That's final."

Wilford shook his head.

"I can't quit, Pop," says he. "I've gone and borrowed ahead to make the April payment on my car and I owe the May payment. Besides, I can't go back on Mertha after all she's done for me."

"Mertha!" says I. "She ain't studying about you! Sis Gurney says she's engaged to a feller in St. Louis."

"Sis is a liar," Wilford says.

We had it hot and heavy, but Wilford's ma had been reading Wilford's latest yarn out of his pocket and she stopped us and read it again out loud. It went like this:

"Eolia, Mo., June 2.

"The Middle West should prepare for a series of devastating tornadoes, according to Wilford Fraser, famous weather prognosticator and student of natural phenomena.

"Wilford reports that woodpeckers have moved their nests and fledglings from hollow trees to artfully constructed burrows along the banks of ponds and streams. Another indication is seen in the fact that the new crop of seven-year locusts have been born without wings and are busy weighting themselves down with balls of resin. The resin has poisoned hundreds of quail, but these intelligent birds are now learning to carry their insect food supply to sheep dip tanks, where the chemical residue dissolves the resin."

"That's genius, sonny," says Wilford's ma, "and don't you pay no attention to your pa or doc."

I saw, for the fust time, serious trouble a-coming. And it didn't make me no easier in my mind to have Judge Ledstetter stop me on the street the next morning to complain agin Wilford.

"The boy is nature-faking," says Judge Ledstetter, "and he's making our town and Pike County the laughingstock of America. I've just received a letter from my sister-in-law in Wheeling, West Virginia. A newspaper there is printing Wilford's idiotic yarns."

Well, sir, I made a final supreme effort to save Wilford. I went to the office of the Auburn Jimplicute and laid down the law to Dolphie and Mertha.

"Mark my words," says I, "you'll go too far. And as for you, Miss Mertha, this county has its own opinion of a gal that would lead a young feller on to make a rake-off on his writings. Fifteen dollars a week? I'll bet them city papers is paying you *thutty!*"

That held her, that held her. She says I was insulting her and I says, "You're dern' tooting," and Dolphie made out like he'd fight over it and I said to come on. But Dolphie didn't even budge.

My last resort was Sis Gurney. I cornered the gal in Bud Tinling's store.

"Sis," says I, "you can't fool an old man. You love Wilford and I'm dead certain the boy loves you, only he's infatuated with Mertha for the present. But Wilford's heading for serious trouble. Why don't you make it up with him and end this foolishness?"

Sis kept picking at some parcels in her lap and tried not to cry.

"I saw Wilford over to Bowling Green yesterday," she said, "and I hardly knew him, he's changed so. He pretended like he hardly knew me, either. It's no use, Doctor Sam. We're honest people and the folks would lay me out if I so much as spoke to Wilford."

"Wilford's sick of yarning," says I. "He'd reform in a wink if you give him an excuse."

Sis shook her head.

"He'll have to reform first," she said. "Pa says once a liar, always a liar."

I didn't say no more. I knowed it wouldn't be long before Dolphie and Mertha and Wilford got their come-uppance. Yarning for cash money is a thing of the devil, sir.

YEP, sure enough, the big scandal broke loose that very week. The Auburn Jimplicute come out with one of Wilford's yarns smack on the front page. I've got the paper right here. Listen to this:

"Slab Highway Attacked
by Angleworms

"An army of millions of angleworms is attacking the Jimpson Slough cut-off of the new hard road near Mr. Nate Haskins' place, according to Wilford Fraser, who made a personal examination of the road yesterday.

"Wilford says the angleworms have been attracted by the taste of the dirt, which is foreign dirt hauled in to make a fill for the cut-off. The dirt is flavored with a certain chemical. This causes the angleworms to swell as they eat it and the swelling of countless angleworms is heaving the road out of place. A section a quarter of a mile long has cracked and is disintegrating. Wilford reports that the sound of the angleworms' bodies bursting in the cement is like a miniature battle. Carloads of folks in The Knob community have been taking picnic baskets to the scene."

Judas Maccabaeus, did you ever hear tell of the like? Angleworms. Acute indigestion of angleworms busting up a road.

What say? Why, certainly, sir—part of it was true. That Jimpson Slough cut-off *was* falling to pieces. But not due to no angleworms. Wilford's angleworm story jest brought the matter to the attention of them city newspapers in St. Louis and the State Highway Department and the Pike County county court. That's all it done.

Oh, the fat was in the fire sizzling hot. Them St. Louis papers says, "Graft in the State Highway Department." The State Highway Department says: "We didn't build that road. Local contractors built it." And the Pike County county court says: "Mr. Dan'l Mowbry and Mr. Ike Winters built that road and the county is going to recover damages."

Mr. Dan'l Mowbry is a dern' big man in this county and Ike Winters is blood cousin to the Frasers.

I hot-footed it out to my brother Oliver's place and cornered Wilford.

"Nephew," I told him serious, "this thing is a-going to split the county wide open. You get right down to the Jimplicute and put it in the paper that it was all a joke. You tell folks you don't know what caused that road to break up."

WILFORD shakes his head real sad. The boy was wusser peaked and pale as skimmed milk. Yarning for money and being infatuated with Mertha had sure worked on him.

"Uncle Doc," says he, "the sad part of it is that I *do* know what's wrong with that road. The cement Mr. Dan'l and Cousin Ike used wasn't any good!"

"How do you know that?" says I.

We'd been talking in the corncrib. Wilford walked over and hefted a broken sack of cement.

"I hauled for Cousin Ike on that job," he said, real troubled, "and I heard the talk even then. I happened to have this broken sack left over. Now it's evidence!"

Well, sir, I looked at that cement. I'm only a fair judge of cement but I knowed, jest from handling that stuff, it wouldn't stick flies. It was plumb dishonest cement.

"Better tote it over to the big cistern, nephew," I said. "Is this all the evidence you got?"

Wilford snatched that sack right out of my hands.

"I'm going to tell the truth, Uncle Doc!" he says.

"You—telling the truth?" says I, gasping.

"Uncle Doc," says he, "I'm sick of yarning. I'm fed up with being taken for just a yarner. I'm going to tell that syndicate I won't write them any more yarns and from now on I'm going to tell God's own truth!"

Then, I seed that the boy meant it.

"Nephew," says I, "you stick to that. You tell the truth about this cement. All hell will bust loose but you know the true story and you tell it in the court!"

Wilford allows that he would.

"What about Mertha?" says I.

"She'll understand," says Wilford.

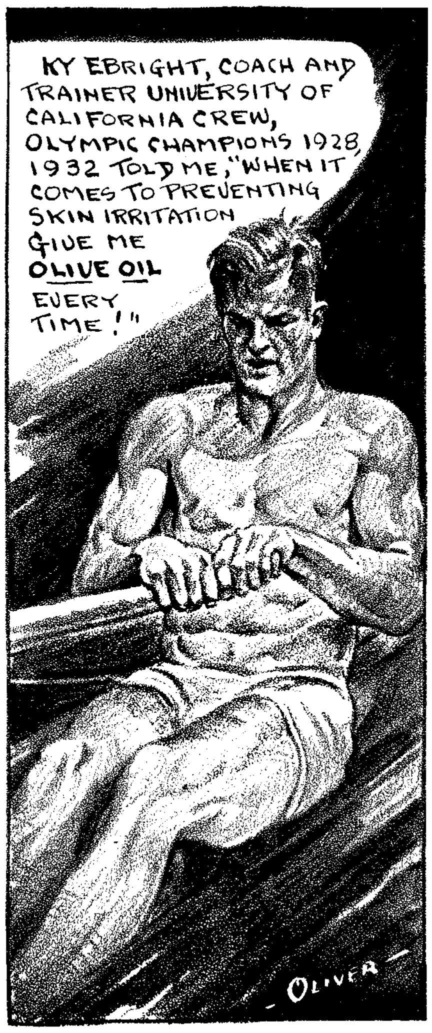
We shook hands on it, and I went on back to town feeling a right warm glow to think of the regeneration a-working in my nephew Wilford.

What say? Scandal? Never saw the equal of it in this county, sir. The county court filed suit agin Mr. Dan'l Mowbry and Cousin Ike Winters for seventeen thousand six hundred and seventy-one dollars, that being the cost of the Jimpson cut-off. The state of Missouri got in on it and the U. S. government got in on it, each having put money in the job. And every last soul in Pike County took sides.

Hell sure was a-popping. Mr. Dan'l Mowbry he climbed on the Auburn Jimplicute for starting the trouble and that venal Dolphie Wiggoner crawled like a sheep louse. Dolphie put the blame on Wilford. And his precious

(Continued on page 30)

THEY TOLD ME BY OLIVER


KY EBRIGHT, COACH AND TRAINER UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA CREW, OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS 1928 1932 TOLD ME, "WHEN IT COMES TO PREVENTING SKIN IRRITATION GIVE ME OLIVE OIL EVERY TIME!"
OLIVER

SHAVE WITHOUT AFTER-RAWNESS

. . . Use the shaving cream that's made with soothing Olive Oil—Palmolive!

WHIPPED by wind and water—a crew man's face takes a beating! But so does *your* face—from your daily "razoring"!

So, to eliminate this razor rawness and to make sure that your face *stays* in fine condition always . . . we make Palmolive Shave Cream with just the right amount of Olive Oil. And thousands of trainers and athletes say that you can't beat Olive Oil for preventing skin irritation.

And because this unique Palmolive formula includes Olive Oil, you get a richer, thicker, creamier lather. Lather that stands up for fully ten minutes. Lather that *soothes* your face . . . that never dries or wilts while it makes your shave smoother, easier, cleaner than any you have ever had before! Why not get a tube of Palmolive today?

LARGE SIZE TUBE—100 SHAVES FOR 25¢

PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM
PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM

40¢ GIANT SIZE 200 SHAVES

"Wonder how the folks back home are?"
"Would the Hamiltons be home if we drove over?"
"Can Jim and Judy come next weekend?"

WHY NOT CALL UP AND FIND OUT?

WHY wonder and worry, when it's so easy to know? Family and friends are as near as your telephone. A call across the miles brings pleasure both ways. Telephone before you go visiting and avoid disappointment. Telephone your invitations and get an immediate answer. It's quick . . . clear . . . and surprisingly inexpensive. After 7:00 P. M., three-minute, station-to-station calls to most points cost as little as 35c for 75 miles, 50c for 150 miles and 75c for 275 miles. Enjoy a pleasant voice-visit tonight.

(Continued from page 29)

daughter come out in her true colors at last. She printed her engagement to the St. Louis feller.

Thinking Wilford might be cut up over it, I sent word to little Sis Gurney that now was the time to talk sense to the boy. Sis stopped by my office next Saturday afternoon, all smiles. She was right excited, too.

"Wilford quit writing yarns for the syndicate, Doctor Sam! And he's going to be the county's star witness against Mr. Dan'l and Mr. Ike!"

"What about him and you, gal?" says I.

Sis she giggles, tickled pink.

"All I ever had against Wilford was his yarning, Doctor Sam. I reckon he's just about perfect now!"

I'll say this for my nephew Wilford. He knowed God's own truth and he stuck to it. He turned the broken sack of cement over to the county for evidence and gave Dick Hutham, the county attorney, the whole story.

Did you ever hear of the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, sir? That was what happened to my nephew Wilford after he left off yarning for money and vowed to tell the truth.

I saw the boy at church meeting day before the big trial opened. He walked up the aisle with Sis Gurney, as nice a team of young folks as ever stepped. Wilford's color had come back good, his eyes was natural joyous again and God's own smile was on his face.

What say? Did he stick to it? He did that. And agin all kinds of pressure, too.

You shouldn't have missed that trial, sir. Dick Hutham, for the county, led it all up to my nephew Wilford. He was the main one that could identify the bad cement and tell how he saw it dumped in the mixers:

"Did you hear any talk about the quality of the cement?" Dick Hutham'd say.

"I heard Mr. Jameson, the foreman, complain to Mr. Dan'l Mowbry," my nephew Wilford'd say.

"Mr. Mowbry knew it was bad cement?"

"Yes, sir—because he told Mr. Jameson to mix in some of the new cement with it," my nephew Wilford'd say.

"Where did the cement you hauled come from?"

"It was shipped from Arkansas," my nephew Wilford'd say.

OH, he salivated 'em. He sat up there with his face shining and told the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Homer Teadings, that jackleg who was defending Mr. Dan'l and Cousin Ike, never even cross-examined Wilford. He let Wilford close the county's case. Then he called young Jack Caldwell to the stand.

"You know Wilford Fraser?" says Homer.

"All my life," says young Jack Caldwell.

"What is his reputation for veracity and truthfulness?"

Poor Jack he looked red in the face and squirmed, for everybody knowed he was one of Wilford's best friends. Finally, he come out with:

"His reputation is bad."

Everybody gasped and I saw my nephew Wilford begin to slump down in his chair.

"Would you believe him under oath?" says Homer.

"No, sir, I'm afraid I wouldn't," says Jack.

"In fact, isn't Mr. Wilford Fraser a professional liar?"

"He gets paid for telling yarns about bright crows and such," admits poor Jack Caldwell.

"As a matter of fact, hasn't Mr. Fraser been holding the fauna and flora of this county up to scorn and ridicule?"

That jury sat up straight and leaned forward and frowned at Wilford. Jack Caldwell he's obliged to admit that he don't know about the fauna and the flora but that Wilford has sure been making Pike County pigs and angleworms ridiculous. Dick Hutham he breaks in and claims the line of questioning is irrelevant.

"We're impeaching the county's star witness, Your Honor," says Homer Teadings. And he calls Herb McCray and Tim Davitt and Doc John Humber and fourteen other witnesses.

"Would you believe Wilford Fraser under oath?" Homer'd say.

"No, sir," each witness'd say.

Poor Wilford kept slumping lower and lower in his chair. Finally, little Sis Gurney she couldn't stand it no longer. She jumps right up in court and yells: "He told the truth. It may be the first time he ever told it, but it's the truth!"

Judge McIlroy told her to set down but she took holt of Wilford's arm and made him march right out of there with her.

Mr. Dan'l Mowbry and Cousin Ike Winters won the case in the wust miscarriage of justice this county ever saw. I didn't mind that so much, though any Fraser'll tell you Ike Winters has been needing a jail term for many a year. What worried my mind was studying about the effect of the hull thing on my nephew Wilford.

I DIDN'T get to see Wilford again for mighty near a month. Him and Sis Gurney eloped that same evening and passed their honeymoon visiting Southern Illinois Gurneys and the World's Fair at Chicago.

But in the meantime, out comes a farm paper printed in Iowa and right smack on the third page of it is a piece announcing that the fifty-dollar prize for the tallest story of the year is awarded to Mr. Wilford Fraser of Pike County, Missouri. It went like this:

"The Middle West is in for a long, hard winter, according to Wilford Fraser, the sage of Eolia, Mo. Pike County rabbits as early as August were digging communal burrows in the center of straw stacks. The rabbits, by means of ingeniously constructed slides in the straw, are storing static electricity to keep them warm through the long winter days to come. Mr. Fraser reports that two or three dozen rabbits will coast backward down these straw slides, the friction of their fur being rubbed the wrong way generating electricity. In some instances so intense has been the heat stored that the straw stack has caught fire from spontaneous combustion, but the more intelligent rabbit colonies have learned to insulate their burrows by bringing mica deposits from near-by rocks.

"Submitted by Mrs. Wilford R. Fraser,
"Route 9 R. F. D."

Yep, submitted by *Mrs.* Wilford Fraser. When Sis and Wilford got back, I went to a big party the Gurneys give for them and I tackled Sis. I noticed right off that Wilford was looking peaked again and didn't want to do nothing but sit in a corner by himself and think.

"See you've started Wilford yarning again—and for money, Sis," I says.

Sis drawed herself up right proud.

"Wilford won first prize in the U. S. for the best tall story!" says she.

"The biggest dern' lie, you mean," says I, nasty.

The little limb sassed right back.

"I'd a heap sight ruther be the biggest liar in the U. S. than the biggest nobody like you!" says Sis.

YEAR'S MOST EXCITING LOW-PRICED CAR

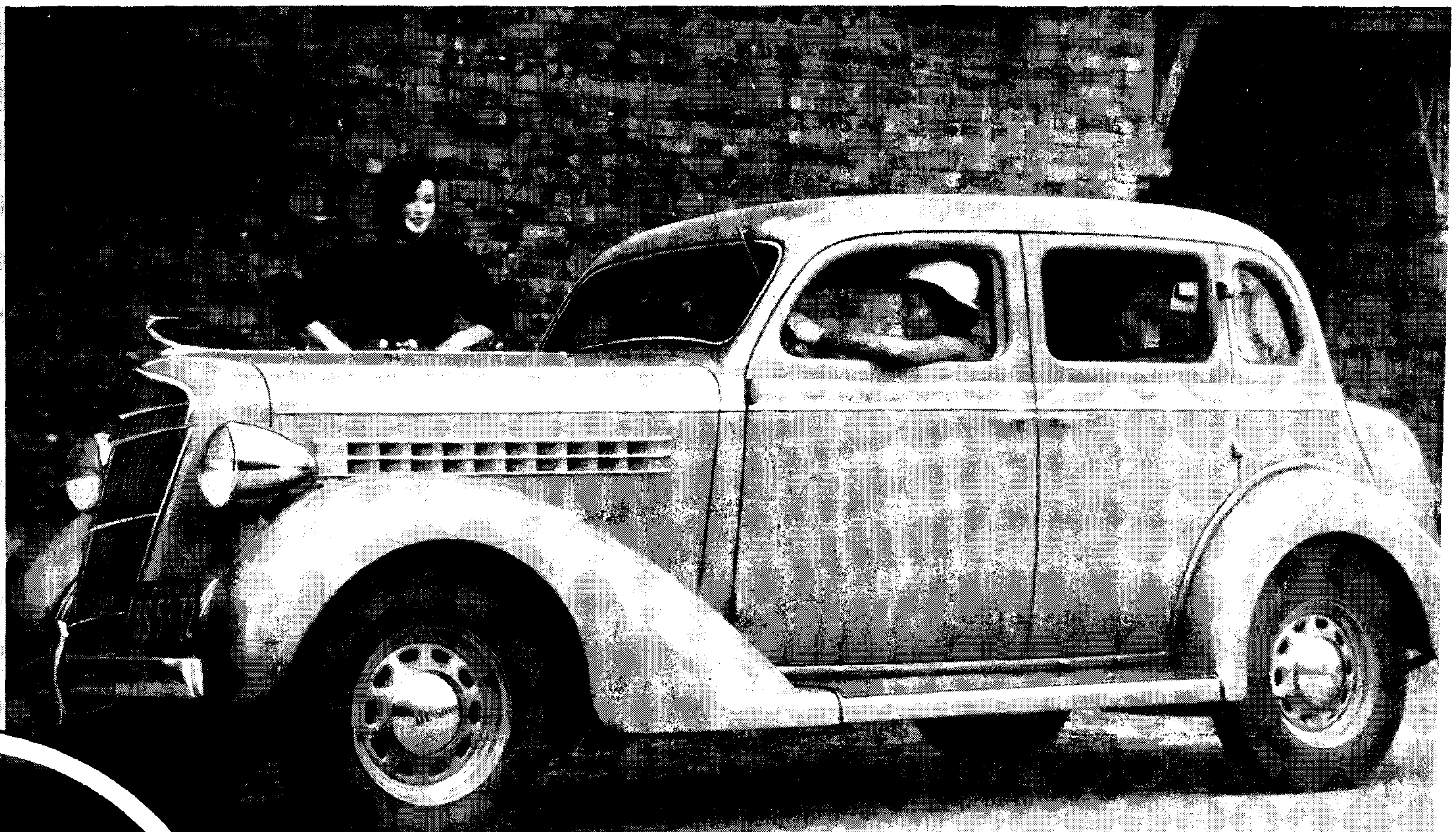
Now only

$695

AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT

THE FOUR-DOOR Touring sedan is only $825, list at factory, Detroit.

(*Below*) Work a cross-word puzzle at high speed? That's easy in an Airstream De Soto. It has scientific Weight Distribution pioneered by the famous Airflow cars.



Famed De Soto Smartness now available at a New Low price!

THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT in low-priced cars this year. Something so thrillingly different that it's got everybody looking and talking—and buying.

It's this big, new, dazzling Airstream De Soto—and any owner will tell you, it's even more exciting to drive than it looks.

Under that rakish hood is a power plant that dares the other cars to keep up...93-horsepower speed and acceleration, silent and effortless. There's a new velvet smoothness to steering and gear-shifting. There's the priceless security of an all-steel body... and the brakes are genuine hydraulics, brought to perfection by De Soto.

Inside, there's almost princely luxury. Big, wide seats in tufted upholstery, individual foot rests, ash trays, a windshield that opens. And far more head-room and leg-room.

But the biggest surprise is the ride! Airstream De Soto has scientific Weight Distribution pioneered by the Airflow...*plus* Individual (knee-type) front wheel springs...*plus* tapered leaf rear springs. Rough country roads are made smooth as concrete. Back-seat passengers never feel bumps or jolts.

In addition, you get De Soto's fine car engineering... a wealth of features that are just as amazing as the car itself! Any De Soto dealer will furnish the car and full details about the Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

LOOK AT THESE EXTRA-VALUE FEATURES

Ninety-three Horsepower Engine • Genuine Hydraulic Brakes • Safety-Steel Body • Weight Re-Distribution • Individual (knee-type) Front Wheel Springs • New Tapered-Leaf Rear Springs • Floating Power Engine Mountings • Syncro-Silent Transmission • New Light Pressure Clutch.

DANGEROUS
UNDER PASS

(*Right*) De Soto brakes are genuine double piston Hydraulics... stop you safely, smoothly, saving tire wear and cost of frequent adjustment. The safest made!

(*At right*) Smooth, easy gear-shifting... quiet in all speeds.

Touring sedans have ample luggage room in these built-in trunks.

Airstream DE SOTO

COMPANION TO THE FAMOUS AIRFLOW

Happiness assured!
"This vacation should be a huge success with these new STA-TITE piston rings in the old bus". . .

430 miles to do today; 319 tomorrow — and THEN that grinding drill up those twisty mountain grades! . . . In *any* vacation plan, the *car* can make things perfect, or make you wish you'd stayed at home! ∾ Surely there is no excuse for driving a car with a tired, "anemic" engine. For very few dollars your car can be *repowered* to perform like it did when it first sold itself to you. Spend *just a portion* of your vacation money to buy satisfactory and pleasant car performance! Install Sta-Tite Piston Rings and regain the thrill of driving a *competent*, snappy, flashy performer.

SEALED POWER AUTHORIZED SERVICE

The Sign of a GOOD Motor Repair Shop

STA-TITE COMPLETE SET PRICES

Ford A - $4.80
Chevrolet 6 - $7.20
Ford V-8 - $9.60
Plymouth 6 - $9.60

(Plus Installation Cost)

Free

An illustrated "Tabloid Engineering Discourse" entitled: "*How to Cut the Cost of Repowering My Car.*" Sent ONLY to those who mail the coupon!

The above prices represent the difference between passing and being passed; between "getting away first" at the lights, or getting away like an old truck. *For so few dollars,* you can take the meanest mountain grades in breezy, easy "high," instead of *laboring* along. ∾ And such new car performance is yours *even if your car's cylinders are worn, tapered or out-of-round!* Leave your car at a Sealed Power Repair Shop (identified by the Sealed Power Sign) and get it back the same day . . . *repowered,* made young, *alive,* road-hungry, rarin' to take you places . . . happiness assured!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

The free Sealed Power Diagnosis is for people who hate to pay for "guesswork." Coupon tells how to get YOUR Diagnosis.

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Please send my free copy of "How to Cut the Cost of Repowering My Car." Also send card entitling me to absolutely free Sealed Power Diagnosis which will tell exactly what MY car needs.

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Punching the ivories or chins—it's all fun for Joe Louis

Dark Dynamite

Continued from page 16

music lessons at all. Thurston belonged to a kids' club and he was learning boxing. He felt very superior to Joe, and one day when he met Joe with a violin case under his arm he said, "Joe, it's more fun to box than it is to take violin lessons."

"Is it?" Joe asked cautiously.

"Come on down to the club with me," Thurston tempted. "All the boys are down there and I bet you could lick any of them."

"I never fought no one in my life," Joe protested a bit feebly and, if the truth be told, feeling a bit flattered, "but maybe I could go—just once."

Joe never took another violin lesson in his life. He went with Thurston to the club and put on his first pair of boxing gloves.

He Wouldn't Stay Down

"You know," Joe's mother told me wistfully, "I wish Joe could have kept on with his music lessons. He would of been a mighty fine fiddle player."

Atler Ellis was the boxing instructor at the club. He took one look at Joe and forgot all about his other pupils. From the start young Joe showed a natural ability and a knack of picking up the tricks of the trade that labeled him as promising. Ellis worked with him. Even then Joe unconsciously adopted the stance he uses now, his chin sunk behind his left shoulder, his right hand carried high, ready to explode when given the chance. Ellis taught him the fundamentals—how to duck under or around a jab, how to parry a blow, how to counter. Then Ellis put him in some amateur bouts.

He wasn't too good the first time out. His opponent, Jack Miley, knocked him down seven times in the first two rounds, but Joe got up. When a kid can get up from the canvas seven times he's got something. Joe had something. He cut a wide swath through the amateur ranks and soon the whole neighborhood was talking about him.

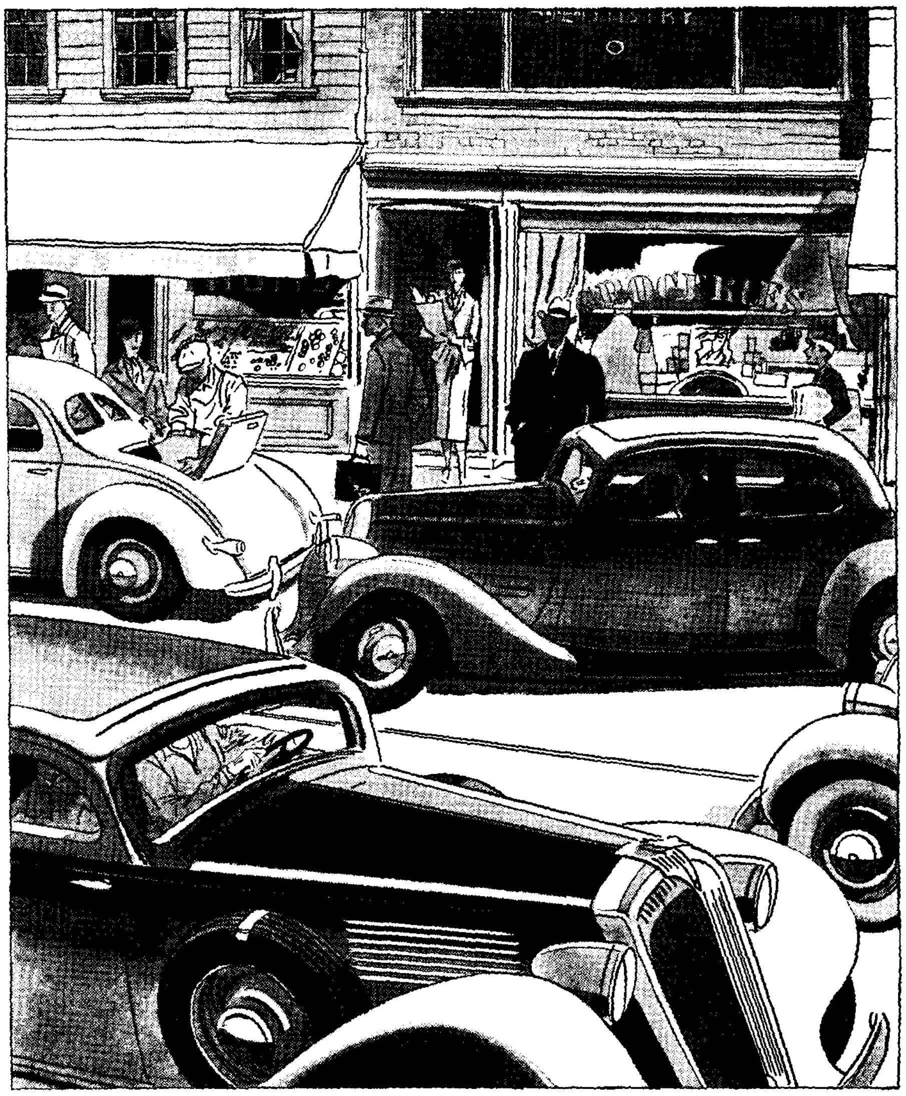
His prowess even came to the ears of John Roxborough. John Roxborough was a rich man with a hobby. He was interested in basketball—perhaps because he had played himself, but primarily because he thought it kept the youngsters of his East Side off the streets at night and it helped make men of them. Roxborough was a lawyer, an insurance man, a university graduate—everything in fact that young Joe Louis was not. Once Roxborough had taken a fling at boxing, had promoted matches for an East Side club, but the pressure of his business affairs had forced him to give this up. Actually he wasn't much interested in boxing—basketball was his dish.

They say around the East Side that any young Negro who showed exceptional athletic ability could always depend upon Roxborough to help him through college. Don't get Roxborough wrong. He was no open-handed philanthropist tossing money on the streets of Detroit for youngsters to pick up. He was a shrewd business man who, with his partner, Julian Black, had built a very successful insurance business which had held up even in depression years. But he had his hobby and it was athletics for kids.

One night someone asked him to attend some amateur bouts. He did and Joe Louis was on the card. Louis wasted no time—he won in a hurry. Someone introduced Joe to Roxborough and each immediately took to the other. Since then they have formed a Jimmy McLarnin and Pop Foster combination. Roxborough is more of a father to

(Continued on page 34)

IT'S ON THE LONG TRIPS that most of us keep track of the mileage we get from gasoline. But steady running is a test of only ONE KIND of power in a gasoline.



FOR ECONOMY on your frequent *short* trips, you need a gasoline with *two additional* kinds of power as well—power for quick starting and power for fast pickup.

For every 20 miles on the road—*you do 80 miles around town*

Your Stop-and-Go Driving costs you too much—if your gasoline hasn't these Three Different Kinds of Power...

4 OUT OF EVERY 5 miles you drive are within 25 miles of your doorstep.

You often start your engine 15 TIMES A DAY . . . often *shift gears* 60 times a day . . . as you "hop around" to the office . . . the store . . . the school . . . the bank . . . the movies . . . the club . . . the church!

One "cold" start can use up a "mile" of gasoline. Rapid accelerating can waste 33% more gasoline than steady running.

So your short runs are extremely costly—unless your gasoline has *3* different kinds of power—power for QUICK STARTING—power for FAST PICKUP—power for STEADY RUNNING . . . and all of these must be *in perfect balance!*

Super-Shell is the first TRULY BALANCED gasoline and so it saves you money in these 3 WAYS:—

Can save up to a cupful of gasoline on "Cold" Starting. In summer or winter, Super-Shell starts instantly, often warms up in *half* the time of ordinary gasolines—with less choking.

Can save up to a cupful of gasoline in 10 Minutes of Hard Pulling—With Super-Shell's even volatility, you can race up hills *on less gasoline.* And you avoid *knocking* which alone can waste up to 10% of your power.

Can save up to a cupful of gasoline in One Hour of Steady Running—many motorists report. Every drop vaporizes more completely. At all speeds it delivers maximum power. On your long drives, too, it saves you money.

START USING this new-type gasoline today . . . and start saving money. Remember, there is NO EXTRA CHARGE for it. On sale at more than 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from Coast to Coast.

SUPER-SHELL

SHELL

Saves on today's stop-and-go driving

WATCH YOUR STEP!

★The U. S. Public Health Service asserts: *"it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it (Athlete's Foot) at some time"*

There's not one chance in a million a centipede will get you

IT'S A 50-50 CHANCE THAT ★ATHLETE'S FOOT WILL

HE doesn't have the hundred feet his name would indicate—only two of the feet he has carry poison. And, while he could cause you pain and annoyance if you got in his path, there is very little chance that he will ever attack you.

But, no matter where you live, no matter how you try to avoid it, *tinea trichophyton*, the fungus which causes Athlete's Foot, invisibly lurks in the path of your bare feet.

Your Home Is a Danger Spot

In your own home, in that spotless, speckless bathroom of yours, Athlete's Foot may be waiting for you, unseen, unfelt at time of contact. Your club, the swimming pool you patronize, locker rooms—almost anywhere you go barefoot as a part of health-seeking, or for bathing, the fungus spreads its dreaded, microscopic web.

The Web of Misery Waits Your Step

You step unknowingly on the web. Shortly, you notice itching between your toes. White blisters appear. Excessive moisture, cracking, peeling—these signs may mean Athlete's Foot has added one more victim to the millions of people it claims every year.

Absorbine Jr. Kills Fungus Quickly

But—tests by a famed laboratory prove that within *thirty seconds* after Absorbine Jr. has penetrated to the pest, it is killed and is no longer harmful.

Speed in dousing on cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. is *your* protection against serious disorder. Watch your feet, especially during warm weather. The minute the first symptom appears splash on Absorbine Jr. Even your socks must be boiled fifteen minutes to prevent reinfection. Always keep Absorbine Jr. in your medicine cabinet and in your club locker. Use it after every shower to protect you from infection and to refresh and rest your feet.

Don't be a victim of the switch racket. Good dealers will give you genuine Absorbine Jr. when you ask for it. Refuse substitutes. It's thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness and SUNBURN

(Continued from page 32)

young Louis than he is anything else. Roxborough saw that Louis had the makings of a great fighter. Roxborough had seen other fighters of his race rise to the top, only to disgust the Negro race with their conduct. Joe, he felt, was not that kind of lad. Joe could be a great credit and asset to the race. But he didn't persuade Louis to turn professional.

Louis was only nineteen then. He went ahead, winning everything in the amateur ranks. Last year he went to Chicago to compete in the Golden Gloves tournament, blue-ribbon event of amateur boxing. He traveled with his pal, Dave Clark. On the train going to Chicago Joe noticed that Clark was reading a book.

"What's that book, Dave?" Louis asked.

"It's a Bible. I always read the Bible before a fight. Makes you feel better, Joe," Dave said earnestly.

Joe hesitated. "You might loan me that Bible when you're through."

Smart Management

Ever since then Joe has made it a habit to read a psalm or two before a fight. I'd heard that story and John Roxborough had told it to me—but at the time it sounded too much like the figment of a press agent's imagination. For years I have marveled at the adroitness of such masters of the art of press agentry as Francis Albertanti, Walter St. Denis and Joe Copps, and this story of Louis reading the Bible sounded like one of their delightful whimseys.

But sitting in that living-room on Joe's twenty-first birthday talking to Joe and his mother I could believe the story. Especially when Joe's mother opened her eyes wide when I questioned it and said, "Oh, yes, sah, my Joe reads the Bible a lot. My Joe is a good boy."

There is no guile in the gentle eyes of Joe's mother and if we aren't careful this is going to end up as an article about her—because her story is really important, as it is the story of any mother who has raised eight children to decent maturity.

Anyhow, Joe won the Golden Gloves title that year and that was swell, but those Golden Gloves which are so nice to wear on a watch chain are not of much use when buying coal for the furnace. Joe got himself a job in an automobile plant.

"Those big automobile parts I had to tote around were awful heavy," Joe sighed, as though the memory pained him. "And I only got twenty-five dollars a week. I thought maybe I could pick up some money fightin'. I thought it would be nice to make enough money to buy an automobile and a house for Mom." ("Joe was always a good boy," his mother whispered. "Always helped me with the dishes, but now he's twenty-one I guess he's too big for that.")

At first John Roxborough wasn't too anxious to handle Joe's fistic affairs. He knew enough about professional boxing to distrust it—and, good as Joe was as an amateur, John wasn't sure that he'd make good as a pro.

"Why not wait a year, Joe?" he said. "You're only twenty."

"I can fight all right, Mr. Roxborough," Joe said stubbornly. "I am tired of toting those big automobile parts around."

"All right," Roxborough said. "You want me to handle your affairs. All right, Joe, you'll have to do exactly what I say."

"That's all right with me, Mr. Roxborough," Joe grinned.

You may or may not know that professional boxing is four-fifths racket and one-fifth business. Most heavyweight contenders are built up by adroit publicity and what the boys in the back room call "influence." Roxborough, a business man, decided to use business methods in handling Joe. He studied Joe as he would have studied an insurance prospect. He declared his partner, Julian Black, in and together they planned Joe's future.

They were smart, these two. Their first step was to hire Jack Blackburn to train and coach Joe. Blackburn was once a great Negro welterweight. Smart boys told Roxborough that he couldn't get anywhere with Louis unless he hired a white manager.

"I've always done all right in business," Roxborough said calmly, "and I have done business with whites as well as with those of my own race. I find no prejudice. If we handle Joe well I don't think the public will care who manages Joe."

It was July 4, 1934, less than a year ago, that Joe had his first professional fight. It was held in a small fight club, called Beacon's Arena, in Detroit's East Side, and all the neighbors turned out to see Joe in action. He was only in action a minute and a half. That was long enough to flatten one Jack Kracken. Joe got fifty dollars for that. He would have had to work two weeks in the automobile plant to earn that much.

Five months later he was topping the bill at the world's largest indoor boxing arena—the Chicago Stadium. He fought Lee Ramage, then, and drew $29,000 through the turnstiles.

"A hard man to fight, too," Joe says now, "so clever and hard to catch. Carnera will be easier."

Joe has the best left hook since Jack Dempsey's was on exhibition. He knocked out Jack O'Dowd with a left hook that traveled eight inches. After he had knocked out Lee Ramage they asked Lee what blow it was that had flattened him.

"I don't know," Ramage admitted. "I never saw it coming."

Joe does not hit with the ponderous force of a Max Baer or the slashing, cutting force of a Gene Tunney. He strikes like a rattlesnake. His is the sharp, numbing shock of an unexpected explosion. He is patient in waiting for an opening and deliberate about finishing his man.

Can he take it? To date he hasn't had to take it. He has been too busy dishing it out. Heart? Jack Blackburn laughs when you ask him. "His heart's as big as a watermelon," Jack grins.

Well, that's big enough.

A Mother's Confidence

And now Carnera. All of Detroit thinks that he is a cinch to knock out Carnera. He isn't a cinch at all. Since Primo was knocked out by Baer it is the custom to think of the tall Italian as a very poor specimen of fighter—but remember Max knocked him down eleven times before the fight was over. It takes something to make that long trip up from the floor eleven times. Louis will not knock Carnera out with one punch. No man can do that, I think. There is too much of Carnera. And Carnera knows the tricks.

Joe's mother had been listening to our talk of fights and fighters but she hadn't seemed awfully interested. One ear was still cocked in the general direction of the kitchen. She decided that she had been away from it long enough.

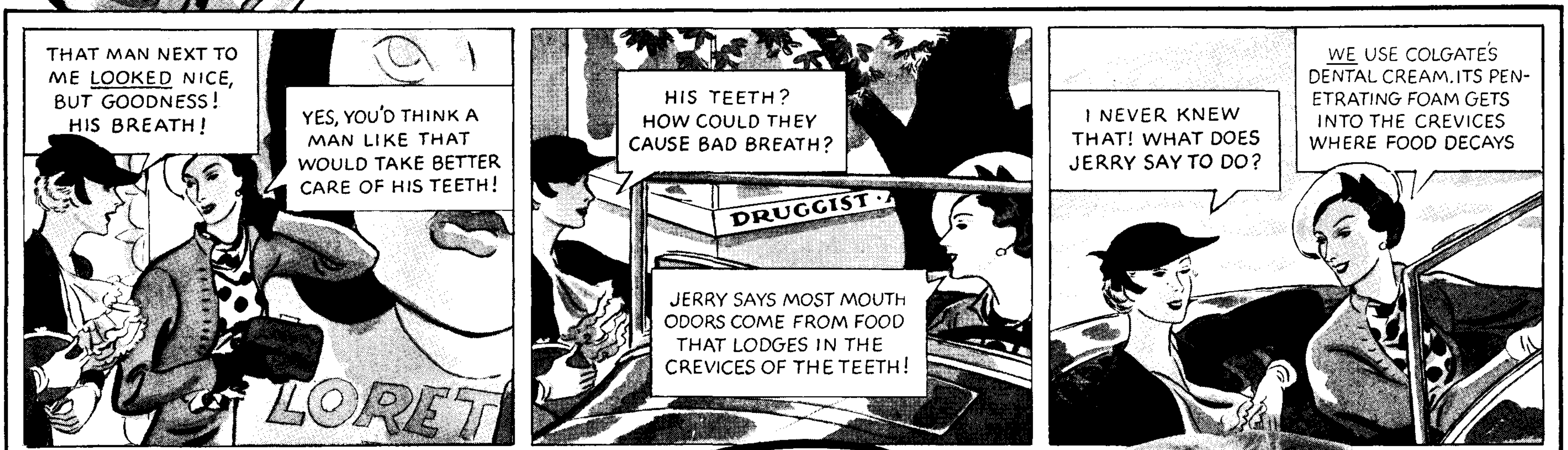
"Before you go," I asked her, "tell me, don't you worry nights when Joe is fighting?"

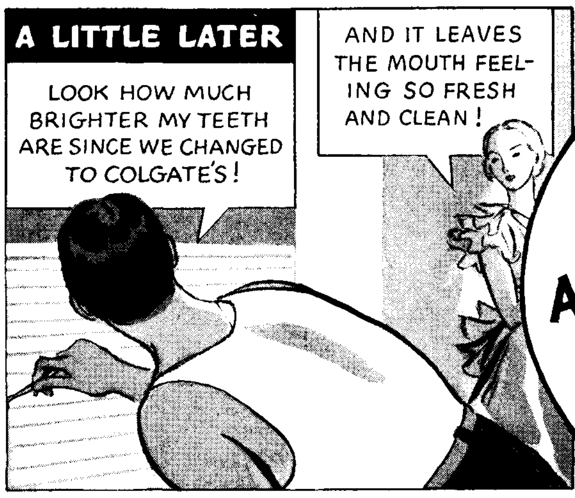
She patted Joe's shoulder. "Ah's done worryin' about Joe. Ah guess he can take care of hisself."

I guess he can too.

My Dentist's Wife Tipped Me Off..

"MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!"


THAT MAN NEXT TO ME LOOKED NICE, BUT GOODNESS! HIS BREATH!
YES, YOU'D THINK A MAN LIKE THAT WOULD TAKE BETTER CARE OF HIS TEETH!
LORET
HIS TEETH? HOW COULD THEY CAUSE BAD BREATH?
DRUGGIST
JERRY SAYS MOST MOUTH ODORS COME FROM FOOD THAT LODGES IN THE CREVICES OF THE TEETH!
I NEVER KNEW THAT! WHAT DOES JERRY SAY TO DO?
WE USE COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM. ITS PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE CREVICES WHERE FOOD DECAYS


A LITTLE LATER
LOOK HOW MUCH BRIGHTER MY TEETH ARE SINCE WE CHANGED TO COLGATE'S!
AND IT LEAVES THE MOUTH FEELING SO FRESH AND CLEAN!

COLGATE'S PROTECTS YOU AGAINST BAD BREATH—AND MAKES TEETH BRIGHTER, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

YOUR own dentist will tell you this: the same thing that causes dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay, *also causes bad breath!*

Most unpleasant breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth—from decaying food deposits lodged *between* the teeth, and in crevices around the gums and tongue.

So don't trust your breath entirely to preparations not made to clean. Nor to toothpastes which fail to penetrate! Get at the *cause* of bad breath—with the special ingredients in Colgate's Dental Cream.

Why Dentists Advise Colgate's

This toothpaste makes a penetrating foam which works into all hidden crevices of the mouth. It gets *between* the teeth—along the gums—under the tongue. It emulsifies odor-breeding deposits, flushes them away.

Every surface of every tooth is thoroughly cleaned—the cause of most bad breath removed! You know, from the clean, fresh feel of your mouth after each brushing, that your breath is beyond reproach!

At the same time, a soft, grit-free ingredient gently and safely polishes the enamel. Stubborn stains disappear. Natural lustre is restored. Teeth gleam again. Use Colgate's—and you will be sure that your smile is bright and your breath pure.

In addition, Colgate's Dental Cream costs less than any other leading toothpaste! That means a saving. Moreover—every tube carries the Colgate "Double Your Money Back" guarantee, printed below. Get a tube today.

• • •

IF YOU PREFER POWDER, *you'll find that Colgate's Dental Powder gives the same amazing results, sells at the same low, money-saving price. Get a tin today and try it.*

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

● Buy one tube of Colgate's Dental Cream. Brush your teeth with it two minutes at least twice a day until it is all used up. Then look in your mirror. If you do not honestly admit that your teeth are cleaner, brighter—your breath purer, sweeter—simply send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J., and we will mail you a check for TWICE what you paid.

USE COLGATE'S REGULARLY—VISIT YOUR DENTIST EVERY SIX MONTHS!

Happy Choice! . . .

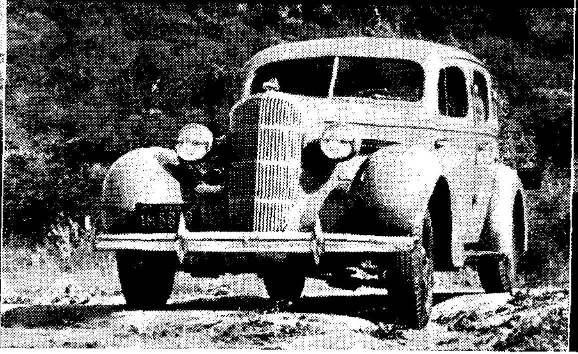
ONCE YOU CHOOSE an Oldsmobile, you're off on a long, happy succession of pleasure miles—with *everything in your favor!* Every quality—every advancement—every last fine-car feature that could possibly add to the pride and satisfaction of driving a motor car!

Knee-Action Wheels, of course—they're essential to the fine-car ride. Rough roads feel smooth in a Knee-Action car—smooth roads feel smoother still. *Center-Control Steering* and *Syncro-Mesh All-Silent Shifting* provide easier handling and relaxed driving. *Super-Hydraulic Brakes* assure smooth, safe straight-ahead stops, with slightest effort. *The Solid-Steel "Turret-Top" Body by Fisher* gives additional protection, overhead as well as on all sides. And let's not forget one of Oldsmobile's most important advantages: Both the 90-horsepower Six and 100-horsepower Eight are surprisingly economical to operate.

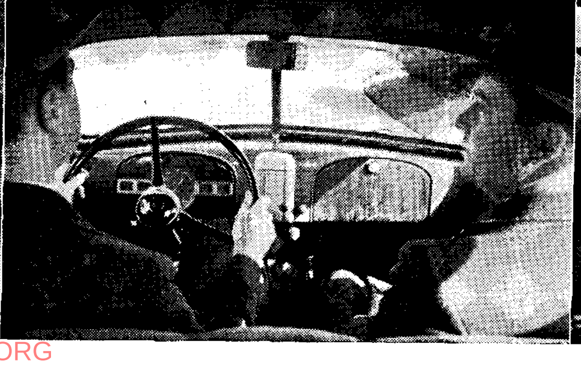
Try to think, if you can, of anything else

SOLID-STEEL "TURRET-TOP" BODIES BY FISHER

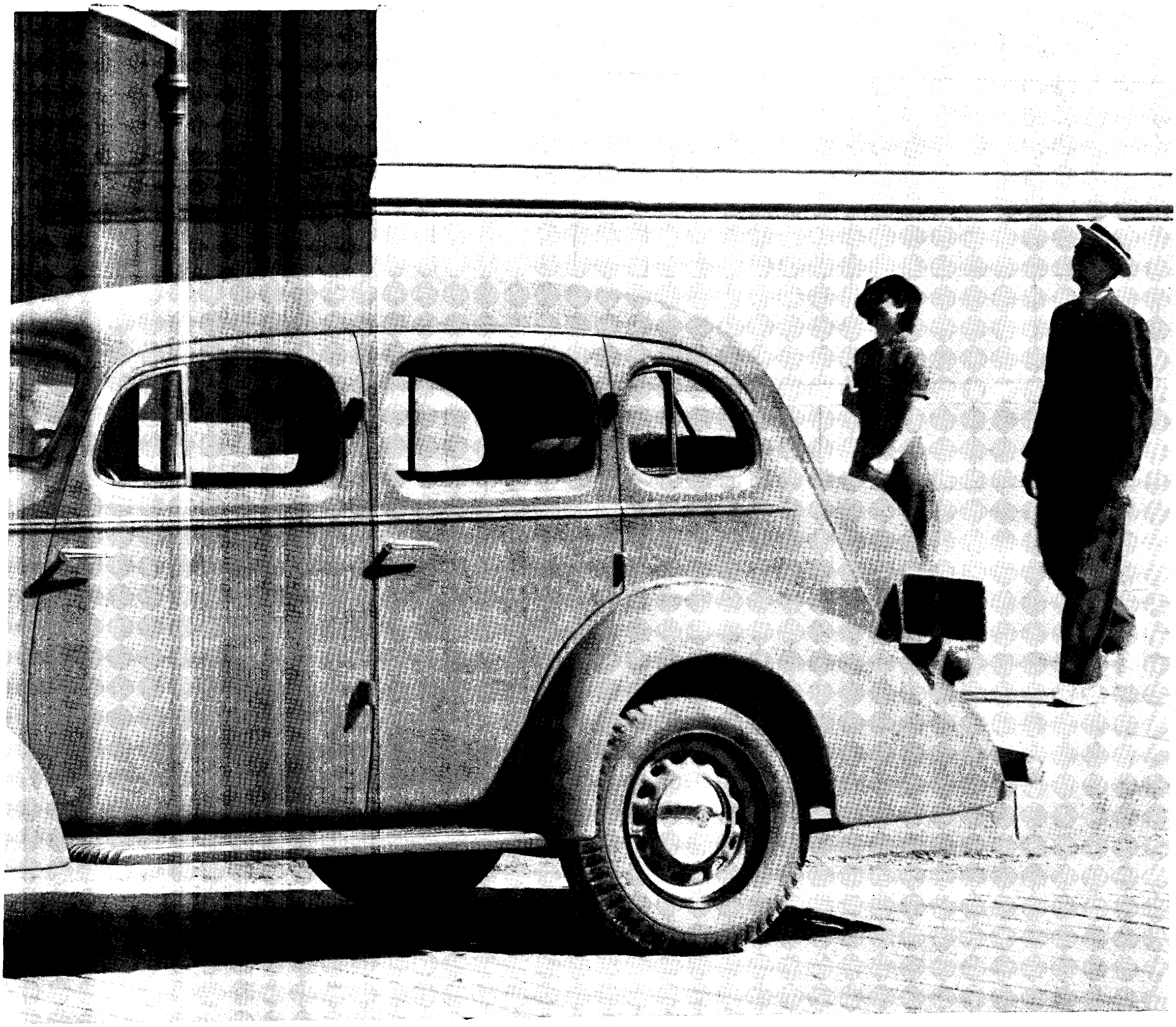
KNEE-ACTION WHEELS



RIDE STABILIZER AND CENTER-CONTROL STEERING



SUPER-HYDRAULI



the car that has *everything* . . . all at a low price!

ou might want. And the chances are, if it's orth while, it's right here in Oldsmobile! 'The car that has everything" is more than claim—it's an actual, demonstrable *fact!* nd it is a most *surprising* fact, in view of ldsmobile's attractively low price—which is *efinitely* in the low-price field.

OLDSMOBILE

**Sixes $675 and up . . . Eights $860 and up, list prices at Lansing, subject to change without notice. Bumpers with guards, spare tire, and rear spring covers built into all cars at the factory at extra cost. Convenient G. M. A. C. time payment plan. The car illustrated is the Six-Cylinder Touring Sedan, $820 list. A General Motors Value.*

BRAKES

SYNCRO-MESH ALL-SILENT SHIFTING

FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION

$675*

Snapshot of Paull E. Dixon, Tampa attorney, and his children, Paull Jr. and Anne

I SPENT ONE QUARTER AND GOT BACK THREE

Gentlemen:

I have been interested in reading some of your personal experience letters as illustrated in your magazine advertisements, particularly as they remind me of an experience of my own with Quaker State.

In August of last year, I had my Terraplane Six 1933 model serviced, greased, and filled with a nationally advertised grade of oil just before starting on a trip to my old home in Kentucky. On the 900 mile drive from Tampa to Kentucky, it was necessary for me to add three quarts of similar oil. This brought on an additional expense of 75¢. Before starting the return trip, and with no change or repair of the car, it was filled with Quaker State — and upon arrival in Tampa, I found that I had only used a pint, with no additions on the way.

The two trips were made over the same road, and under almost identical weather and speed conditions. The Quaker State cost me 25¢ more at the beginning, but saved me 75¢ in road expense — and there was still mileage in the oil in the crankcase at the end of the journey.

There can be but one conclusion: I get more for my money by buying the best.

Paull E. Dixon

"First choice of Experience"

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OILS

Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

The Captain Loves the Sea

Continued from page 23

morning and afternoon. Fetch sun glasses. Take low-heeled shoes and leather or fiber soles. In First Class on the luxury liners evening clothes are customary each night except the first. On the cabin boats you see as many without as with. Take a topcoat; Europe, for the most part, is more like Canada than like the United States in summer. Don't forget your raincoat and rubbers.

Next, the ship. Each traveler has particular needs in speed and schedule. That settled, here is how I would go about selecting a ship. I would pick an American boat. I would pick an American boat for the same reason a Frenchman picks a French boat, a Hollander a Dutch boat. Because it would help the business of my own country; because there would be no language difficulties, which often pop up even though English is the official language of the North Atlantic.

Pick Your Cook

If I had foreign racial ties, not far removed, I might pick a ship from the land of my fathers—but it would be second choice. The American merchant marine once was the proudest in the world; it can be again, and it still is important in national defense. We should support it.

Food is an important reason, also, for taking one of your own ships. In the very old days it was not a problem for the shipping companies, which merely provided passage. You brought your own food, or you fasted. Later, in the flood steerage days, I saw immigrants huddled 'tween decks, eating black bread and dried fish which they had brought with them; ignoring the plentiful breakfasts and luncheons and five-course dinners which the company included in the thirty-five dollars passage money. Last summer, on my ship, a deck steward noticed a frail elderly lady in her deck chair during the luncheon period the second day; again, long after the dinner gong had sounded.

"Are you well, Ma'am—is everything satisfactory?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm well enough," she replied, "but the meals are awfully light. That bit of thin soup you give me in the morning and the pot of tea and cakes in the afternoon aren't very sustaining!"

I know it is popularly believed that each Atlantic skipper has a following among veteran travelers. But if I were putting money down for my passage I'd try to find out more about the chef than about the captain. Indeed, I've always had a humble suspicion that ocean trippers of most experience follow not captains, not ships, but cooks!

If I were rich, or wanted to make a big splash for business reasons, I should pick out one of the largest and swiftest floating palaces for my trip. But I'm not. I'm just an average person, who has to be prudent with money. Therefore, I would take a cabin ship; which is really a first-class ship at bargain rates.

I'll have just as much fun on it as on a blue-ribbon greyhound; have as much comfort and luxury, as much entertainment, and my tips to stewards, landing fees, and other expenses, will be proportionately smaller. I'll be a day or two longer in crossing—and glad of it.

You would not catch me selecting a ship for its tonnage. Those figures mean little, except to underwriters and harbor and wharfage charge fixers. Just so you'll know: gross tonnage is the interior capacity of a ship measured in tons of one hundred cubic feet; while displacement tonnage is the actual weight of the ship and all it contains. For example, my present command, the President Harding, is listed at 13,869 gross; but if you could pick her out of the water and set her down on a giant scale she would turn the needle to 21,325 tons—her displacement.

There is a belief among novices that bulk is a protection against sea-sicknesses. Actually size has nothing at all to do with steadiness, and you can't generalize about that quality any more than you can about food.

Some of the big ones, built particularly with great passenger capacity in mind—high out of the water, shallow below—skip around more in seas than some of the little fellows, built for cargo rather than for passengers—low above the waterline, broad and deep below it. In fact, I should not consider seasickness at all; since I'd be crossing in summer, when a rough day is a rarity.

I know there are as many remedies for seasickness as there are stars above, from drinking champagne, or putting cotton in the ears, to chewing tobacco; but I believe that it is ninety per cent mental and only ten per cent physical, or due to ship motion. I remember a severe winter crossing on which one of my women passengers was so very ill that she could not leave her bed or swallow a morsel. In midocean we came upon a ship with a broken rudder, and stood by until she made repairs.

Throughout a wild January day we tossed about, close enough to see plainly the interesting but hazardous activities on the disabled ship. That night, under way again, I remembered the sick woman and sent for the doctor to inquire how she had weathered the buffeting. He smiled: "Curiosity got her up to watch the excitement. She didn't miss a thing; stayed on deck all day. Now she is in the lounge playing the piano!" So—

Training for the Sea

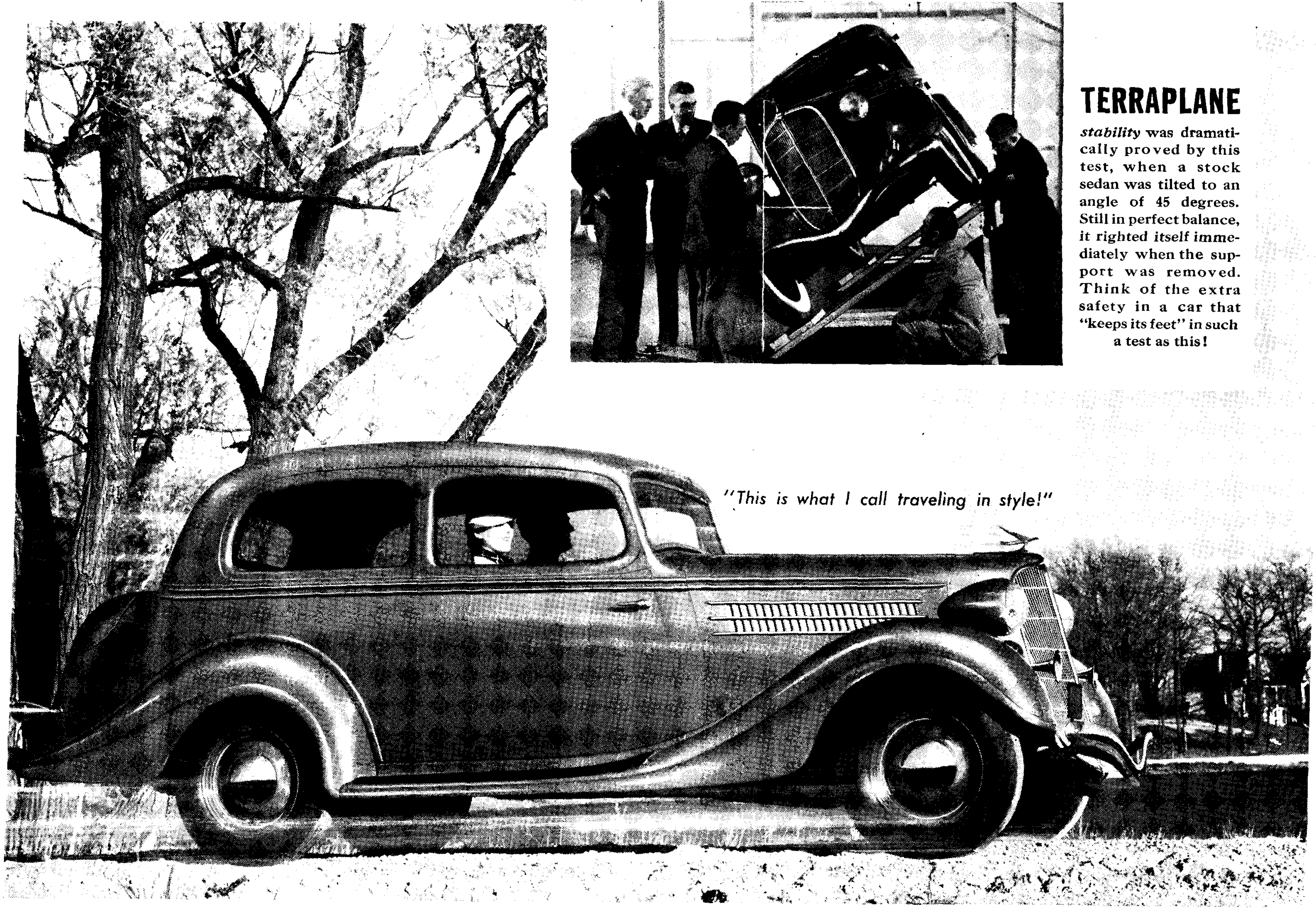
I would train for my sailing for two or three days beforehand, conducting myself, say, as I would through a week in which I expected to play an important golf or tennis match on Saturday. Much seasickness begins with a dark brown taste from a night-before sailing party, overeating and overdrinking.

I would do no bustling on the day of departure. I'd close my suitcase the day before and have nothing to do in the morning but amble leisurely aboard, two hours before final whistle so that I could enjoy the color and the crowds and all the jolly mess. They say every girl loves a sailor; I'd say, at least, that everybody loves a sailing. Even the most hardened globe-trotters declare there are no other moments in life to equal those in which hawsers are cast off, and an ocean-going ship begins to slide clear. Perhaps it is the savor of these moments that is behind wanderlust. Certainly they offer the one authentic thrill of mystery and romance and bitter-sweet enchantment all commingled which has never been lessened by the growing matter-of-factness of this world.

As it was in the fjords when the ancient Norsemen pushed their boats seaward, and on the beaches of the Phoenicians; as it was on the wharves at Palos when Columbus and his one-

(Continued on page 40)

Engineers call it "Road Balance"–



TERRAPLANE *stability* was dramatically proved by this test, when a stock sedan was tilted to an angle of 45 degrees. Still in perfect balance, it righted itself immediately when the support was removed. Think of the extra safety in a car that "keeps its feet" in such a test as this!

"This is what I call traveling in style!"

You'll call it the *smoothest, safest* ride you ever enjoyed!

Terraplane carries its weight where weight belongs in an automobile—close to the road.

Low center of gravity is one reason for the "big car feel" that every Terraplane owner talks about so enthusiastically. It's a sense of safety—of greater stability—that you can't appreciate until you take the wheel of a Terraplane on curves or straightaways, at any speed you care to travel.

Many other fine engineering features contribute to Terraplane's famous *balanced ride.* The very bigness of the car—190 inches from bumper to bumper. Wide seats; extra head and leg room. Extra long, gentle-action springs and improved oil-cushioned shock absorbers.

Because of its unmatched combination of safety features, you'll get more enjoyment from Terraplane's record-breaking performance—the smoothness and perfect balance of its powerful Hudson-built motor. To learn the thrilling *differences* between this and other lowest price cars—drive a Terraplane today, and *compare.*

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan
Hudson Motors of Canada, Limited, Tilbury, Ontario

What "BUILT BY HUDSON" *Means*

America's greatest stock car performance as *proved* by 77 official A.A.A. records.

America's only bodies *all* of steel.

Rotary-Equalized Brakes! Powerful, unfailing. They STOP you in a short, *straight* line.

Ruggedness proved in the recent 175,000-mile Ruggedness Runs.

The ELECTRIC HAND—for smoother, easier shifting. Optional at small extra cost.

AND LOOK AT THE PRICES!

$585 and up for Terraplane ... Hudson Six $695 and up ... Hudson Eight $760 and up ... Hudson Country Club Eight $880 and up. *All prices f. o. b. Detroit for closed models.*

TERRAPLANE

NO. 1
IN A SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS ON WILLIAMS

"THE INGREDIENTS, SIR, ARE *the choicest*"

NO! The ingredients for Williams Shaving Cream aren't brought in on silver platters—though they're fine enough to merit it. Raw materials for *any* Williams product must be *top grade*—always!

There are plenty of shaving creams on the market. Williams leans backward to produce the *best*. Less profit per tube, perhaps, but more friends for life. A better shave for your money, every time.

Williams lather is—and has always been—full-bodied, moist, mild. Leaves your face clean, smooth, glowing with health.

And remember, after every shave, a dash of sparkling Aqua Velva.

• JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams Shaving Cream

You can't lose this cap
Williams Luxury Shaving Cream
W
LARGE SIZE

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.—LaSalle, MONTREAL, Canada

The Captain Loves the Sea

Continued from page 38

decked ship and two caravels stood out for the westing run, and on the sandy bluffs of Cape Cod when the Mayflower began her return voyage to England—so it is today whenever a ship, great or small, puts out to sea. Tears and joy. There's no use telling you what to do at that moment, for you won't be quite yourself.

Now we're in the river. I should not go down to get settled as soon as the loved faces on the pier have blurred. Most people rush below and miss all the bright pageant of the bay. New York Harbor is the most fascinating, the finest, in the world; day or night. Stay on deck—especially if you are not a New Yorker—and enjoy every facet of it.

Consider the sail down the bay an appetizer for the grand open sea days to come. Moreover, topsides you will find things to interest you in the handling of the ship. That prolonged whistle, as we slipped from the pier, was not to add to the gayety of departure. Maritime law requires every vessel backing out to sound its whistle continuously until its captain is able to see up and down the river, at which the noise ends up in three short blasts.

Lift your eyes. On the forward mast you will see the flag of the first country you are going to visit; also the United States mail and the Naval Reserve pennants. On the after-mast is the house flag of the line that owns the ship; also the national ensign. After we have dropped the pilot, and very soon thereafter passed Ambrose Channel lightship—which is a small bright straw-colored boat to be seen on your left, or port, side—all the flags are hauled down simultaneously.

This is how I should get my money's worth out of the crossing itself. The ocean does not link two continents; it separates two different worlds. There is a passage in Washington Irving which describes this disassociating effect of the sea and a voyage thereon better than anything else I have encountered. It enables you, in its first phase, to forget the land you have left: the wind blows your mind free of old impressions. There is a middle phase, a twilight domain of pleasant intangibilities and little reality, which prepares you for the last phase: a day or two when your sharpened mind forms anticipations of the new world of substance that you are approaching.

The Spell of Deep Water

In short, I, as a passenger, would avail myself, of course, of all the games and dances and entertainments. I do not have to list all these obvious activities for you; they are under your nose. But to my mind these, except for background, are little different from events you can find elsewhere; and do not constitute taking complete advantage of the uniqueness of a sea voyage. Therefore, I should look for the things you do not find elsewhere; I should look for the things of the sea, which have made deep water stirring to the heart since time began.

I'd talk to the officers. They're glad when you do. Seek one with a bit of gray in his hair, and a faraway look in his eyes. He can tell you all about the Gulf Stream, the warm river in the ocean which alone makes Northern Europe habitable; which alone has held the fate of Nordic civilization. You are in it much of the way across.

It is like a great palm-leaf fan laid on the North Atlantic; the handle on Nantucket, the whole laid in a straight line toward Madrid, and you will sail first along the handle, then along the left rim of the leaf until Europe is reached. You know when you are in the Gulf Stream by the mildness of the air, the indigo-blue color of the water, the porpoises and the flying fish, and the masses of brown "gulf weed."

I'd visit the engine-room and the bridge: too few passengers do so, and never suspect the color and tang they miss. Ask the purser; he is your contact man aboard and he will arrange these matters for you. In the engine-room you don't see the "hairy apes" of the old "black hole gang" these days; but clean workmen, turning oil-fuel valves.

Captains are Human

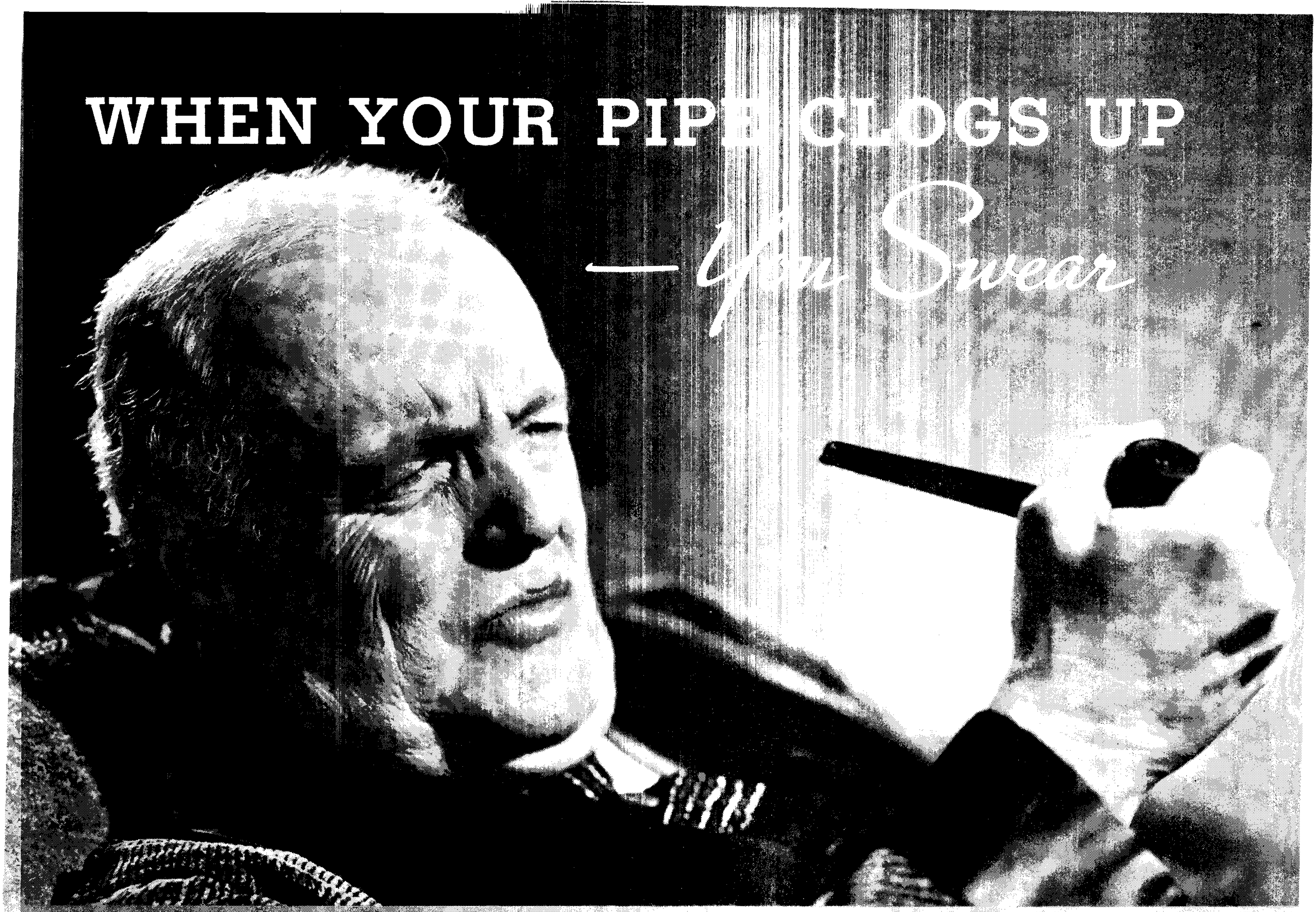
On the bridge you will find that the captain does not steer the ship. Honestly, many believe he does; misled, no doubt, by observations on ferryboats where men with "Captain" on their caps do the steering. Quartermasters are at the wheels of ocean liners; but actually, once the course is set, "Metal Mike"—the gyro pilot—does the job.

But even with the coldest and most precise of automatic gadgets, the personal equation sometimes intrudes. Once last summer, when the Leviathan was 500 miles east of New York and bound in, Commodore Randall was holding his daily radio-telephone conversation with Mrs. Randall at home on Long Island, New York. When he put up the receiver he shook his head and remarked, "Well, we are in for it tonight; my wife says it's been thick all day and the fog is drifting seaward."

So play your games, and read your books, and take your sunbaths; but don't forget that moonlight on the phosphorescent wash looks better from the darkened bow rail than it does from the window of the lighted social hall. Don't forget to ask the officers about the birds you will see all the way across; mincing over the water in the daytime, roosting on the yards, perhaps, at night. Watch for other ships—you will sight one about every 400 miles. Look for whales; you may see one, but you are more likely to see the giant blackfish—and think it's a whale! Walk on deck, alone, in the hour after dinner when the sea is opalescent and open your soul to the peace and understanding of sunset in midocean. Even if you have to stay up all night, see at least one sunrise. Fastnet at dawn, the Wolf at dusk, Eddystone at midnight!

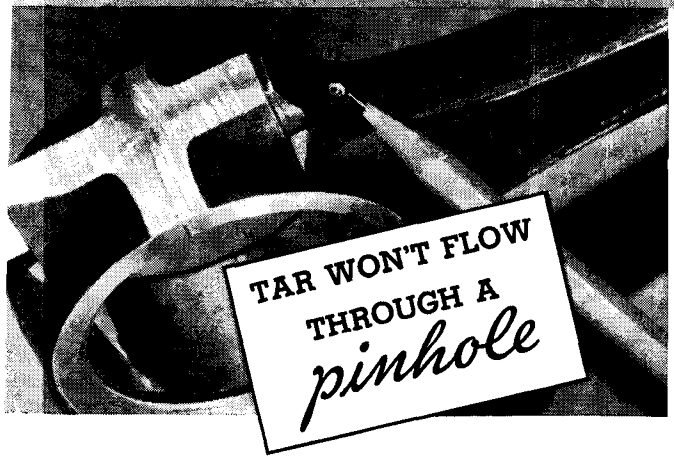
Then you may come to love the sea as I have loved it since the day, long ago, when I presented myself to my first captain and was so overawed that I began to salute rapidly with both hands! Should Captain Munter, of the United States Coast Guard, read this, I hope he will smile again—as I am certain he did, behind his hand, that day at a boy whose choice of career was dictated by Kipling's Captains Courageous, and whose chiefs since then—Grening, Rind, Van Beek, Cunningham, Randall, Hartley—have never let his illusions down.

If you take just one trip as I, a captain, would take it, and look for the things dear and intimate to the sea alone, as well as for things familiar enough to your life ashore, maybe you will come to be like old Cap'n Corning, who snorted: "Anyone who goes to sea for pleasure would go to hell for entertainment!" He cussed the sea throughout the day and most of the night—and when he retired settled on the very edge of the Caribbean.

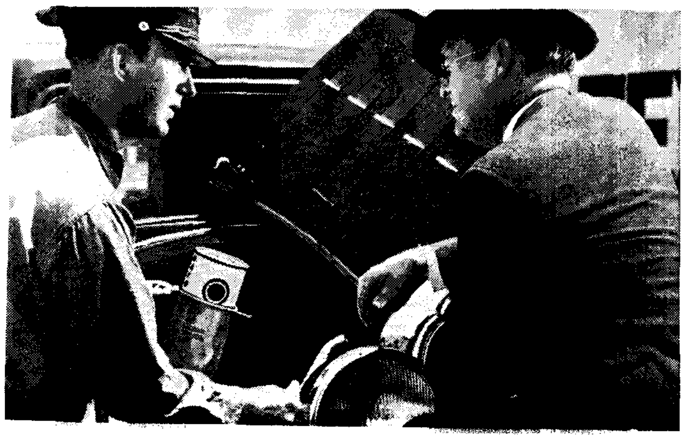


WHEN YOUR PIPE CLOGS UP — *You Swear*

WHEN TAR CLOGS OIL DUCTS — *You Pay!*


TAR WON'T FLOW THROUGH A *pinhole*

***THE PENCIL POINTS** to one of those tiny oil ducts, easily clogged by tar and sludge. Avoid costly repairs, insure best performance, by insisting on the New Havoline, the oil that's both Waxfree and Tarfree.*



Tiny ducts, some of them no wider than a pinhole, carry oil to vital parts of your motor. If just one of them clogs, you may burn out a bearing—with your crankcase full of oil!

Protect your motor! The *New* Havoline, refined by an exclusive Furfural Solvent Process, is not only Waxfree—it's Tarfree. All sludge-forming impurities are flushed out. Every trace of "near" oil is rejected; only the real oil is kept. Paraffin-base, 100%—"tops" in lubrication! For smoother performance, easier starting, and higher oil and gas mileage, this is the oil.

Ask for the New Havoline at any Texaco Station, or of good dealers everywhere. It's sold only in refinery-sealed cans. Costs a little more —and is eminently worth it.

HAVOLINE
HAVOLINE
REG. TRADE MARK
MOTOR OIL
WAXFREE
MADE IN U.S.A.
INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, INCORPORATED
ONE U.S. QUART

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS
Affiliated with The Texas Company

FILL WITH HAVOLINE . . IT'S TARFREE

It's easy to make

BUT HERE'S PROOF!

1. That Dodge gets 3 to 5 miles more per gallon of gasoline
2. That Dodge will save 10¢ to 20¢ on every $1 worth of oil
3. That Dodge owners save upwards of $100 on upkeep alone

"This big, roomy Dodge," says Frank F. Hill, East Orange, N. J., "began to show 22 miles to the gallon of gas. And its savings on oil are truly astonishing. I figure the economy features will save upwards of $100."

DODGE offers actual proof of amazing economy . . . proof not in words but in *deeds* . . . in the actual experience of thousands of owners who are driving their Dodge cars every day—and discovering them to be the biggest money-savers they ever owned!

From all over the country the good news pours in. Happy Dodge owners are reporting to the factory and telling their friends at home about it—how they get 18—20—22 and even more miles to the gallon of gas, with astonishing savings in oil and other running costs.

This remarkable economy didn't just happen. It's engineered into Dodge. The famous Dodge "Red Ram" engine has full-length water jackets . . . automatic spark advance with vacuum control . . . automatic choke . . . hardened alloy steel valve seat inserts, spray-cooled . . . oil filter . . . a combination of economy features that save you money every day you drive.

On this very page you can read of some of the amazing experiences Dodge owners are enjoying. Then go to your Dodge dealer—see for yourself how much value is packed into the big, new Dodge for so little money.

Make the famous FREE economy test that shows, right before your eyes, the sensational gas saving you get with the famous Dodge "Red Ram" engine. Try the "Airglide Ride"—thrill ride of America—a revelation in smoothness and comfort. Let startling proofs convince you of the extra safety in Dodge all-steel bodies. See how Dodge genuine hydraulic brakes give quick, smooth, straight-line stops—give you lots of extra mileage, too, from tires and brake linings.

And remember, Dodge now delivers for just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars. At present low prices you may well consider the purchase of a Dodge, in the light of a wise investment.

DODGE DIVISION — CHRYSLER MOTORS

"By far the most satisfactory car for handling, speed and comfort—and the most economical I have ever owned," says Mrs. Miriam Herman, Brooklyn, N. Y. "At 60 miles per hour, I am getting about 20 miles per gallon of gas."

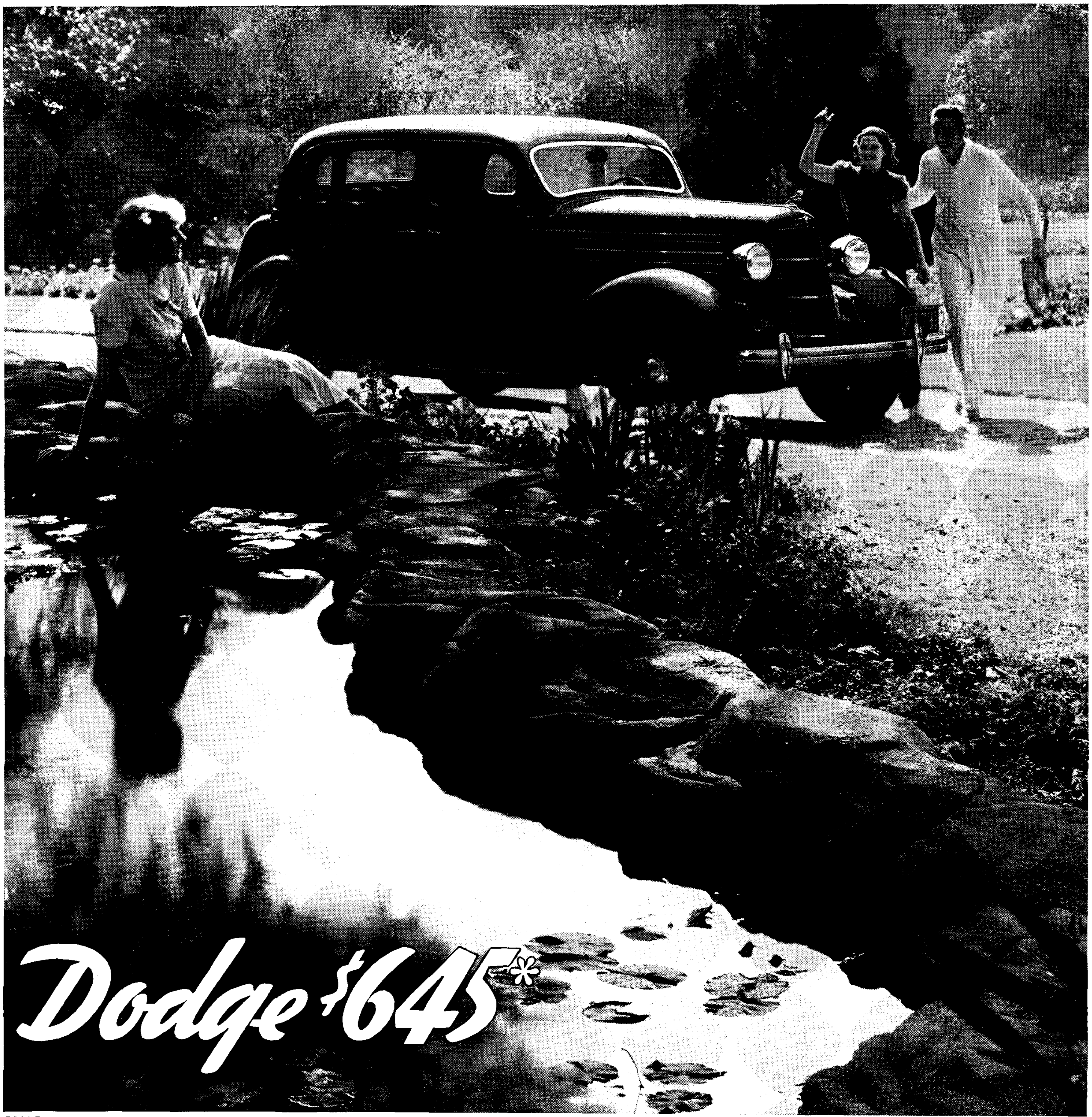
"I am getting 4 more miles per gallon of gas from my new Dodge than I got from my former car," says William Adamsen, Hartsdale, N. Y. "Oil consumption is at the very minimum."

"My first experience with Dodge was with the A. E. F. in the World War," says Norton F. Seeley, Burlington, Iowa. "On my return home I purchased my first Dodge, and today am driving my thirteenth."

This advertisement endorsed by the Department of Engineering—Chrysler Motors.

NEW-VALUE DODGE: *Coupe $645, 2-door Sedan $690, Rumble Seat Coupe $710, Touring Sedan (2-door, with built-in trunk) $715, Sedan $735, Touring Sedan (4-door, with built-in trunk) $760, Convertible Coupe $770, Special 128" w. b. 7-passenger Sedan $995. Dodge Trucks $365 and up. *List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*

Economy Claims



SMART AS TOMORROW—NEW-VALUE DODGE SEDAN (2-DOOR) NOW ONLY $690—TOURING SEDAN (4-DOOR) AS ILLUSTRATED, NOW ONLY $760**

Salad Days

Continued from page 10

The really accomplished summer cook is one who knows her salads, be they flesh, fish, fowl or just some happy thought out of the vegetable garden. Prosaic carrots and cabbage become quite refined when shredded and heaped with a mound of white cottage cheese on a lettuce leaf, to be eaten with thick French dressing. Or lettuce, cabbage, radishes, cucumbers and scallions, chopped fine, together with quartered tomatoes, served in a salad bowl as they do at the Tavern. The dressing may be French, Russian or mayonnaise.

While we are in the vegetable garden, let us give thought to the leek, the aristocrat among onions. Consider cold boiled leeks, and I assure you the sound of them is no guide to the taste. Boil them tied together in a bundle like asparagus (also, as with asparagus, you must be careful to wash away all the grains of sand), and the minute they are tender lift them out of the water and set them aside to cool. Meanwhile you have boiled some young potatoes in their jackets, and now you peel them while they are hot and slice them when they have cooled. Add to the leek water a few spoonfuls of cream (enough to thicken to your taste), chopped chives, salt, pepper, a pinch of sugar and, when this is well mingled, a dash of lemon juice. Serve the potatoes in this sauce with the leeks, and wait confidently for the appreciative sounds to rise from your dinner table.

Chives are an onion cousin which the knowing summer cook grows in a flowerpot on her kitchen window sill, cutting them when needed. The very look of them suggests fresh green salad, and a delectable dressing usually applied to romaine lettuce is made with one tablespoon of white vinegar to three of olive oil, salt dissolved in the vinegar before the oil is added, and the chopped chives and parsley. The same dressing makes a toothsome dish of cold cooked string beans, lima beans, or almost any green vegetable left from last night's dinner.

Even spinach is taken seriously by the cold-dish experts. They chop it raw with a hard-boiled egg, pour over it a sauce of onions fried in butter, and defy you to call it spinach. Assemble this dish, the chive-dressed lima or string beans, the leeks and potatoes, some sliced ham and salami, anchovies or sardines, celery and olives, together with an assortment of breads like rye and pumpernickel and good fresh butter, and you have an admirable hors-d'oeuvre supper for a summer Sunday.

Golf for the Cook

Soup is something we normally associate with zero days, but it's actually a year-round dish, hot in winter, cold in summer. A cup of flavorsome, cool madrilene gives a fine start to your summer dinner. Jellied soups are a bit of a chore, it's true, to make yourself—consommé must simmer for a day, maybe two—but they're no chore at all to get out of a can. Whip them up with a dash of lemon juice for added zip, serve them good and cold, and you've really got something.

What you've got, in fact, is a family of lively appetites, so perhaps you'd better be ready with a really substantial meat dish to follow. And here's a surprise for you: Veal, which you've put out of mind until the weather is cooler, can actually make a good summer dish. Roast it well, turning and basting frequently so that it is golden on the outside and tender inside. Chopped onions and butter in the gravy, and at the last moment a glass of port, sherry or any claret and another lump of butter add considerably to the flavor. Cook separately some small whole onions and mushrooms in some more chopped onions, surround the roast with them in its platter, pour over the gravy, and put the platter in a cool place where it will jelly itself without another word from you. Veal is good with any of the green salads.

Sliced fillet of beef makes the kind of cold dish a man can go for after a long Sunday on the golf course, and the cook can get her golf in, too, for she's done her week-end roasting on Friday or Saturday morning. Vegetables cooked in the beef juice with a glass of red wine, and chilled in a mold with gelatine make an elegant garniture. Rosy ham, sliced paper-thin, served with cole slaw or red cabbage, or sliced cold lamb with mint sauce—

Ah, yes, mint sauce. Send Junior out in the garden to pick you a handful, and meanwhile boil a spoonful of vinegar (white wine vinegar if you can get it). Chop your mint very fine, a generous quantity if you like the sauce thick.

Keeping Fresh

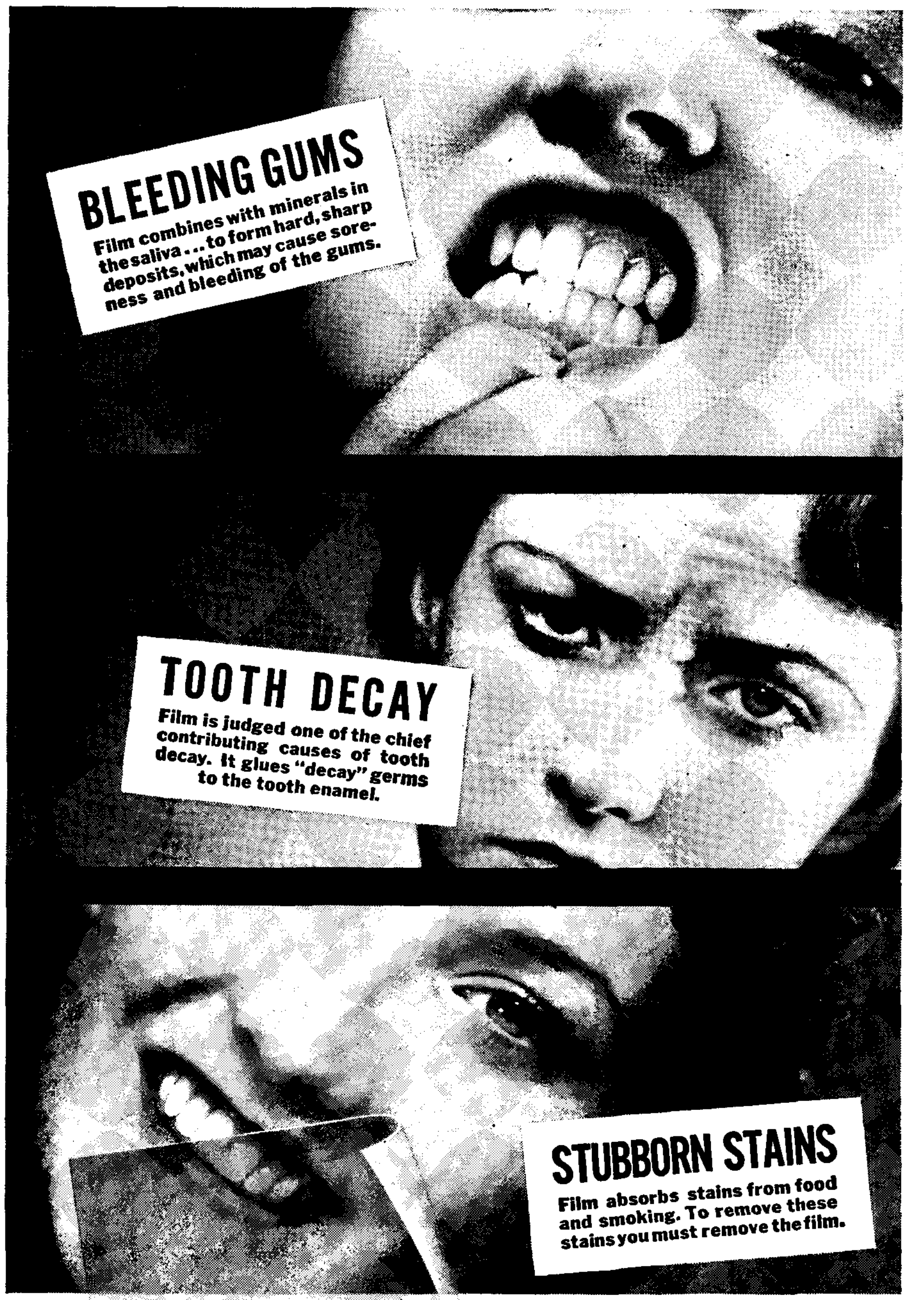
If the meat dish is cold pork, and if you're expecting a flock of youngsters in from tennis and a swim, make the trimming sweet potatoes à la Henri. Boil them in their jackets, peel and cool, and slice them one eighth of an inch thick. Butter a baking dish and lay down a layer of potatoes, one of sliced raw apples, one of bananas, and a spoonful of fruit syrup saved from a can of pineapple or peaches. Repeat until you have two or three layers, ending with the apples and bananas. Bake gently until it is brown and soft, serve it hot or crisply cold.

If your meat is duck, consider the Brevoort's Canard Bigarrade. Red wine goes into the gravy while it is roasting, and afterward another glass of wine, a tablespoon of currant jelly and two tablespoons of dissolved gelatine. Pour this over the duck, which you have cut in pieces and arranged on the platter, decorated with orange slices and orange peel cut in thin Julienne strips. Then set it in a cool place and go out and have fun until dinner time. Roast chicken, by the way, ready to be served with a hot wine gravy and the cool tang of watercress salad, is also something for your refrigerator.

Keeping things in the refrigerator is a technique all by itself. So much peace of mind depends on what's there that I asked that practical tavern-keeper, Mr. Eskin, for the rules. The first one, said he, is to mix your salads fresh just before you are ready to serve them.

Green vegetables keep better cooked than raw. Peas and lima beans should stand in the water in which they have been cooked, or else they will wrinkle. String beans, asparagus and other non-starchy varieties should lie in a shallow pan without water, but covered with a wet cloth. Celery, already cubed for salad, keeps fresh in a little milk diluted with water. Carrots and beets can be kept raw, but with their greens uncut—they'll stay firm until the tops are all but withered away.

Lettuce, endive and the other salad greens should be kept in the head as nearly as possible until the moment of serving, and should *not* be allowed to soak in water. Parsley, on the other hand, keeps fresh in water. And, come to think of it, so do you; so how about a swim before dinner?



BLEEDING GUMS
Film combines with minerals in the saliva . . . to form hard, sharp deposits, which may cause soreness and bleeding of the gums.

TOOTH DECAY
Film is judged one of the chief contributing causes of tooth decay. It glues "decay" germs to the tooth enamel.

STUBBORN STAINS
Film absorbs stains from food and smoking. To remove these stains you must remove the film.

When FILM may lead to all three

remove Film this special way

DON'T fool yourself about film! It can be the forerunner of one or all of the troubles pictured above.

"But in removing film, why use one dentifrice rather than another?" you may ask. On that point, too, you need have no doubts. Many tooth pastes and tooth powders may *claim* to attack film. Pepsodent's *sole duty* is to REMOVE FILM—and to keep film off teeth *safely*. To both the dental profession and the public alike, Pepsodent is known as the "special film-removing tooth paste."

Common sense reason for effectiveness and safety

To convince you of film-removing power, Pepsodent depends neither on advertising tricks nor "hard-to-believe" claims. We state facts only—facts brought out in scientific study. You know about that sticky coating that constantly forms on your teeth. Dental authorities agree that this stubborn coating, which we call film, should be removed daily.

And, now, in Pepsodent, is a revolutionary cleansing and polishing material, recently developed. This material is unexcelled in film-removing power. No other leading dentifrice contains it. And is it safe? So safe that in impartial tests Pepsodent has been proved the least abrasive . . . therefore *softest*—of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders.

So, between visits to your dentist, remove ugly, dangerous film daily with Pepsodent. No grit in Pepsodent. No risk of harming precious enamel as with mere "bargain" ways.

To help keep breath pure

In many cases, offensive breath may be traced to decaying food particles between the teeth. Daily brushing with Pepsodent Tooth Paste helps remove these food particles . . . thus acts to combat one of the most common causes of unpleasant breath.

10% more Pepsodent
in the new tube—dealers are selling it at
a new low price!
YOU GET MORE! YOU PAY LESS!

PEPSODENT *the Special-Film Removing Tooth Paste*

When your DREAM HOUSE *Comes true*

... don't let "Cheap" Paint make it a Nightmare!

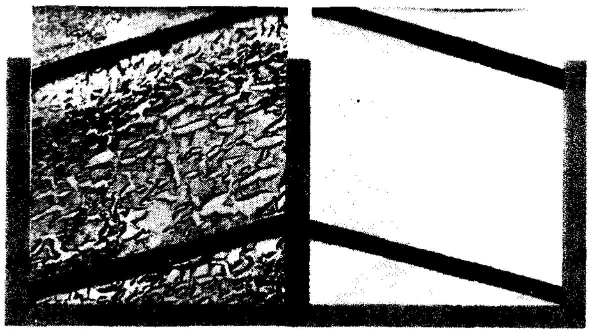
Use Dutch Boy and make protection a reality—small N. H. A. payments make it easy

THERE are no illusions in the protection Dutch Boy gives. You expect it to last a long time, and it does.

But the man who buys a "cheap" paint job with visions of saving money, soon wakes up to find his paint and his "saving" both gone.

Look at the photographs shown here. See how the "cheap" paint has cracked and scaled, after only a year and a half. Now it must be burned and scraped off before repainting—cost, $75. And a new priming coat will be needed . . . still more expense.

Unlike "cheap" paint, Dutch Boy does not crack and scale. It *resists* the weather . . . wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking which leaves a smooth, unbroken surface, an ideal foundation for new paint.



"CHEAP" PAINT
after 1½ years

First cost, $160. Paint is "all done" right now. Cost to burn and scrape, $75. Total, $235, or $156 per year. And add to this the extra cost of a new priming coat.

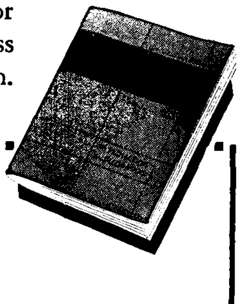
DUTCH BOY
after 3 years

Located in same community as the "cheap" paint job. Cost, $172, or $57 per year. And still good. No burning off and no new priming coat will be needed at repaint time.

No wonder the experienced painter uses Dutch Boy White-Lead. He mixes it to meet the requirements of your job and tints it to the exact color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.

Coupon brings facts on Paint and N. H. A.

There's no need to put off painting for lack of ready cash, since the N. H. A. makes painting loans available. Monthly payments are small. But whether you use the Government plan or not, send coupon below for our free booklet which tells how to modernize with paint and what to look for when buying a paint job. Included are clear, complete directions for arranging a painting loan. Sign and mail the coupon *today* for *"The House We Live In."* Address Department 160, nearest branch.



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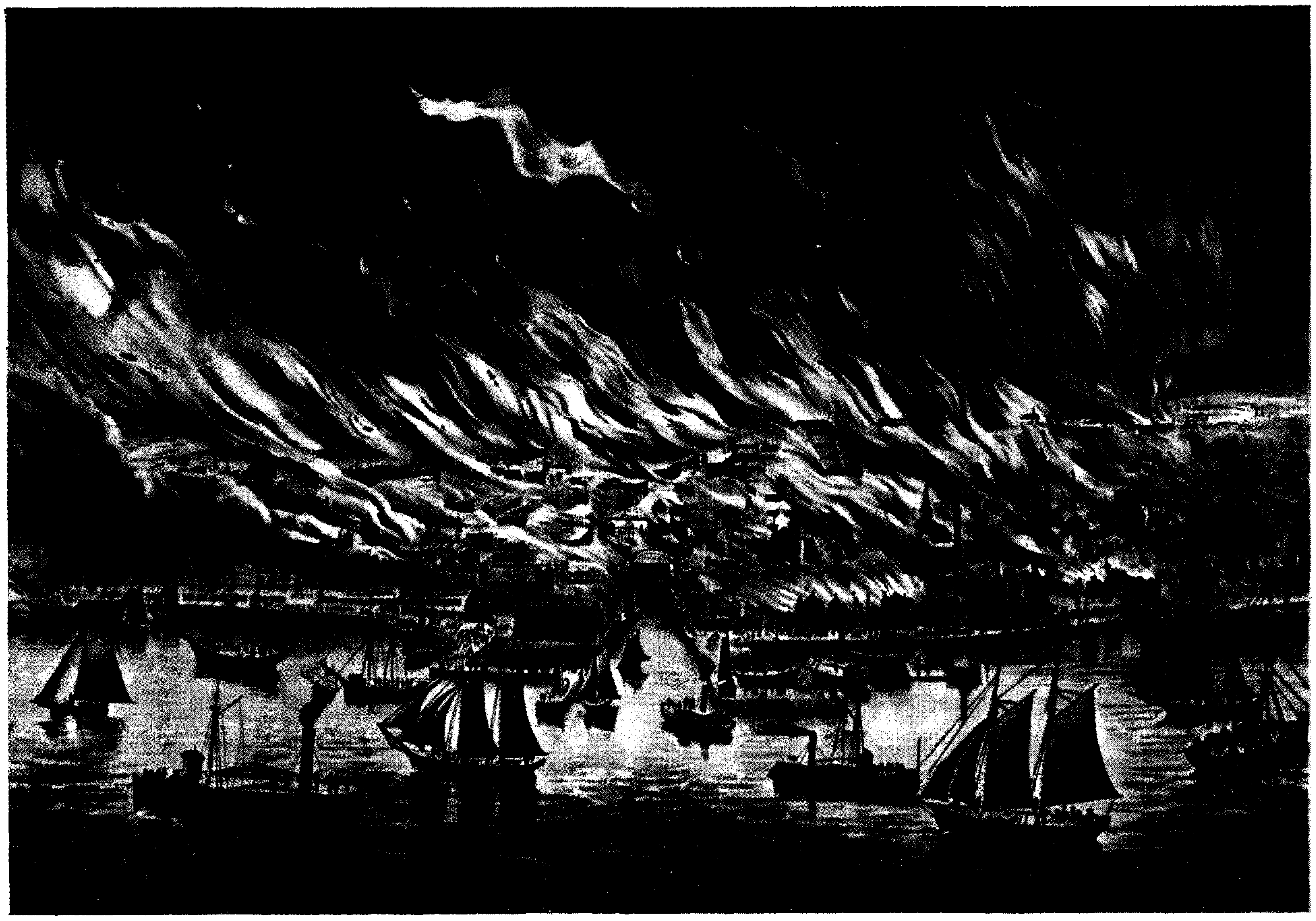
DUTCH BOY WHITE-LEAD
Good Paint's Other Name



LONG BEFORE THE CHICAGO FIRE

Schlitz was making Milwaukee famous

Back in 1871, so the story goes, Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over a lantern, and started the Chicago Fire. To make a brave new city rise from the ruins, thousands needed cheer. They got it! And Schlitz helped. For even that long ago Schlitz was the favorite of millions.

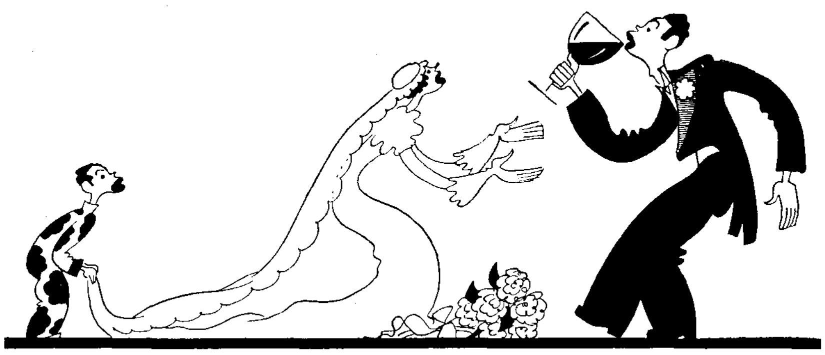
TODAY that same cheer can be yours. The stimulus, the relaxation that comes with a cool dewy bottle of Schlitz Beer. No wonder it made Milwaukee famous! Schlitz has a mellow flavor that can't be imitated. It keeps the vitamins that give health and energy. And there is the digestibility that only Schlitz can claim. That's partly due to insistence on choicest grains, hops, malt, yeast. But it is due even more to Enzyme Control, the secret and precise process under which every drop of Schlitz Beer is brewed. When you're ordering beer on draught, or beer in bottles for your home, say Schlitz.

Schlitz

Since 1849

JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS. © 1935

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The drinking of a liquid from a single cup by the bride and groom is an important part of the wedding ceremony among two thirds of the human race, or all those living in non-Christian countries. The majority use a distilled liquor, beer or wine while the others prefer either animal or coconut milk.

The amount of publicity and propaganda sent to American newspapers—to secure free advertising for the screen, stage, radio, sports, politics and hundreds of other activities—is almost incredible. The "releases" cost almost $20,000,000 a day and they would require a daily newspaper of nearly 43,000 pages to carry all of them.

A serious fire is about the most disastrous thing that can happen to a business. Out of every 100 industrial and commercial companies whose buildings burn, only 57 attempt to survive and 40 of this number suffer greatly from a heavily reduced credit rating or a substantial loss in income.

In the early days of this country, when peddlers sold everything from candles to carriages, a well-patronized huckster was the sandman who went from door to door selling sand to homes that did not have floor coverings. In the first part of the 19th century carpets became plentiful and the sandman became extinct—except in nursery lore.

No monarch ever lived in greater fear of his life than Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, 1876-1909. Although Yildiz Palace in Constantinople was highly fortified, his private rooms contained trap doors, mirrors set at angles, loaded revolvers and lifelike wax models of himself—in various positions—which he hoped would fool assassins and receive the knife or bullets intended for him.

About 60 per cent of the world still does its calculating on the ages-old abacus, the instrument with a frame crossed by stiff wires on which balls or beads are strung. Not only is it used throughout all Asiatic countries, Russia and in other parts of Europe, but even by some American statisticians.—*By Robert Frenchick, Los Angeles, California.*

Somewhere in this country today there are several secret factories that remake stock automobiles into armored cars for gangsters. The job costs $15,000 and includes shielding of the motor as well as the body and equipping the wheels with special puncture-proof tires. When the job is finished the car looks exactly like regular models, except for its thick window glass.

All policemen, lawyers, judges and justices know that confessions obtained by third degree—or torture—methods have no legal standing. Yet this is admitted to be a growing and the "conventional" way of getting a confession in this country today. Moreover, in 24 per cent of the cases taken to the appellate courts between the years 1920 and 1930 decisions were not reversed after it was proved that third-degree methods had been used.

During the 18th century the courts and levees held in the royal palaces of England welcomed almost anyone. Consequently pickpockets were numerous and active. However, these "mixed" receptions were stopped in 1792 after one of these light-fingered lads, during a levee at St. James' Palace, made the inexcusable mistake of picking all the pockets of the Prince of Wales.—*By Andrew W. Robertson, London, England.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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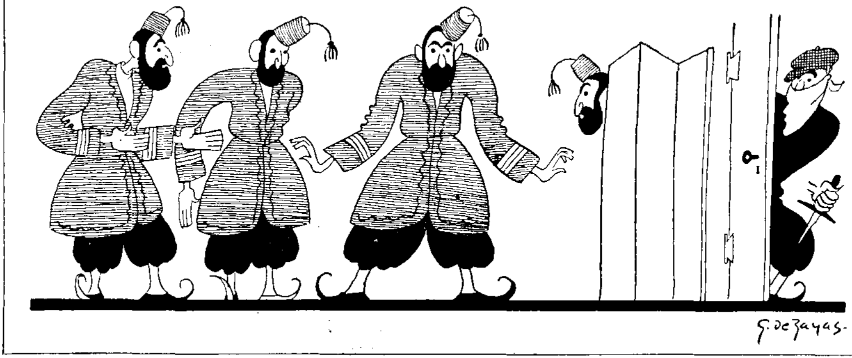
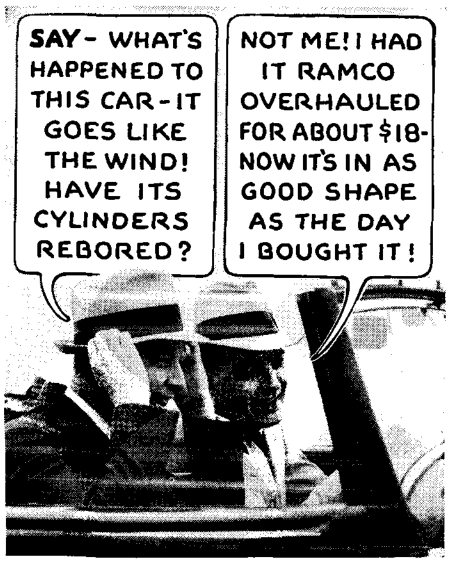


NEW CAR PEP, SPEED RESTORED TO AUTOS BY OVERHAUL FOR $18 UP!

HOLD YOUR HAT, TOM— I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE RIDE OF YOUR LIFE!
IN THIS CAR? SAY, I PASSED YOU LAST WEEK LIKE YOU WERE STANDING STILL!


SAY- WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THIS CAR-IT GOES LIKE THE WIND! HAVE ITS CYLINDERS REBORED?
NOT ME! I HAD IT RAMCO OVERHAULED FOR ABOUT $18- NOW IT'S IN AS GOOD SHAPE AS THE DAY I BOUGHT IT!

Car Owners Amazed at Sensational Savings of Revolutionary Ramco Overhaul—Absolutely Restores First Year Performance!

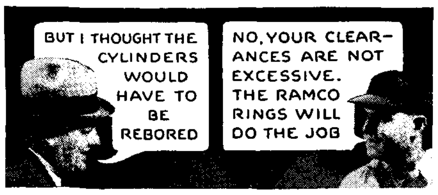
"Simply amazing!" That's what thousands of car owners are saying of the transformation the Ramco Overhaul has made in their cars. They claim they've never seen anything like it before—that for restoring pep, power, speed and economy to listless, knocking, oil wasting engines, nothing can possibly compare with the Ramco Overhaul. Adding to their amazement is this fact: a Ramco Overhaul actually costs only $18 up! Less than half the cost of the old-type rebore job!

Performance Thrills Motorists

"My Dodge had run 30,000 miles," writes E. R. of Wooster, Ohio, "with the result that the cylinders were out of round and the motor was pumping oil excessively. Since a Ramco Overhaul, my motor has run 64,000 miles without pumping oil, or any sign of piston slap." And C. J. S. of Inwood, Long Island, New York, says: "After my 1930 Ford had gone 75,024 miles, I had a Ramco Overhaul and went on a 12,000 mile tour. I never had to add oil between changes and I averaged over 22 miles to a gallon of gas. Previously, my engine was in such bad shape, the mechanic told me I would have to have my cylinders rebored if I used any other rings than Ramcos."

Ramco Rings are "Different"

Ramco Compensating Piston Rings expand and seal the wasteful clearances in your worn, out of round cylinders. And Ramco Piston Skirt Expanders expand the collapsed piston skirt to its original shape. Result: knocks vanish, oil pumping stops and pep, speed, power are restored. Let a Ramco Repairman rejuvenate your car. See him. Get a FREE Ramco estimate. Meanwhile, get our valuable booklet.


BUT I THOUGHT THE CYLINDERS WOULD HAVE TO BE REBORED
NO, YOUR CLEARANCES ARE NOT EXCESSIVE. THE RAMCO RINGS WILL DO THE JOB

You Can Usually Escape Costly Cylinder Reboring

Before the discovery of RAMCO Rings and Piston Skirt Expanders, almost all tapered and out-of-round cylinders had to be rebored . . . a costly process. But now, reboring is usually unnecessary. The scientifically engineered RAMCO Rings and Piston Skirt Expanders "take up" the wear, automatically sealing the cylinders. RAMCO Rings and Piston Skirt Expanders should also be used as a preventive in cylinders that require reboring. Why? Because RAMCO Rings and Piston Skirt Expanders, developed after 16 years of research on spring ring design, end piston rocking (the basic cause for motor depreciation) and stop piston slap, vibration, and uneven wear of cylinder walls, without piston drag; eliminate ring collapse and flutter; stop blow-by and oil pumping; are not affected by heat or wear. For your own protection insist on genuine Ramcos.

You can find the nearest Ramco Dealer in the Classified Telephone Directory under "Piston Rings."

FREE! WRITE FOR VALUABLE BOOK "HOW TO ANALYZE YOUR MOTOR"

RAMSEY ACCESSORIES MFG. CORP.
3719 Forest Park Blvd., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Without cost or obligation, send me your valuable book "How to Analyze Your Motor."

Name....................................

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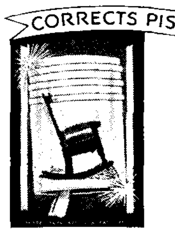
City......................*State*..........



CORRECTS PISTON ROCK THE MAJOR CAUSE OF MOTOR DEPRECIATION

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MOTOR OVERHAUL

RAMCO PISTON RINGS—PISTON SKIRT EXPANDERS

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I am the soul of the Grape

I have a glowing heart that ice and soda cannot quench... so **men** like me.

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I have a flavor and fragrance that have made the name of a sleepy little town in France famous.

I make the most marvelous cocktails and the smoothest highballs you ever tasted and I am unequalled as a liqueur ... so **everybody** likes me.

I am MONNET. I am the Soul of the Grape.

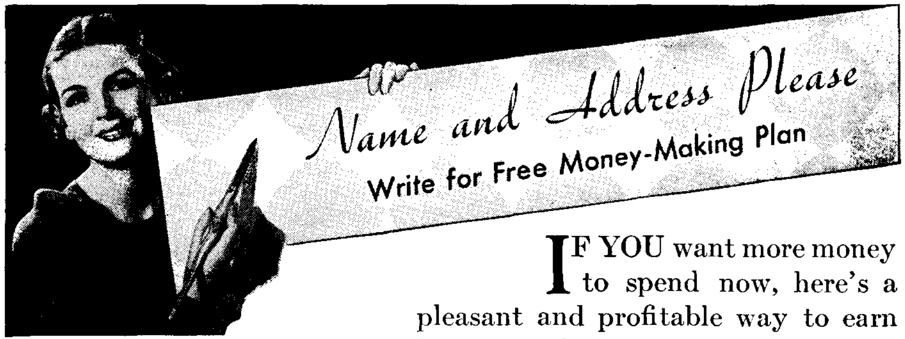
I was made, matured and bottled at Cognac, France. Sold by State Stores and other good licensed dealers in standard bottles and handy half-size flasks.

Our trademark SHAW on every bottle

THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY

MONNET COGNAC
Finest French Brandy

ALEX D. SHAW & CO., INC., 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK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Write for Free Money-Making Plan

IF YOU want more money to spend now, here's a pleasant and profitable way to earn it! Just send us your name and address on a penny post card or write a complete letter about your particular problems. You will receive by first class mail full information about our profitable plan.

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MR. J. W. HELBERG is just one of many men and women who are improving their finances by using our money-making plan. *The same opportunity is open to you.*

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Timber for the Future

Continued from page 13

as we drove to the village and turned into the main street, "that doesn't mean anything at all now. That mill's been written off, liquidated, long ago, so that whenever the company wants to, which will be just as soon as all the timber that can be economically reached from this point has been cut, it will be dismantled and moved away."

"But that won't be any time in the near future, will it?" I asked.

"In the near future!" exclaimed the forester fiercely. "In the near future! Listen, man. It's going to be a damn' sight nearer in the future than any of these poor people here have any idea of. Four years is the limit." He paused, relieved his mind with a little justifiable cussing, and continued. "Yes, sir, four years is all. By the end of that time that mill there'll be through. So'll this town. It's a shame, too. An outrage. Look at these two-story brick buildings along this street; look at those homes over yonder clear up to the top of those hills. They belong to these people here. They represent all they've got, and when that mill quits so do they. Many of them will quit for good too. I know 'em; they're too old to start over again, and what'll become of 'em? The Lord knows; I don't, but anyhow," and he shrugged his shoulders expressively, "that's the history of the lumber business in this country. Cut out, get out, and leave a ghost town behind you! But come on, let's go and I'll show you a ghost town. A real one."

We went. As the forester was mad we went in a hurry, and so it wasn't very long until we were again entirely surrounded by stumps. I don't know how many acres of stumps there were in this place, but there were enough. More than I had seen a few hours previously. We drove through them for miles; we turned up an abandoned log-road, bumped along it and at last came to the town. I could hardly see it, it was so overgrown with rank weeds and underbrush. Ten years ago this was a booming place with a population of a thousand people. Today ten or fifteen live there, in several hundred houses, and make moonshine for a living.

We drove on. I saw two other towns whose destiny is already determined. Already the Man with the Saw has set their execution dates. One dies in five years, he says, the other in ten.

Tree Tragedy

To none of this, however, is there anything new, and neither are the ghost towns of the lumbermen confined to any certain localities. They are everywhere. Buried away in the weeds and the undergrowth of cut-over lands, every state has them. In Pennsylvania, for example, in Potter County, where Cross Fork and Kettle Creek come together, there was once a thriving little town. It was born in 1893 as the result of a union between the Man with the Saw and a large acreage of hemlock and hardwood. The place boomed; 2,000 people moved in; by 1906 twice that number were living there; 5,000 lumberjacks were in the surrounding territory, while the mills, in addition to turning out 72,000,000 feet of straight lumber per year, were also producing tremendous quantities of laths, staves and shingles.

Thus nobody worried, business was fine, in 1907 the local newspaper even went so far as to brag that the town was permanent, and that its citizens could safely invest their money in their own community. They did that and then, all at once, the end came. It was as sudden as an earthquake. Having cut out, the Man with the Saw proceeded to get out, and so did everybody else. In two years the population of the place dropped from 4,000 to 61, while real estate values which had risen to $894,000 fell to $18,000. Nor was this all there was to that tragedy. It closed, however, on a humorous note because, in order to save the county from bankruptcy, the state of Pennsylvania, which had sold the land with the timber on it to the lumbermen for 26⅔ cents an acre, now stepped in and bought it back, without any timber on it, for reforestation, at between $3.00 and $4.00 per acre. Splendid business for the taxpayers, wasn't it?

Crossett is Smart

Now for a contrast. During the same period that Cross Fork, Pa., after having been born of the illicit union above mentioned, was being strangled in its cradle, and while the noble forests surrounding it were being reduced to a wilderness, a trio of lumbermen from Iowa went "cruising" through the South. These men had vision. They also knew timber, and thus it happened that along in the late nineties of the last century they drove the tent pegs that forever settled the location of the town of Crossett, Arkansas. Just a few weeks ago, as he sat in his office in the town he had founded, one of the men who put down those first tent pegs told me the story of what has happened since then.

He is very proud of all that has been accomplished. He should be. Instead of being a ghost town, surrounded on all sides by stumps, devastation and ruin, Crossett after forty years of life is still one of the liveliest little communities in this country. While the adjacent forests which have for four decades been serving one of the largest mills in the United States with its daily ration of saw-logs are today finer, healthier and more productive than they would be if this mill had never been built. This sounds miraculous but it isn't. It's merely an illustration of the result of applying common sense rather than greed to the lumber business.

At Crossett the cut-out-and-get-out idea has never prevailed. On the contrary, on the very day that the men from Iowa felled their first stick of timber the one thought they had in mind was permanency. Now to attain permanency in the operation of a sawmill it is clear that there must be a sustained yield of logs coming in from somewhere within reasonable distance of the mill. That supply exists at Crossett and will continue to exist for centuries, provided those who run the plant hereafter operate it in accord with the plans of the present owners.

The whole thing is very simple. Experienced foresters can calculate with uncanny accuracy just how rapidly a forest is putting on growth. They can estimate, for example, that a certain tract of timber is growing at the rate of so many hundred thousand, or so many million, board feet a year. Very well. That's their yearly budget. From that tract they'll cut that much timber and no more. Thus the original capital remains intact. But mark this. When forests are handled in this manner—with the limited logging selectively done so as to leave the remaining trees properly spaced—the rate of annual growth increases rapidly. So rapidly that it's astonishing.

I saw, for instance, twelve-year-old

TALL TREE FERNS OF HAWAII

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trees on areas that have been selectively logged that were as large as forty-year-old trees in areas where the timber is all crowded together and growth retarded. No further comment is necessary. The condition explains itself. The wise men at Crossett, Arkansas, are merely cropping timber annually and making a handsome thing out of it. They are also giving their forests a break in another direction by preventing waste. In their timber lands—and they own slightly in excess of 400,000 acres of trees and control almost that many more—there is no slash lying around to propagate forest fires, and neither at their mill is there a perpetual fire burning in the waste pit consuming vast quantities of good wood. In fact there is no waste pit at Crossett because there is no waste.

What becomes of it? To find out, one must go through that plant. I did so and about the first unusual thing I noticed was a million or more little sticks a foot or so long and three quarters of an inch in diameter, all tied up in neat bundles. Such trash would be burned in most sawmills but not at Crossett. Instead of being dumped in the waste pit it goes to toy makers who not only buy these sticks for handles for little beach-shovels and miniature garden tools but also buy from the mill great quantities of blocks and otherwise useless short pieces of lumber which the mill cuts to any dimensions specified.

Again in the hardwood flooring mill I noticed that every piece more than six inches long was being cut square at both ends and bundled, and when I asked the reason for this I was told the Crossett mill demands that on every sale of flooring it makes it be allowed to include ten per cent of short pieces. This doesn't hurt the floor any, so I was informed, and it certainly prevents waste. So does their box factory. Pieces of rough slab that come from next to the bark on the logs, and short, broken stuff, are turned into slats for berry crates or sides for cucumber boxes at a speed that is marvelous.

It Can Be Efficient

In another special department, narrow strips of clear lumber that are otherwise useless are glued together and made into non-warping ironing boards and sink drains. Thus when a tree grown in the Crossett forest gets through with its trip through the Crossett mill it has a manifold destiny. It goes into every corner and cranny in American life. But so far we have only begun to hint at the possibilities for utilizing wood and preventing waste. Let's now go to the other end of the plant and investigate something that has all the outward appearance of being a great big distillery. That's exactly what it is. It's a wood distillery whose operations are so interesting as to merit a brief description.

In this distillery, wood which would be waste to a cut-out-and-get-out operator is loaded on steel "buggies" holding six cords each and is then run through a series of superheated chambers wherein, without ever catching fire or being approached by an open flame, it is reduced to charcoal. Charcoal, of course, is highly marketable. It sells for all sorts of purposes, from artist's material to chicken feed, and so there is no waste there. Neither is there any to speak of in the saps, oils and acids that are evaporated out of the wood in the heating chambers. These pass through a condenser, come out in the form of a brownish liquid, go on to the distillery and are there broken up into wood alcohol, acetic and several other acids, and also into liquid smoke, vast quantities of which are used by meat packers in "smoking" hams and bacon without ever really smoking them at all.

And when all that has happened to a Crossett tree, when it has been turned into everything from anti-freeze to bridge timbers, what is left of it? Nothing. Nothing, that is, as I found out by visiting the distillery laboratory, except a very small quantity of black pitch which has no present value because, within a very slight temperature range, it either becomes very hard and brittle, or very soft and sticky. However, the Crossett wood chemists are not discouraged. They are still experimenting with that pitch. They say they are yet going to find some commercial use for it so that thereafter there need be no waste whatever to a tree.

Portable Predators

The situation at Crossett, though, as must be emphasized, is very, very exceptional. It is exceptional in many ways, one of which is that the concern which operates there, and which, according to the Bureau of Forestry, should be a model for the entire lumbering industry, so shuns publicity that it doesn't even want its name mentioned in this article. Therefore it will not be, but the omission will make no difference provided the picture I have tried to draw of a permanent, prosperous town surrounded by a permanent, flourishing forest will remain in the mind of the reader while we step along, first across the line into Louisiana, and then into other sections of the country.

Fifty or sixty miles southwest of Crossett, down in the realm of the Kingfish, the Man with the Saw has achieved one of his most impressive successes. This is flat country: thirty years ago it was covered with the same type of timber that still stands at Crossett, whereas today there isn't a stick left. When one looks across that area—too large to be counted in acres but containing probably four or five hundred square miles—it is hard to believe that man could have ever been so merciless. But he has. There's the proof of it. As far as the eye can see, and then far on beyond that, as far as the eye can see again, stretches nothing but a flat wilderness. Nor is this all. A hundred years from now when some other reporter stands in my tracks and looks out across the same country it will still be the same wilderness.

A century ago Tennessee's future lay in its farms and its forests. Today, due to the manner in which the Man with the Saw has massacred its timber, neither one is worth bragging about. In 1913 the state boasted that it had in it 1,155 active sawmills. It certainly must have had. Its bare hilltops, its naked slopes, its eroded farms, its poverty-stricken people, and the ferocity of the floods against which those people have to fight, are conclusive proof of it. But of course not all of those sawmills, probably not even five per cent, were of the Moloch type that create towns only to destroy them, and that devastate tracts of hundreds of thousands of acres of trees. No, they were worse than that. They were predatory, portable outfits, that moved around wherever they wanted to and came to rest where they could do the most damage.

They are still at it, not only in Tennessee but everywhere. They are far worse than any tree blight that can possibly attack a forest. According to the report of the United States Forest Service more than ten thousand of these migratory sawmill owners are now meandering around through the South; contracting for small tracts of timber from farmers; mowing them down and then moving on. Therein lies the viciousness of this kind of lumbering. When

(Continued on page 50)

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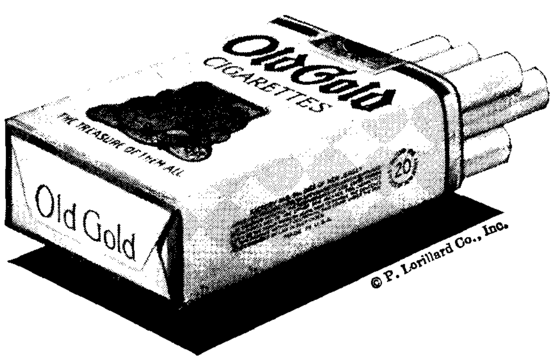


AMERICA'S SMOOTHEST CIGARETTE

(Continued from page 49)

the timber is gone from a farm, erosion starts, and thus it is that these migratory sawmills, especially during the recent hard years when hard cash has meant so much to farmers, have done much more real harm than the big ones.

Furthermore, these ten thousand little mills are like gadflies to the big ones. Many of them, moved here and there by ox-teams, and able to cut only a few thousand feet per day maybe, are family affairs, run by the old man and the boys, who pay themselves no regular wages, observe no regular hours, and stick to no regular prices for their sawed lumber. In other words, they pay no more attention to the lumber code than if it had never been written. They don't have to obey it, because nobody can make them do it. Consequently, because the aggregate amount of bootleg lumber that these sawmill moonshiners produce is considerable, the whole lumbering industry in the South is in a state of turmoil. For example, in January one hundred large- and medium-sized operators in Georgia and South Carolina got together and unanimously decided to abandon all efforts to comply with the code. That's ominous. So ominous that in that same month the manager of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association came out with the statement that the entire forest products industry of the country was threatened with a "complete disintegration," which would reduce wages to sweat-shop levels and bring waste to our forest resources.

Nor does the Man with the Saw who is now at work on the magnificent forests on the Pacific slope have anything really cheerful to say regarding his situation. In fact, although he has more trees to slaughter today than he has ever had before, he is gloomier than anybody else. But not about timber. As regards that, he has suddenly become a conservationist. What worries him now is his own predicament. He's afraid he's going broke, but as he got himself into his own fix probably the best way for us to understand his wail is to go back and look at something that happened approximately thirty years ago.

Waiting for the Famine

It was then that Uncle Sam first got uneasy about his forests and went out and took a tree census. The result alarmed him. He didn't have even a third as much timber as he thought he should have and so, as a matter of precaution, he at once warned the nation that it was standing almost face to face with a lumber famine. To the Man with the Saw, whose pockets were then literally bulging with cash, this was grand news. A timber famine, so one of the best-informed men in the lumber industry in this country said to me, would mean famine prices, and so the Man with the Saw lost no time in getting over to the Pacific slope forests, buying them practically all up, and putting in numerous huge sawmills.

Thus all he had to do, in order to insure himself enormous profits, was cut as fast as he could, pile up huge stocks of lumber and wait for the famine to arrive. But it didn't arrive; it hasn't arrived yet, and so, to quote now from a report made on January 9th of this year by Mr. David T. Mason, executive officer of the Lumber Code Authority:

"For many years prior to the beginning of the depression it was recognized that the huge quantity of standing timber, constituting more than fifty years' supply, pressed for liquidation so strongly that sawmills existed primarily to liquidate timber rather than serve market demand for lumber. This situation," Mr. Mason goes on to say, "resulted in chronic overproduction with slight profits on the average and heavy losses to many lumbermen."

Then with the sawmills still liquidating timber as rapidly as possible, and of course having on hand greatly excessive stocks of lumber, but very little cash, along came, not the hoped-for famine that would raise prices, but the depression that pushed them down to a point far below cost of production. Then came the Lumber Code. Now the Lumber Code is a very impressive document because, in addition to regulating the industry, and incidentally putting prices on 81,000 different items made from wood, it also endeavors to safeguard our forests by laying down strict rules calling for the conservation of timber through the application of sustained yield and selective logging methods.

Code Squabbling

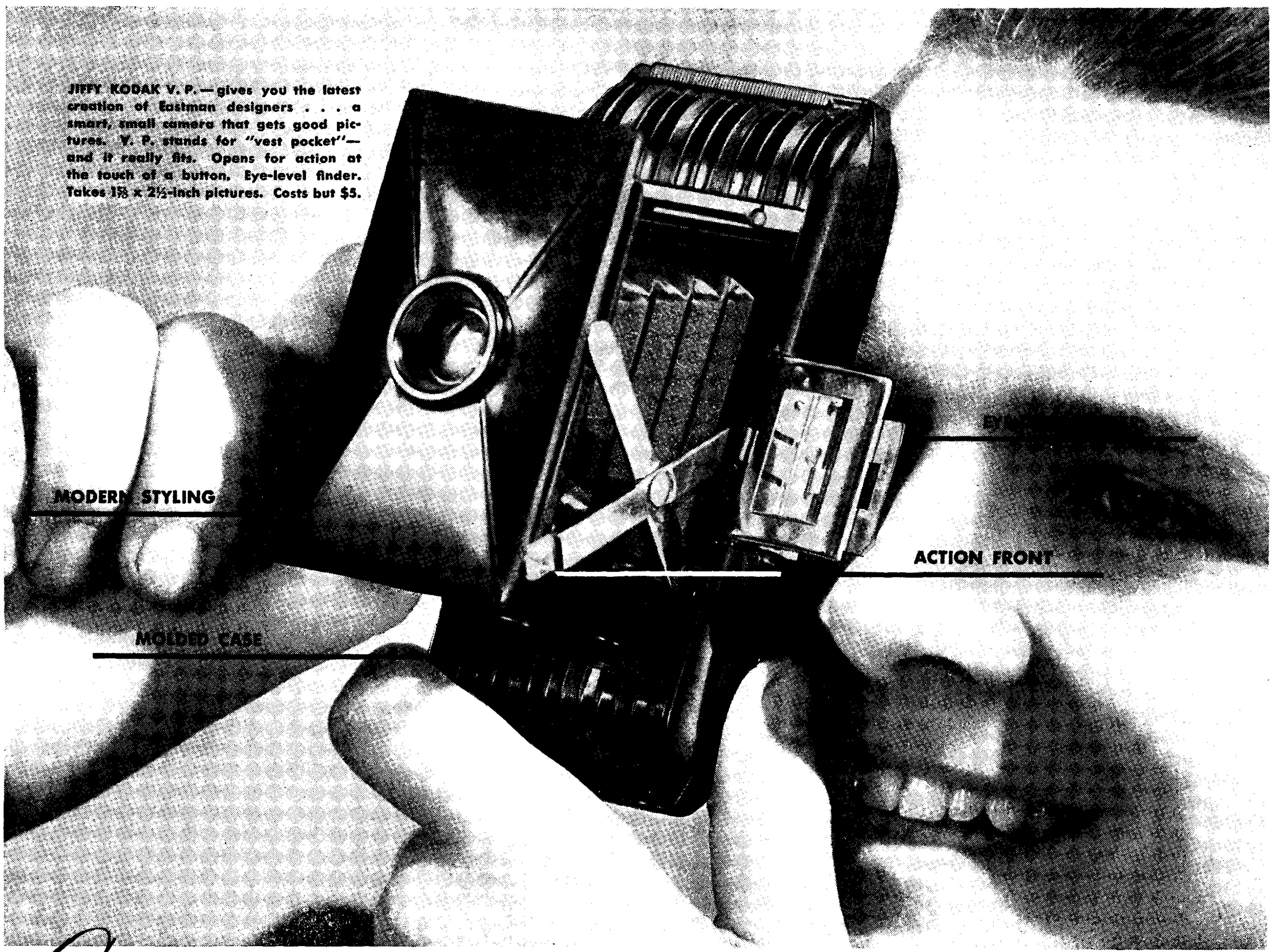
To the Man with the Saw this was an entirely New Deal because, according to a statement made to me by Captain John B. Wood, Chief of the Department of Forestry of the Lumber Code Authority, never before had the lumber industry looked upon conservation as any part of its job. "There are," said Captain Wood, "more than 35,000 sawmill operators in the United States. As an extremely liberal estimate, I would say that up to June 1, 1934, possibly 2,000 of these men were informed about what constitutes good forest management from the conservation standpoint. Of the 250,000,000 acres owned or controlled by these 35,000 sawmills I would say that not to exceed 50,000,000 were in the hands of the 2,000 informed operators."

Thus, coming from the lumber industry itself, we have a confession that up to less than a year ago eighty per cent of the privately owned commercial timber in this country was in the hands of men who didn't even know how to practice good forest management. But what of today? The answer is illuminating. Experience is a tough teacher and even though the Man with the Saw is, proverbially, a rough pupil, he now sees the light and loudly asserts that as soon as he can overcome his ignorance regarding good forestry, and also get the load of a lot of greedy investments in standing timber and big sawmills off his back he is going to become a one hundred per cent conservationist.

At the present moment the whole situation is in a flare-up due to the government's abandonment of a test case which would determine whether or not the Lumber Code Authority, independent of the NRA officials, has the legal right to enforce the code requirements. The dropping of this case, so says the executive officer of the Lumber Code Authority, means the suspension of the code. From the NRA comes the retort that this is not true. The Lumber Code, says the NRA, is as lively as it ever was; in fact, livelier because of a presidentially authorized drive for its enforcement.

Thus this squabble, although the Lumber Code Authority is making a lot of noise about it and threatening to fold up and quit on the job, is not destined to have any really serious results. At least it will not have any provided the men who are at the top of the lumber industry are sincere in statements made to this writer regarding their desire to put the whole logging business on a conservation basis. And I believe they are sincere. In fact, they have already made enough progress towards conservation to prove their sincerity. For instance, under the code any operator who can certify that he is working on a sustained-yield basis is allowed an increase of ten per cent on his production quota, and already, after

(Continued on page 52)



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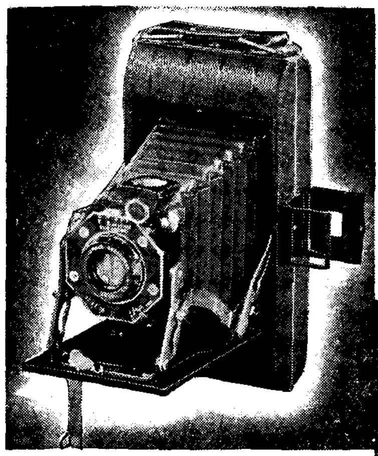
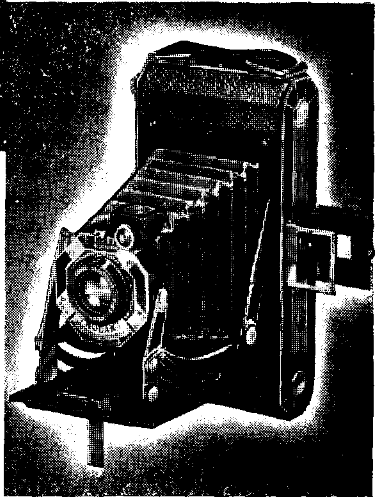


KODAK SIX-20 *(below)*—America's most popular fine camera — rich in appointments, with etched side panels and enameled parts. Its keen *f*.6.3 lens makes snapshots at night with "SS" Film and Photoflood bulbs...its 1/100-second shutter gets children "on the go." Both eye-level and reflecting finders. For 2¼ x 3¼-inch pictures, $17.50. Other models from $14.



KODAK JUNIOR SIX-20, *f*.6.3 *(above)*—is offered at a remarkably low price for such fine lens and shutter equipment. The Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.3 lets you make snapshots when you'd ordinarily put your camera away . . on dull days . . in the rain . . AT NIGHT with Kodak "SS" Film and Photoflood bulbs. Has both eye-level and reflecting finders. Three shutter speeds. Makes 2¼ x 3¼-inch pictures. Costs only $13.50. Other models, $10 up.

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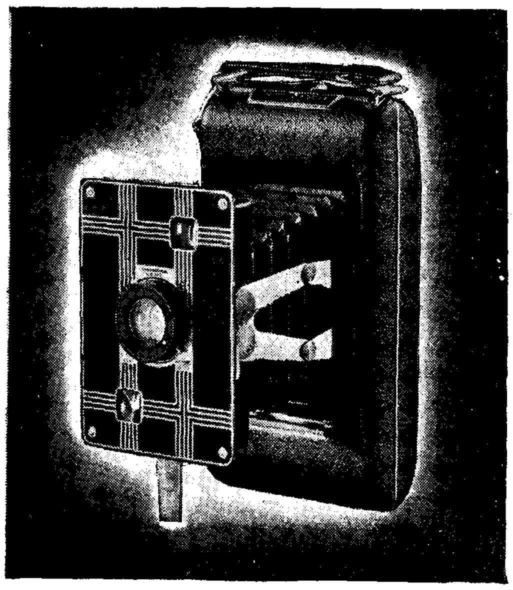


JIFFY KODAK—It works so fast it had to be called "Jiffy." Touch a button—"Pop"—it opens. Touch another—"Click"—it gets the picture. Focuses for near and distant subjects. There's extra smartness in its etched metal front and leather-like finish. Jiffy Six-20, for 2¼ x 3¼-inch pictures, $8. Jiffy Six-16, for 2½ x 4¼-inch pictures, $9.

Timber for the Future

Continued from page 50

only a little more than a year of code control, twenty-five operators controlling almost seven million acres of timber, have applied for their ten per cent increase.

In comparison with our total timber stand this, of course, isn't a very large acreage, but it is at least encouraging to note that some of our biggest operators have at last abandoned the idea that waste makes wealth and are now trying to do something for the country to make up for what has been done to it. They should. For example, take another brief glance at the Pacific slope. For years the lumbermen over there, according to the United States Forest Service, have thought that the more timber they could knock down the better off they were. Quantity production was their only method for reducing costs.

This, so my informant said, was unrestrained tree slaughter, which very naturally had a bad effect upon the Pacific states. For instance, I have before me the record of one county in Oregon in which 275,000 acres of timber was destroyed in ten years. Result? Assessed valuation dropped $14,000,000 and taxes were so increased that a levy three times as great as a levy ten years earlier brought in less money. It's the same in the state of Washington. Looking over its list I find where a county which in 1920 assessed 392,000 acres of timber at $18,246,000 is today assessing 151,000 acres at only $7,481,000, the net result being that the tax rate in this county is four times what it was fifteen years ago.

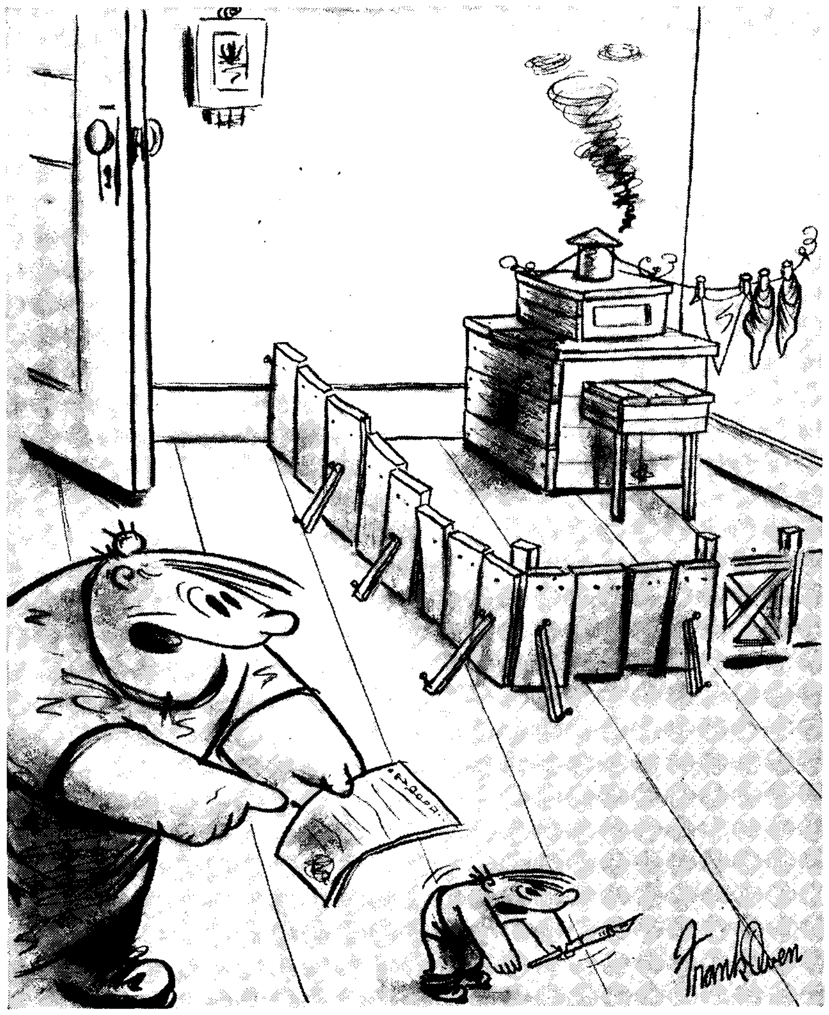
For these blessings, widespread throughout their states, which they have received at his hands, the people of Oregon and Washington can give thanks to the Man with the Saw. He did it to them, and, perhaps, if they don't keep an eye on him he'll do it again.

In Twenty Years

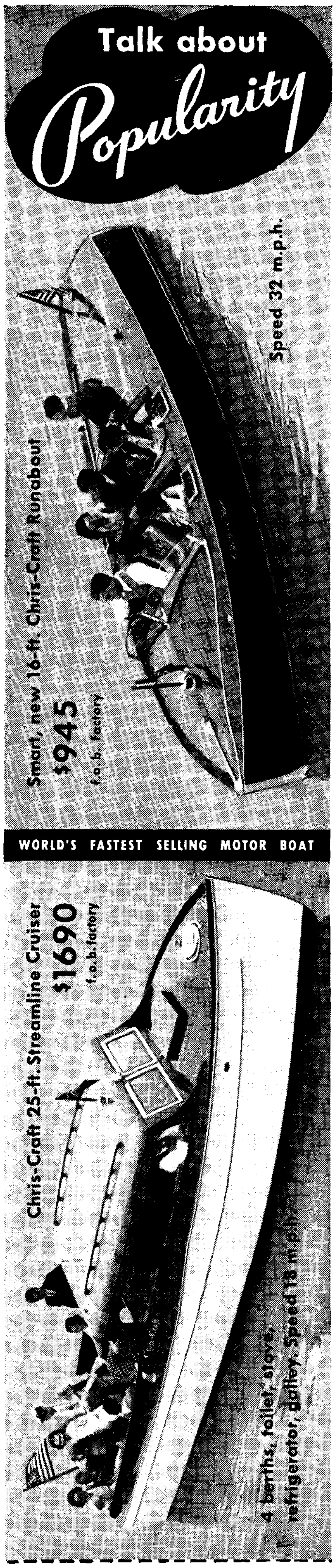
In the entire country the stand of available saw-timber amounts to 880 billion board feet, against which, in times of normal prosperity, we cut 54 billion feet per year. Thus, if business picks up, in slightly less than seventeen years, without taking growth into consideration, our supply would be practically exhausted. Owing to the terribly depleted condition of our forests, the annual normal cut of saw-timber, as given above, is five and one-half times as great as the annual growth. That's that. It completes the record of the Man with the Saw. Perhaps it shames him. At any rate he has hit the trail to the mourners' bench, announced his conversion to conservation and declared that hereafter he will rebuild and not wreck our forests. He'd better. Otherwise in twenty years he'll be through. So will our commercial timber.

Clearly then, something must be done about a condition as grave as this one. But what? The remedy is the same today as it was thirty years ago when Uncle Sam took his first tree count. The application of that remedy, however, regardless of whether Uncle Sam attends to the job or leaves it to the lumbermen, should be compulsory and not merely suggestive.

Philbert Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. By FRANK OWEN



"I hope you realize what you've done—mortgaged your house for a nickel!"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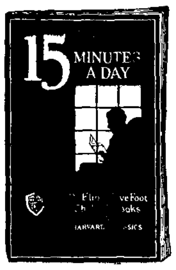

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Saving Susan

Continued from page 25

seen it when they unloaded the passengers' baggage from the lighter. All this she had sobbed to Russ, who had been near by, while the lighter was casting off and the steamer was actually getting under way. And Russ had seized the chief steward and demanded that they hold the sailing until Miss Tremaine's trunk was located. It had been found, safely on board; nevertheless, she had been tearfully grateful.

"Traveling makes me so nervous," she said. "Daddy usually comes with me. I almost wish I hadn't come. I'm so helpless. I've been simply terrified most of the time."

"I rather enjoy traveling," he said lightly.

"You're a man. But I feel so alone." She drew closer to him, unconsciously. "I was just walking the deck and I saw you standing here and I wanted to tell you again—I guess I'll go down now and read a while and then go to bed. I don't know anyone on board, do you?"

"Why—only you."

"I mean, you're the only one I know."

"Say," he said, "you don't want to go to bed yet, do you? Why don't we go down and dance or something? They're probably dancing, aren't they?"

"Oh, are they? Well, yes, Mr. Vaughn, I would love to!"

SUSAN was half running around her suite in her hotel in Hamilton, Bermuda, looking at the slip of paper she was waving around in the air. It was a cablegram from Uncle Ogden; it said: "Russ went after you to romantic Bahamas he is following don't go round world romantic Bermuda good place to let him catch up."

A few minutes later, smartly dressed, she emerged from her suite, which she had left in confusion, and strode beneath her cartwheel hat down to the hotel lobby. She folded her arms on the desk, turned her eyes on the clerk, and inquired breathlessly, "When does the boat get in from the Bahamas?"

"There's a cruise boat due in this afternoon, Miss Blackwell—the—"

Susan tripped outside to the street with no clear idea of where she was going, zestful and ecstatic from the top of her hat to the tip of her white sandals. Oh, so he couldn't bear to have her leave him! So he had chased her all the way to Bermuda! It had taken this to make him realize that he loved her above his idiotic pride.

Late that afternoon she saw the steamer come in and drop anchor in Grassy Bay. She waited for him on the veranda of her hotel. He didn't come—suddenly she remembered that there were other hotels in Hamilton.

She felt cheated then and resentful. She certainly wouldn't walk around the streets looking for him. She was going to dress calmly for dinner, dine calmly, and sit calmly on the veranda until it was time for bed.

But after dinner she remembered that she wanted to get Uncle Ogden some of this nasty-looking British tobacco. She would just stroll over to Queen Street.

In a shop that sold woolens and pipes and perfumes she saw a huge, broad back in a linen suit, and a Panama hat at a familiar angle, and part of one ruddy cheek.

"Russ!" she cried.

She first had the thought that he was in here to buy her a present upon the occasion of his meeting her, then she saw that he was gazing at the ceiling instead of the case of perfumes in front of him, and when he whirled around, crimson-faced, she comprehended. He was with the little blond floozy who stood beside him!

"Hello—hello," he stammered. "We just got in—"

"*We!*" thought Susan. "But fancy seeing you here."

"This is Miss Tremaine—Miss Blackwell. Mona was on the boat from Nassau and she thought she lost her trunk, but she didn't, it was all right," he declaimed. "We had quite a time for a while—you can imagine. I was just going to look you up—"

"Russell offered to go shopping with me. I am positively terrified by this foreign money. Do *you* know about shillings and things? Russell is so competent." The blonde was smiling. He was looking solemn.

"Did you say you've been in Nassau?" Susan asked, with surprise. "Are you traveling for the company now?"

"Oh, no. I'm just doing a sort of job for your uncle. Say, I've got to see you, Susan, and deliver a message from him. He wanted me—you—"

"I'm so glad to hear from Uncle Ogden. What did he say?"

"It was a rather extended message. If I could see you—er—where're you staying? I was coming to see you as soon as I finished helping Mona—"

"Any time." Susan suddenly had the maddening feeling that she was going to burst into tears. Oh, it was terrible the way her voice shook out of control. She managed to tell him the name of her hotel.

"I'm very glad to have met you," the blond floozy was trilling.

"Glad to—met you," Susan choked, and strode out of the shop.

AN HOUR later the telephone in her room startled her so that she sat bolt upright on her bed, where she had flung herself, stared at the instrument, walked toward it, backed away, and finally snatched it up and cried, "Hello."

It was the clerk. A Mr. Vaughn was downstairs and wished to see her. . . . She kept him waiting half an hour while she thought what attitude she would strike and, having decided to be aloof and inscrutable, stalked downstairs.

She was pleased to see that he looked agitated, and with an airy gesture she led him to a remote corner.

"You can't go traveling around all alone like this," he said immediately, sitting before her erect and scowling. She noticed that he didn't have his hat. "Your Uncle Ogden is worried. Why wouldn't he be? Having you run off like this— He sent me to Nassau to bring you back."

"Oh!" But she held onto her haughty manner. "So *that* is why you have been following me? I must be a problem."

"Now, listen—"

"What did you do with Mona?"

"She went back to her hotel."

"And where are you registered? Just curiosity."

"I'm registered here."

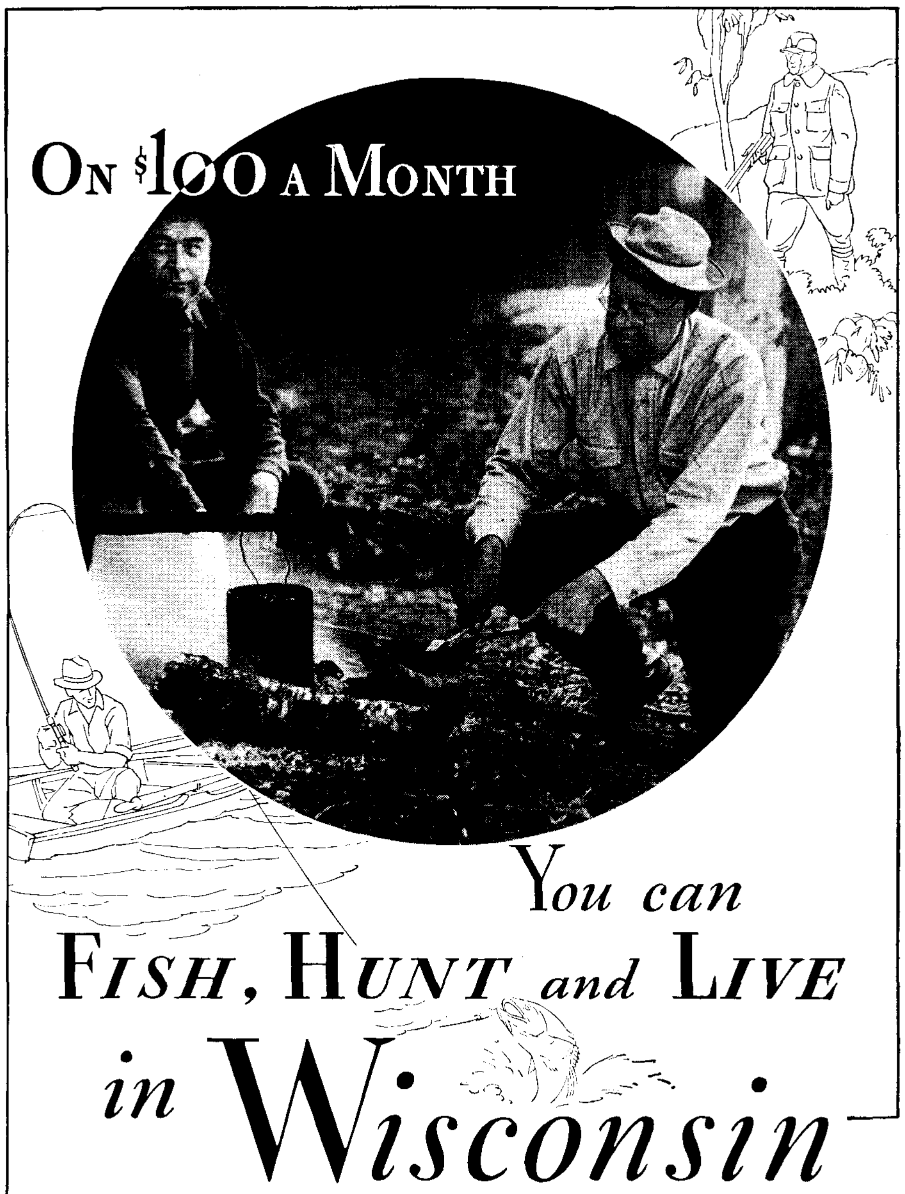
"But, my dear, have you thought of the proprieties?"

"Please stop this posturing," he implored. "There's no question of propriety in it. I was sent to escort you back to your uncle. There's a boat sails Saturday and I must see that you're on it."

She flared up. "Oh, you must?"

"Yes. And for the next three days I've got to keep my eye on you. I can't

(Continued on page 54)



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You may prefer to spend your less active years in some other section of the country or in your own home town. But wouldn't it be fine to feel that, wherever you choose to live, you can have the means to do so?

That's why so many men are now investing a part of their earnings in Northwestern Mutual Retirement Insurance. It's a great satisfaction to feel that when you are 55, or older, you will have a lasting income of $100 a month, or more, for leisure and for life!

You'll find that Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance is also most desirable. So satisfactory, in fact, that more than half of all *new* life insurance placed with this company each year comes from its *old* policyholders.

Plan now for security for your less active years. Mail coupon below for the booklet "EARNED LEISURE."

The Northwestern Mutual
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
A Billion Dollar Estate
MILWAUKEE · WIS ·

THE NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Without obligation, please send me your booklet "EARNED LEISURE."
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EARNED LEISURE

The assets of the Northwestern Mutual, as reported to state insurance departments, now total a billion dollars—a great estate administered for the mutual welfare and protection of more than 600,000 policyholders with over three and a half billions of insurance in force.

"Just a few minutes NOW saves you days and dollars LATER ON"

Here is one service that experienced motorists insist on...and that everybody who drives a car should know about, if the cost of upkeep means anything to them.

A Purolator Oil Filter was put on their car by the manufacturer because it insures good lubrication. Keeps the oil stream free from the dust and grit and fine metal particles that grind out bearings...score cylinder walls...ruin valves...and send a good engine to the junk heap long before its time. But there is a limit to the destructive sludge the Purolator reservoir will hold. It should be renewed after about 8,000 miles of driving... *and this is something no motorist should overlook.*

Be sure your renewal is a
GENUINE PUROLATOR

Automotive engineers... responsible for the proper performance of the jobs they design... are the best authorities in matters of this character.

It means something then, that more than 90% of all the filter equipped cars manufactured in 1934 left the factories protected with GENUINE PUROLATOR OIL FILTERS.

When you renew your oil filter after 8,000 miles of driving insist on a GENUINE Purolator. Motor Improvements, Inc., Newark, New Jersey. Makers of the GENUINE.

NRA

PUROLATOR
The Oil Filter on Your Motorcar
LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

(Continued from page 53)

do that if I'm on the other side of town."

She scowled, and then leaned toward him. "But what about Mona? These shillings and everything—"

He remained silent and uncomfortable and avoided her eyes. She eyed him with growing misery. Then she jumped to her feet. "So you followed me because Uncle Ogden sent you; so you came to keep an eye on me; so you're going to put me on the boat and take me home—" She stood over him as though she were on the verge of punching him in the face. Her fists were clenched. "Mona—" she sneered. And then she whirled and rushed up to her room.

MR. RUIZ was pleasantly surprised when the girl at the next table smiled back at him. He had smiled at her at every meal since she had arrived at the hotel, for she was young and exceedingly attractive; animated girls were his type, Mr. Ruiz felt. But this morning was the first time she had smiled back. Ah!

"A beautiful day, is it not, *señorita?*" Mr. Ruiz smiled as he strolled carelessly behind her.

"Lovely!" she exclaimed. "I was just thinking I would hire a carriage. I haven't been around the islands yet. And on such a lovely day—"

"Would it be presuming," Mr. Ruiz asked eagerly, "if I might hire the carriage—and show the points of interest?"

"Oh, that would be very nice," said the lovely creature, gratefully.

Mr. Ruiz flicked a speck of cigarette ash from his immaculate linen sleeve. *Por Dios*, he was an irresistible dog!

Russ, who had had an early breakfast and was sitting on the veranda smoking a pipe and waiting for Susan to come out so that he might resume his discussion, saw her emerge with the swarthy, Latin-looking man, get into a carriage, and drive away. He looked after them grimly. That fellow was just the type.

He knocked out his pipe and walked over to Mona's hotel. She told him to come right up.

He and Mona went to Elbow Beach and played in the surf. He lifted her over the breaking crests and she clutched his shoulders and screamed. "But I'm not really scared with you," she confided between waves. She only came up to his chest. He carried her in his arms, weakly kicking, both of them laughing, back onto the sand. He sat beside her, gazing down into her blue eyes.

Was he in love with her? He scowled. The trouble was he was too conscientious. Even though Ogden Blackwell had tried to put something over on him he was obligated to the old man. In a way he could feel sorry for him because the plot was so transparent and, now, so futile. He knew he didn't love Susan any more. That had been an adolescent chapter which was over—a pale preface to what he was experiencing now.

But, damn it, he'd have to investigate the swarthy man. Susan was with him again that evening, dancing with him at the hotel. Russ watched his chance, caught her alone and said to her: "Who is this bird? Do you know anything about him?"

"It's none of your business," she answered haughtily, "but his name is Juan Ruiz and he's Spanish nobility."

"Says he."

"Says everybody around here."

"Nobility!" he grunted. "He's a gigolo—"

"You'd be insulting if you weren't so ridiculous."

"All right," he said ominously.

The next two days he rode with Mona up and down Bermuda in carriages. He could have been happy. He would have been, except he knew that Susan and Ruiz were doing the same thing. Jealousy? He laughed at himself. It wasn't jealousy. It was exasperation. By George, he was going to settle this affair.

Susan was striding past him with an aloof expression whenever they encountered each other. So finally he went up to her room. It was the afternoon before the boat was due to sail. He knocked on her door. Confront her and have a showdown. . . . The door opened a crack.

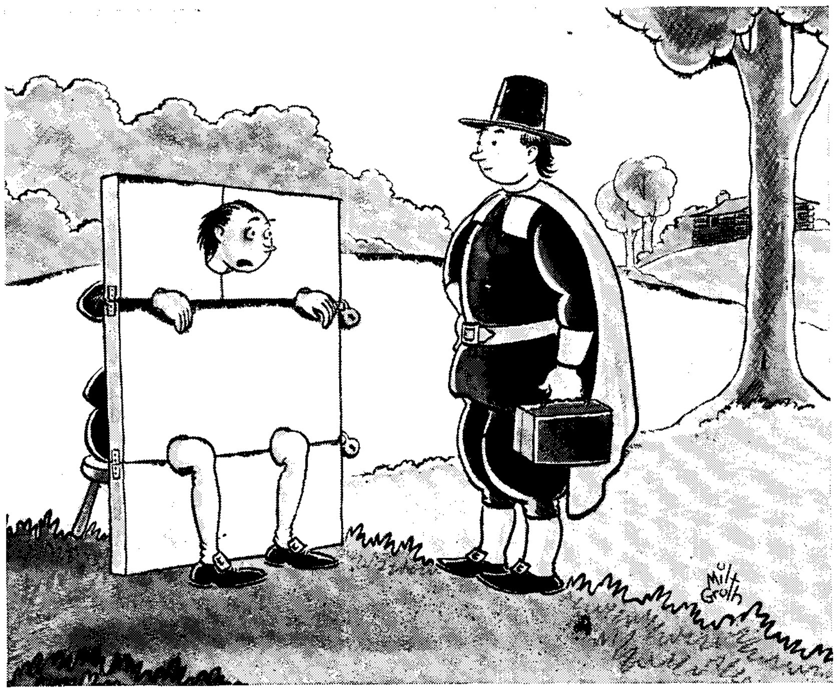
"Susan," he said persuasively, "your uncle—please plan to come home—can't you appreciate my position—"

He put out his hand to hold the door, but it closed explosively in his face.

IT WAS in this extremity that he had an inspiration. It was the only solution. He cabled Ogden Blackwell: "Cannot persuade or force her you better come accept my resignation from company."

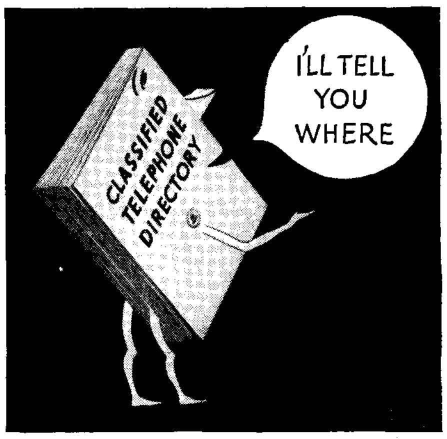
And when he had done it—he couldn't in decency work for Ogden Blackwell after what he was going to do—he felt

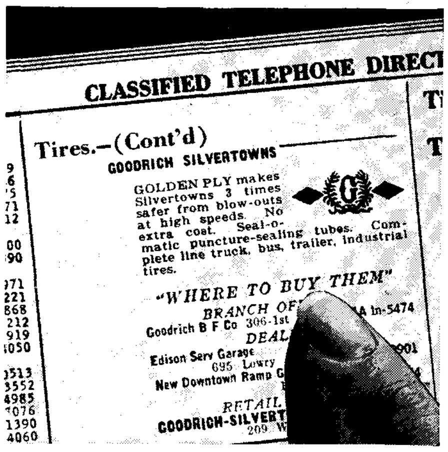
(Continued on page 56)



"Say, Doc, what's good for a stiff neck?" MILT GROTH

A FLAT! WHERE CAN I GET IT FIXED?




CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECT
Tires.—(Cont'd)
GOODRICH SILVERTOWNS
GOLDEN PLY makes Silvertowns 3 times safer from blow-outs at high speeds. No extra cost. Seal-o-matic puncture-sealing tubes. Complete line truck, bus, trailer, industrial tires.
"WHERE TO BUY THEM"
BRANCH OF
Goodrich B F Co 306-1st
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New Downtown Ramp G
RETAIL
GOODRICH-SILVERT 209 W

THAT WAS AN EASY WAY OUT OF TROUBLE!

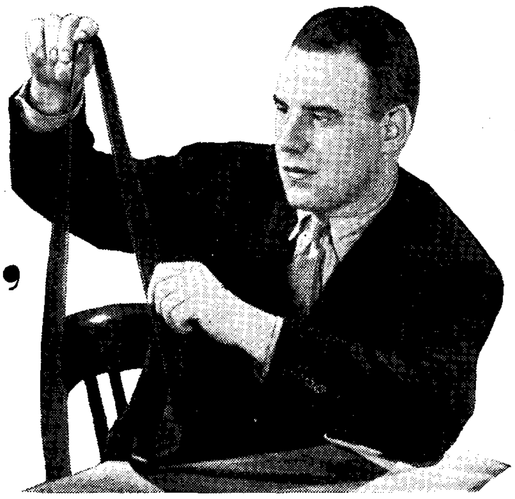
There is always a classified telephone book nearby to help you through annoying little emergencies. It quickly tells where to find the nearest tire shop, battery man, garage.

The 'yellow pages' even tell you where to buy nationally advertised brands — Buick, Duplate, Ramco, for instance. Direct you to nearby dealers or service stations.

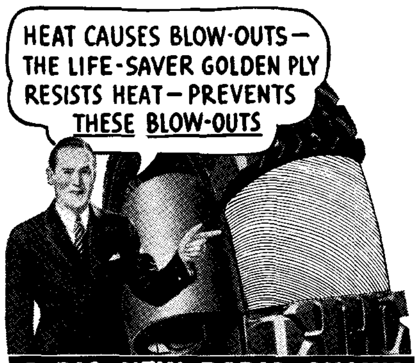
"SHOP BY TELEPHONE"
BELL SYSTEM

"I'll Risk a Lot for a Newsreel Scoop but *Blow-outs* Have Me Scared"

SAYS "DUTCH" WRIGHT
Well-known Newsreel Editor



ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN WHEN A TIRE BLOWS OUT


HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS—THE LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY RESISTS HEAT—PREVENTS THESE BLOW-OUTS

A BIG NEW RADIO SHOW!

Circus Night *in* **Silvertown**
with an all star cast
EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT, COAST TO COAST
OVER N.B.C. RED NETWORK

THIS NEW KIND OF TIRE MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE!

"MY JOB is to get news while it's happening," says "DUTCH" WRIGHT. "And to do it, I've risked my life in the air—on the ground and the sea. It's dangerous, sure, but it's the unexpected danger of blow-outs that I really fear. I'll never get over the one I lived through. I was driving in Maine, and a front tire blew out—sent me spinning into the ditch. Three times the car whirled around. I ducked under the dash—was knocked 'cold'—but by luck came out alive. For my own safety and to avoid accidents while rushing in films at high speeds, I've equipped my new car with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns."

* * *

No wonder that motorists who ride on Goodrich Silvertowns always feel so safe and carefree. They know that they're being protected from high-speed blow-outs by the Golden Ply—an amazing life-saving invention found *only* in Silvertowns.

Even though you've never had a blow-out, there's no reason why you shouldn't play safe. Because some day you *might* have one. Remember, today's high speeds place a terrific strain on your tires. The inside of the tire often gets as hot as boiling water. Rubber and fabric separate. A tiny blister forms. Bigger and BIGGER it grows, until sooner or later BANG! A blow-out! And you're headed for trouble.

An Amazing Invention

That's why Goodrich engineers worked so long and hard to perfect the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This ply is specially treated to resist heat. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Blisters don't form. High-speed blow-outs simply don't get a start.

Another Life Saver

Don't forget—the *outside* of the Goodrich Safety Silvertown is just as amazing as the inside. Look at that big, rugged, husky-cleated Silvertown tread. Feel it grip your hand. Then you'll realize why Silvertowns are so sure-footed on wet, slippery roads—why they give you such marvelous protection against dangerous "tail spin" skids.

And if you're looking for tires that will give you months of extra mileage, by all means see your Goodrich dealer about a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns. Remember, they're *safer,* they're *tougher,* they'll *last longer.* Yet Silvertowns cost not a penny more than other standard tires.

The NEW **Goodrich** *Safety* **Silvertown**
WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

Copyright, 1935, The B. F. Goodrich Co.

In this new Jantzen —beauty of design, richness of fabric!

Richness of the new Jantzen Kava-Knit fabric and beauty of design are strikingly combined in the Brä-Tuck. There's a new style accent in the smart tuck design at the bust, giving a pleasing youthful effect to the brassiere lines. Because of the exclusive knitting process used by Jantzen, natural-line figure control to a surprising degree is made possible. For sun-bathing a Shouldaire cord permits dropping the straps with perfect modesty for shoulder tan. The Brä-Tuck $5.95. Other Jantzen models $4.50 to $7.95.

Jantzen
molded-fit swimming suits

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, (Dept. 45), Portland, Oregon
Please send me style folder in colors featuring new 1935 models. WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐

Name
Address

Saving Susan

Continued from page 54

exultant, for now he would tell Mona that he was in love with her.

Eagerly, he strode in the evening over to Mona's hotel. He did not stop at the desk but galloped up to her room. He put his hand out to the doorknob, and paused. Mona's voice was floating out over the transom:

"I been letting him half drown me down at the beach twice a day; I been clinging to him and drooping over his arm. You almost have to feed me from a bottle. What's the idea of looking like that, Harry? Listen, I worked my head off, Harry, and he's ripe. What's the matter, Harry? Listen, I even got him so he comes right up here to the room. We don't have to pull a thing to get him right up to the room. He just calls up from the desk and I say, 'Come on up, Russell.' How do you like that, Harry? Say, listen, don't sit there and stare at me. What's the matter, what's the matter?" Her voice had risen to a high, angry, half-frightened pitch.

There was a long silence. And then Russ, transfixed, heard a man's heavy, slow, biting voice say:

"What was the name again of this plum? What did you say was the name of this millionaire's son that you had all set for a big pay-off as soon as I could get the boat to this God-forsaken island?"

Her voice, now uncertain, a little quavering, wafted over the transom: "Russell Vaughn."

There was another long silence.

Then the heavy voice rasped: "Russell Vaughn! Son of Darius Vaughn! You dumb twist! And I come all the way to Bermuda. Old man Vaughn blew up higher than a kite. Five years ago, you dumb twist. It was all over the papers. And you spending my good dough to ready that turnip! !. . ."

Russ had backed away. He was tiptoeing back to the stairs. He went down, and out into the clean evening. His hands were clenched and his palms were wet. The shock of it. . . . He walked back to his hotel. There, under the lights of the veranda was a victoria, and stepping into it were Susan and the crook, Juan Ruiz. He saw Ruiz hand her in and seat himself beside her, confidently bending toward her. He saw the Negro driver lift the reins and cluck his horses out to the street. They passed him without noticing him.

AND momentarily he forgot Harry and the treacherous Mona. He stared after them, seeing the back of Ruiz's sleek, nodding head. He stood in the street still staring. A boy on a bicycle was pedaling toward him. He halted him. For ten dollars and the promise to bring it back to the hotel he chartered the bicycle, jumped on, and pumped off in pursuit, in his evening clothes.

He did not try to overtake them along Front Street, which was full of the ambling evening traffic. He just kept them in sight, out past Sessions House, across the fork at East Broadway, and into dark and empty Middle Road.

Then furiously he began to ride. The night air brushed past him. He'd break this snake's neck. The gigolo! Just the type—you could see that, Susan. Mona was different. . . .

He swerved around a curve to come upon the victoria, skidded around it and up alongside. Ruiz and Susan were a blur in the back. He jammed on the coaster brake.

The rest was very rapid and he never remembered the details of it, of what he shouted at the swarthy man in the carriage. He was probably insulting, but he was pretty excited. He was surprised and pleased when Mr. Ruiz jumped out in the road, facing him with his two fists up. He led toward Mr. Ruiz's chin and punched him under his ribs. He even received a couple of wild blows in the face before he let go with his right and knocked Mr. Ruiz flat on his back in the coral roadway.

He climbed in beside Susan. "The boat sails tomorrow and we're going home," he said flatly, and commanded the driver: "Turn this thing around and drive back."

Ruiz was sitting up. "You can ride the bicycle back to the hotel," Russ said cheerfully, as they trotted off. To his astonishment Susan was melting against him, and putting her soft, lovely arms around his neck. "What would he have done," she was whispering excitedly, "if you hadn't come?"

"Oh, he'd have framed you in some way." His arms were tightly about her. "These kind of people are unscrupulous. Men who prey on women. Defenseless women. Wealthy. Sometimes they marry them and then get a big settlement out of their fathers. Rottenest kind of crookedness."

"Where's Mona?" she asked presently.

"Mona! How should I know? Why?"

He was kissing her and she didn't bother to answer.

UNCLE OGDEN didn't get Russ' cable, because he had left New York before it arrived. He had had an inspiration. He *was* a smart old rooster. He'd go to Bermuda.

He would send Russ to Constitución. He wanted a survey of Chilean industry. He wanted to know the possibilities of developing a shipping point from Constitución. What was the future of Chilean trade? Take two years. Thorough investigation. When Russ came back, put him in charge of a New South American west coast trade department. Expand with the recovery.

Susan's money would mean little in Chile. Two years would give Russ time to establish his dignity as her husband before they came back to society in America. And by that time the boy would warrant a higher salary. And who knows, even Pacific Utilities . . .

Uncle Ogden beamed all the way to Bermuda with the cleverness of his inspiration.

So he was a little taken aback when he arrived in Hamilton to find Russ, who had abandoned his plan to sail immediately back, and Susan, both too preoccupied to listen.

"Yes, yes, yes," said Russ, who did not seem to know just what he was doing, running from one place to another, interviewing British officials and clergymen. "We don't have to publish banns if there is no legitimate reason for not issuing the license," he gasped. "Can you think of any?"

"No, no," said Uncle Ogden, and went to tell Susan what he had thought of doing.

"Yes, yes, yes," she murmured, unhearing, for she was surrounded by dressmakers and dresses and florists.

So Uncle Ogden wandered off. He was momentarily delighted to discover an acquaintance in the shipping business.

"Ruiz!" he exclaimed. "Fancy—I had heard you were in Brazil." Mr. Juan Ruiz was the Brazilian representative of a fruit company.

"I'm on my way there," said Mr. Ruiz darkly.

FLEXO-RHYMES
No. 5

Four and twenty ice cubes in a metal tray,
Take them to the kitchen sink and watch them melt away.
But if a rubber tray you'll use,
Not a bit of ice you'll lose;
And when you want to make a drink,
It's at the ice box—not the sink.

Whenever a hostess hands you a glass of iced tea containing ice cubes the size of hailstones you know, immediately, that her refrigerator is equipped with those old-fashioned metal trays, and that your iced tea is going to be about as "cold" as tap-water. Because ice cubes have to be *melted* out of metal trays. That's why many leading makes of refrigerators now come equipped with Flexible Rubber Trays or Grids. *Then* the ice cubes are whole, full-sized and cold—and they are popped out at a finger touch at the refrigerator, instead of *melted* out at the kitchen sink. Insist on getting Flexible Rubber Trays or Grids in the refrigerator you buy.

THE INLAND MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. B-62, Dayton, Ohio

FLEXIBLE RUBBER TRAYS & GRIDS
ice cubes the modern way

★

Waite, the Boy Wonder

Continued from page 19

our national pastime. Ruth was simply the man who had saved baseball after the Black Sox scandal. By his salary fights, he had raised the wages of everybody in the game. For a long minute we sat there on the bench at Charlotte and nobody said a word. Then one of the boys popped up with, 'What, another buck for flowers!' "

Hoyt was the idol of Miller Huggins, who managed the Yankees and regarded Hoyt more as a son than a player. His affection never wavered even when Hoyt put him on the spot for the pure devilment of it. In a game against the Athletics, with men on second and third and two out, Hoyt began stalling around the mound as if looking for a sign from Huggins. Huggins never bothered pitchers he had confidence in and Hoyt knew it very well. When Hug remained as silent as a busted alarm clock, Hoyt walked out of the box and came over to the dugout.

"What'll I do with this guy, Hug," he demanded, "walk him or pitch to him?"

Hoyt waited innocently and patiently as if he wouldn't think of pitching a ball without the manager's advice.

"Pitch to him," said Hug finally, and then when Hoyt started back toward the mound, he added in a half whisper, "*But don't give him any good ones!*"

Hoyt was perhaps the best of the baseball actors. Mike Donlin was fair and Rube Marquard was all right when he had Blossom Seeley doing all the work, and Al Mamaux could warble a fine barber-shop tenor, but Hoyt had stage class. He was also one of the few players who wrote their own syndicated material.

Hoyt felt that anybody who went to bed before midnight or got up before noon was perverting the true course of nature. The Yanks had such gentle creatures as Earle Combs, Wilcey Moore and George Pipgras, who understood the ways of cows and pigs and were not fully happy away from them.

"The trouble with baseball," Hoyt announced one morning in a loud voice, "is that it's being overrun by peasants."

"Peasants! What do you mean—peasants!" they demanded indignantly.

"I mean these birds who get up at 5:30 and roam around hotel lobbies scaring helpless hotel clerks until the dining-room opens at 7:30."

They chased him through three coaches but finally forgave him on the theory that a city feller couldn't possibly understand a morning appetite.

Ace of the Staff

Hoyt lived well, spent freely and had icy nerves when the chips were down and the bases were full. Thrown into a game which meant the difference between first-place money and pocket money, he was unbeatable. It was all the more distressing, therefore, to find that he was no longer a big shot with the Yankees. He had begun to slip in 1929, winning 10 and losing 9, but the news of his transfer to Detroit floored him. When he found later that he was not even good enough for Brooklyn, the thing struck him as funny. His friends took it harder than he did. They began talking about the virtues of the Pacific Coast League.

"You'll like it out there, Waite," they said. "Good climate, nice place to live and you can keep on pitching for twenty years. It has that effect on old soup bones."

"Sounds all right," agreed Hoyt amiably enough. "How did old Hoss Radbourne do out there last year?"

But when Pittsburgh took him on, things began to change immediately. From being an old-timer who could occasionally stagger in from the bull pen and hold the dike for an inning or two, he became the ace of the staff. His fast ball didn't have its old hop but he had picked up something almost as good from Heine Meine: the slider. According to best information the slider is a variation of Wilcey Moore's old sinker. Thrown from a half side-arm motion, the sinker is in turn a variation of the old drop with the additional feature of breaking two ways. The ball comes up to the batter breast high and starts to sink. They still tell in bated breath of the day in New York when Fats Fothergill started swinging at one of Moore's sinkers at his chest and ended by chasing it into the dirt behind him. His swing came all the way down with the ball but he never made connections.

Fifty Years to Go

"Most old boys aren't receptive to new ideas," said Hoyt, "but I was glad enough to listen to Heine about this one. You can't keep your speed forever but there's no reason why your head has to go with it. That old slider means as much to me as a new elbow."

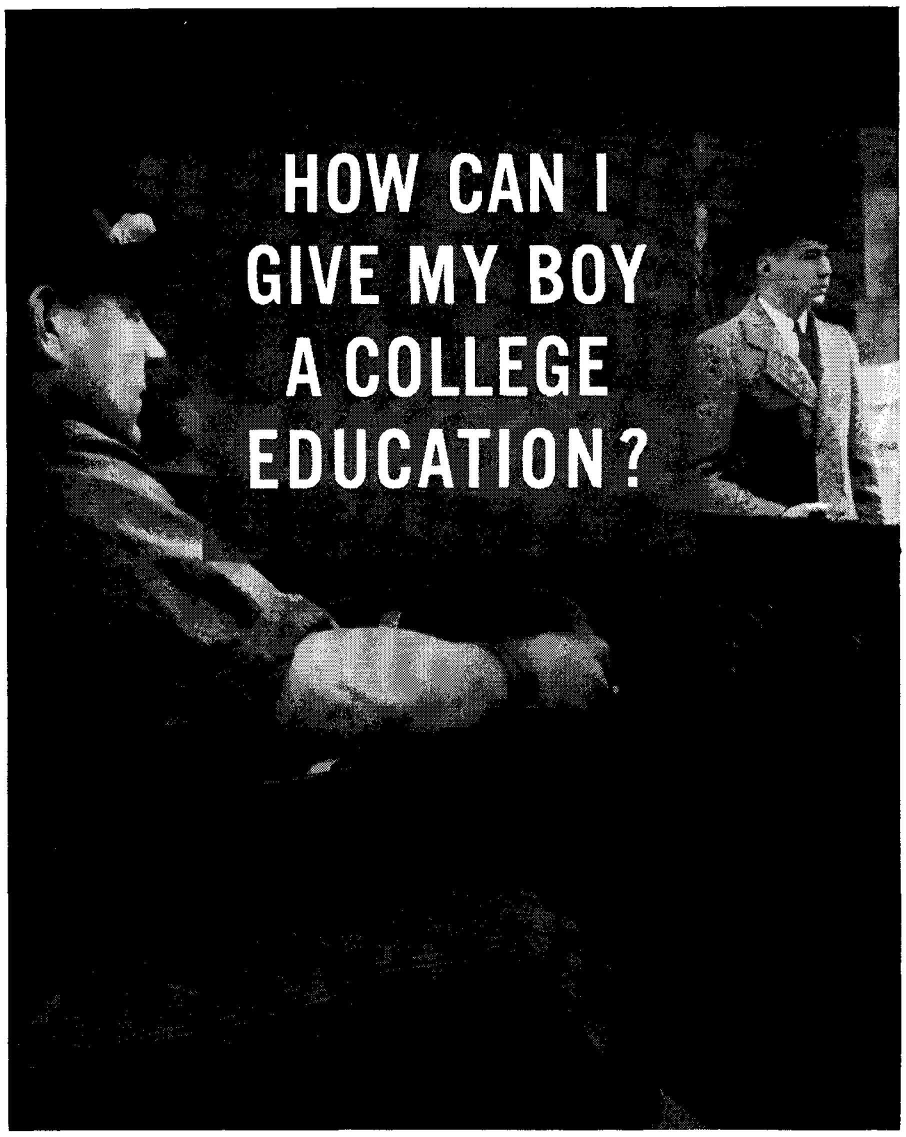
It was good enough to bump the St. Louis Cardinals last year when they were charging down the course in the wake of the fading Giants. At 2:45 the rain was pouring down. Because of the difference in time, the scoreboard showed that Philadelphia had beaten the Giants in New York. The Cards needed the game desperately and determined to play it if the rain ever stopped. While they were waiting Hoyt received a telegram from a New York theatrical agent asking him to sign the Dean brothers to a contract provided the Cards won the pennant. Hoyt's share for clinching the deal was to be $1,000. He went into the Cardinals' clubhouse to see the Deans. As he talked he could see Paul Dean's eyes bulging at the mention of so much money. Paul was to pitch against Hoyt that day.

Hoyt made the proposition, which was only good if the Deans got into the World Series, and then showed what he thought about his own chances for a commission by going out and stopping the Cards with two hits.

"It came out right," said Hoyt. "The Cards got in the World Series and some other agent signed them up, but it was worth the one grand to sit those guys back on their rears just at a time when they thought the whole world belonged to them."

He is prepared for a season of such pleasure. In the old days at Brooklyn, he always used to ask for three days' notice if they ever heard Babe Ruth had been traded to the National League, but now that it's happened he isn't worried.

"If they spot the Babe in certain parks and save him for week-ends and holidays when the crowds stimulate him to do his best, he may be a headache for all of us, but age is on our side. Brooklyn ought to be great for him, with that short right-field fence. He's liable to kill somebody in that Philadelphia garden plot. But he's not going to worry me. They keep asking me how long I'll last. How long did Jack Quinn last? How long is Adolph Luque lasting? Quinn was still pitching for Brooklyn at the age of eighty-seven, and I'm only thirty-six. It'll take me years to get to Memphis again."


HOW CAN I GIVE MY BOY A COLLEGE EDUCATION?

AFTER seventeen years of constant care and indulgence, what a staggering blow it will be to your boy's ideals if you cannot afford to send him to college.

College expenses will require an average of about $75.00 per month—a burden you may not be able to meet at that time.

Then, in five tragic seconds you will tear down all that you have built up in your son in seventeen long years!

But, can you put aside $10.00 per month *now?*

Then start today! Let an Investors Syndicate representative* show you how $10.00 a month set aside regularly for 180 months under an Investors Syndicate Contract will give you $2,500.00. Let him explain how this amount will provide $70.00 per month, or better, every one of the 36 college months your boy or girl is in college.

He can show you how, in the same way, $20.00 per month will build a fund of $5,000.00 and yield better than $140.00 per month throughout the 36 college months.

Are you going to deny that boy or girl of yours a college education when it can be so easily financed? And remember! This same *Living Protection* contract will create a fund to meet many other needs, including the vital need of an income at retirement.

Permit a representative to show you how to build such a reserve out of income—and the many ways you may have the fund paid to you when it is complete.

Write Investors Syndicate, Dept. C56, Minneapolis, Minnesota, for your copy of the folder, "How to Build a Lifetime Financial Program."

INVESTORS SYNDICATE

Founded 1894

LIVING PROTECTION

*High caliber men and women who can qualify as bonded representatives are invited to apply for a position. Offices in 53 principal cities—Representatives throughout U. S. and Canada. Affiliated Companies: Investors Syndicate Title & Guaranty Company, New York—Investors Syndicate, Ltd., Montreal.

Poor Man's Gold

Continued from page 9

him. His brain suddenly shimmered with a thousand disconnected but glorious memories—

He stumbled and brought himself up short, suddenly realizing that Seattle was far away. This was Prince Rupert, bleak in the grip of a winter rain, yet burning with the gold fever. Then bent against the weather, he went onward toward the building he sought. At last he reached it, and turned up the darkened stairway, only as quickly to stand aside.

A girl was coming down the steps; she had a hand to her throat, clutching it as if seeking, by muscular power, to overcome a desire to sob. Her face was bloodless; for an instant she looked at him with hazel eyes in which burned the fever of desperation. Then bravely she straightened and, while he flattened himself against the scarred plaster wall of the staircase, went onward. In the glimpse of passing, Hammond could not help noticing the spasmodic jerk of her otherwise fine lips, the tenseness of her, the expression of gauntness with which she faced the drizzly square of outside light. A moment more and she was gone.

Puzzled, strangely impressed by the gaunt picture which had just flashed before him, Jack Hammond went upward to the office of his attorney.

ONCE in his lawyer's office, Hammond's manner became something like that of a wayward boy, returned from truancy.

"Hello, Barstow," he said as casually as possible, and eased into a chair. The attorney looked up. He was a man of middle age, with kindly eyes, which, this morning, seemed strangely troubled.

"Oh, it's you, Jack," came quietly. "Sit a minute, will you?"

"No hurry." Hammond picked up a copy of the Prince Rupert paper—and tossed it aside. It was not the edition he sought. The attorney shuffled a mass of legal documents into a container envelope.

"Well?" he asked quietly—almost unhappily.

Hammond eyed him. Barstow was usually good for a joke.

"Sore at me?"

"Why?"

"For letting this thing get out?" The attorney smiled.

"That's between you and Mackenzie Joe."

"Oh, Joe's taking it all right. A little caustic, but—"

"Joe's natural state."

"Yes." Hammond laughed. There was an awkward silence. The attorney wiped his glasses, then sat crimping the edge of a sheet of legal paper.

"Not quite myself this morning," he apologized. Then, abruptly: "I'm not much good at telling people things that hurt."

"Bad news?"

"Nothing that concerns Joe or you. Someone who was in here just before you came. I had to be pretty frank—and the truth in this case is fairly rotten."

"That's always tough."

"Yes, to cut the foundations out from under somebody — destroy illusions, paint things exactly as they are. Especially with a woman."

Hammond's memory flashed to the stairway.

"A young woman, wasn't she? Rather good-looking—poorly dressed?"

"Oh, you saw her?"

"We passed on the stairs. She looked pretty well cut up. Client of yours?"

"Well"—the attorney hesitated—"not exactly—sort of a volunteer client—that is—" With an impulse he assumed an attitude of brusque interest. "What are you in here about so early in the morning?"

"Joe left a note for me. Gone north—guess you know that. He's traveling light, without many supplies. Afraid somebody will jump our claims. Wants me to follow as soon as I can with a couple of dog teams and a complete outfit. That newspaper stuff—"

Barstow smiled.

"What happened in Seattle?"

"I met a girl I was in love with."

"One of those first-sight affairs?"

"No." Hammond put out his hand, holding it a few feet above the floor. "I've been crazy about her since I was that high. Kay Joyce. Her father used to be president of the Shunatchee Bank and Trust. He died about a year ago."

"Good thing. The bank's taking orders from the RFC."

"I don't know about that."

Barstow smiled.

"Naturally not, with only forty-eight hours in Seattle and a girl to think about."

"We used to live down the street from each other. Rather, at an angle—I lived by the alley."

"Childhood playmates?"

"No." A serious expression had come into the young prospector's eyes. "She'd never have anything to do with me."

"I don't quite understand."

"Her father was the big banker. My father was a switchman, out of work most of the time. My mother took in washing."

Barstow looked out the rain-splashed window.

"Oh, yes, I remember. The newspaper mentioned that—of course it was romanticized. The poor boy went away, worked his way through college, looked for gold, found it, came back to Seattle, and accidentally met the girl he had loved for years—"

"ONLY it wasn't accidental," supplied Hammond. "A friend took me out there—Timmy Moon, he's an aviator. Not working at it just now, I understand; something wrong with his plane. But no matter, we'd met up and of course—you know, home for the first time after all those years—I asked him whatever became of Kay Joyce." There was a moment's pause. Hammond rubbed at his hot face. Then he looked up, a queer, burning light in his dark eyes. "You know, Barstow, it was the funniest feeling to ride up to that old house in an automobile and get out and walk right through the gate."

"Where you had played as children."

"Played nothing; that old granite block of a father never would let me inside the yard. You couldn't blame the kid for snooting me—with him telling her not to associate with rag-tags."

"I suppose not," said the attorney, staring at his law books.

"It was funny in a way. Timmy had called up the house, but he hadn't said whom he was bringing out. Kay didn't recognize me for a minute; I'd have known her anywhere."

"Naturally."

"Well, for a while I wished I hadn't come. You see, I'd always dreamed of that house as the grandest place in the world—one of those old-time building-block places, with turrets and a slate roof—"

"I know the kind."

"And Kay was a bit distant at first; you know, hard to pick up the thread

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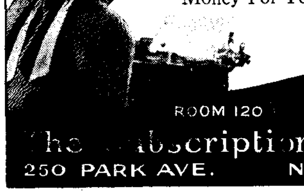

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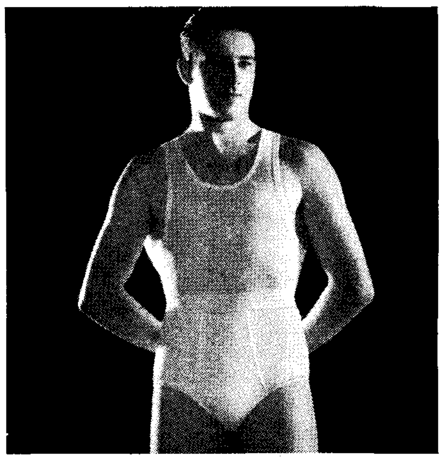

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after all these years. Then, just for fun, Timmy pretended to have forgotten his handkerchief. So he reached for mine. I had a moosehide bag full of nuggets in that pocket—"

"You'd fixed it up that way."

"Of course. So, out came the nuggets with the handkerchief. And spilled all over the floor. You should have seen us!" Again he rubbed feverishly at his face. "Everybody down on the floor, helping pick up those nuggets."

Barstow eyed him, a gentle appraisal. "That helped considerably, didn't it?"

"Oh, yes. Naturally, it led to questions and something I could talk about. Kay and I got along simply great after I'd found my tongue."

"I judge from the newspaper accounts that you got along famously."

Hammond stared.

"Where in the world did they get all that stuff?" he asked, then was silent. His brain had spun for a moment, suddenly to halt, highlighted upon one particular recollection. It was the Crystal Castle in Seattle, with persons crowding around Jack's table. He could see Kay's outstretched hands as her fingers toyed with scattered, pebblelike nuggets where he again had tossed them from the heavy moosehide pouch to the tablecloth. Persons were asking questions, all sorts of questions; now Hammond remembered a young man with a newspaper stuffed in one pocket, who queried him with particularity.

"We did the town," he said. "I guess some newspaperman must have barged into our party."

"Evidently. He got the story about as you've told it. Even to the farewells down at the dock."

THE telephone rang. Barstow turned to answer it. Jack did not notice. He was back in Seattle, with the big red sun coloring the waters of the sound, with the whistle of the S. S. Aleutian sounding its warning for all passengers ashore. And he stood at the foot of the gangplank, with Kay close to him, telling him that she wasn't afraid of life in a new, raw mining camp.

Then there was Timmy Moon, rubbing at his pudgy face and rattling on about how they'd all be up as soon as good weather came and he could get his airplane fixed. And Mrs. Joyce, the mother, thin, angular, amusingly acidulous, poking a dead cigarette out of its long, green holder only that she might insert and light a fresh one—and then again Kay, with the new morning sun glinting her brightly golden hair, her creamy features as fresh and clear-skinned as though she had just arisen, instead of having danced the night out; Kay tall, lithe, luxurious in her shapeliness. Kay with her arms about him, Kay waving to him from the dock, Kay at last drifting into a tiny form which strangely preserved its outlines when all else had blurred—

The receiver clicked on the hook. Barstow turned back to his client.

"So they're all alone now, just the girl and her mother?"

"Yes, except for an old friend of the family. Oh, I shouldn't say he was old in years—a little more than my age. A geologist; the old man was interested in a lot of mining down in South American countries. This Bruce Kenning used to look after a lot of stuff down there for him."

"Not a rival?" asked Barstow with a thin smile. Hammond laughed.

"My best friend. He reminded Kay that she had talked more about that boy who used to live down by the alley than any other person she'd ever known." Hammond chuckled. "If it hadn't been for his help, I might not have had the courage to say a lot of the things I did."

"An old friend and plenty of liquor certainly do help."

"Liquor nothing. I was buying champagne." He sank back comfortably in his chair. "Whatever happens, Barstow, I certainly lived one night."

The attorney shuffled a few loose papers.

"A man can't ask any more than that."

"Not if he's been in the bush so long that he's grown moss. By the way, Joe wanted me to see you. To check up on all our claims. Stakers will be running around hog wild in the snow up there in another month."

The attorney swiveled about to his filing case and brought forth a fat envelope, scattering the contents on the desk.

"Let's see—" he mused. "Three regular creek placer claims apiece on Loon Creek, two hundred by one hundred feet off Moose River. Correct?"

"That's right. How about the half mile government lease at the headwaters of the Loon?"

"Everything's paid up and granted."

"And those other five leases?"

Barstow counted the papers.

"Five. That's right. What'd you two take up those for?" he asked. "That's four hundred acres of land that isn't even near water."

"Have you got the government receipts for the lease?" insisted Hammond.

Barstow tossed it over. The prospector looked at it and handed it back.

"If Joe and I make anything out of this find—that's probably where we'll do it."

"I thought the stuff was all in the Loon Creek sands."

"That's an old country," answered Hammond. "Loon Creek has wandered all over the map. We've got a young bed rock—not over a couple of hundred years old. If we get into big money, we've got to find the old bed of the Big Moose—the real one where nuggets were piled up for a thousand years or more."

Barstow nodded.

"Well, you've got the country checkerboarded; no reason why you shouldn't have luck. Going out in the morning?"

Hammond laughed.

"Who isn't?"

BUSINESS was over. They talked for a while, of the developing rush into the new gold regions, the weird hopes and dreams which every fortune seeker would carry into the North, few of which would be realized. At last Hammond rose to leave. At the door he looked back. Barstow was again thoughtful, obsessed; the kindly, yet troubled expression once more in his eyes. As Jack Hammond went down the street, he wished that he had pressed his attorney for more particulars about that girl; the meeting haunted him. Yet he knew it would have been useless; secrets were secrets with Barstow. At last, with the need of many purchases, he turned into Ben Deacon's Trading Store. Around-the-World Annie was there before him.

"Well," she asked proudly, "how does it look to you? No little floosie can ever squawk that I don't set a good table."

She gestured grandiloquently to a pile of supplies which three hurrying clerks were augmenting before her: flour, desiccated fruits, dried milk, sacks of evaporated potatoes and peas, tar-covered hams and bacon.

"We've got some delicious peaches in the can," a clerk interrupted.

"Ain't I got dried ones?" Annie barked. "Let the suckers weight down their dogs with cans and water—I'm wise to the bush. Speaking of dogs," she added as she consulted her list, "got any cheap whitefish? Suckers? Corn-

(Continued on page 60)

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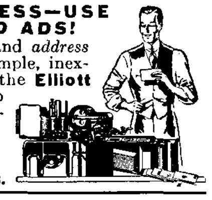
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(Continued from page 59)

meal, too, for mush. I want a mess of it. Anything I hate, it's a dog, snarlin' and yappin' around at night because he ain't had enough to eat."

The day passed; jammed in the crowds at the various hardware stores, Jack bought gold pans, picks, hammer, saw and nails, and a dozen other forms of supplies. Night was broken by the barking of soft-muscled Prince Rupert dogs, being led to the station—many of them to their ultimate slaughter. Trucks whined up and down the abrupt hill; slow-moving horses and loaded drays furnished an obbligato to the rumble of motors. A new community, in its every phase, good, bad, upright, low, was forming for life in a faraway, unknown land. He and Joe had created it; now Jack Hammond, as he tried to sleep, felt for the first time a true responsibility for it. Perhaps that was why Around-the-World Annie snapped her greeting so crustily the next morning:

"Well, prospector; sore because you ain't got the whole North to yourself?"

Jack halted in his progress through the jammed waiting-room of the railroad station. The tri-weekly train was just backing in from the coach yards. Hammond waved to the woman, and with a laugh, edged toward her. It was not an easy journey; his packsack, topped by an eiderdown sleeping bag, bumped and swayed awkwardly with contact against the milling throng. Annie's girls clumped about in new, high boots, and breeks from which the shelf marks had not yet been erased. But Annie wore moosehide moccasins.

"What was that remark?" Hammond joked when he reached her.

"What's been eatin' you?" asked Annie. "You look like somebody's stepped on your chin."

THE man shrugged his shoulders.

"Just thinking," he said. Again he looked out over the mob; people crammed in tight groups, or milling excitedly or merely sitting, like so many homeless souls, on piles of duffle. "Look at 'em—all of 'em going to make a million."

"Well, if they think so, what's the difference?" asked Annie. "They'll be happy until they find out it ain't so."

Hammond smiled. He liked the woman's bluff, experience-hardened philosophy.

"By that time there'll be a new rush somewhere."

"There's one right now!" yelled Annie, swinging her packsack wildly. The gates had opened. "Make room there, you snuff-swilling sap!" she yelled at a gawking Swede. "Break it open—can't you see us ladies want to get through?"

Late that afternoon, Jack Hammond got tired of being jammed against the knob of a vestibule door. The cars had become cold now; pipes clanked only faintly with the application of steam. The train was high on the pass over the Coastal range; snow had appeared, at first only a wet sprinkling on the rain-glazed sidehills, gradually to become more stable.

He moved forward through the train, taking exercise in merely forcing his way through the crowds which jammed the aisles. At last he tired, and prepared to turn back, only halting to see that Around-the-World Annie sat in a seat toward the front of the car, her head bobbing energetically as she talked to someone beside her. It was a young woman—Jack noticed little more. Finally Around-the-World Annie straightened, whacked her companion on the back, rose and moved away. Someone else dropped quickly into the seat. Hammond moved into the next coach, found a resting place and stayed there.

NIGHT came, with frost-caked windows, and the whine of wind. Snow was now heaped deep beside the right of way. The massed humanity of the train became more and more dormant, suddenly to sweep from its torpidity into excited activity. They were at Fourcross.

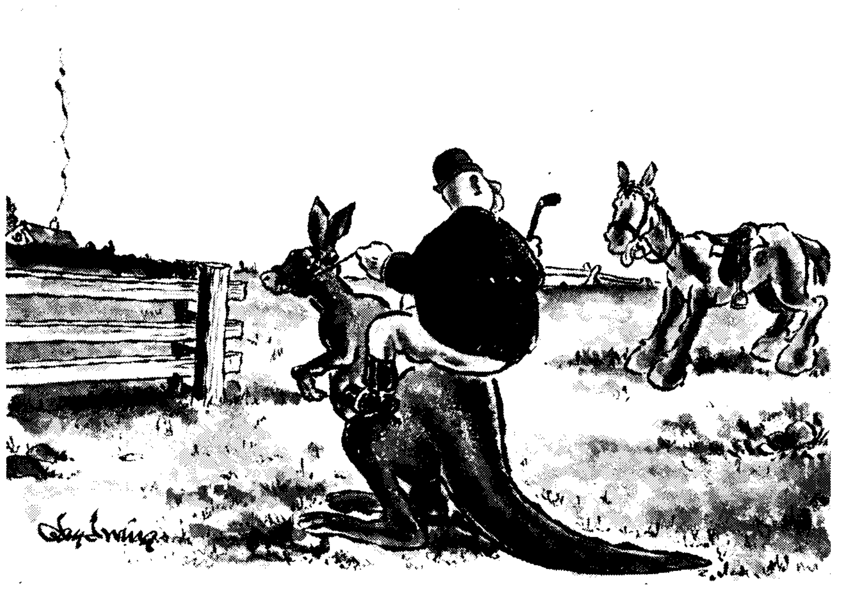
From outside came almost carnival-like sounds. Dogs barked. Children shouted. A raucous voice reared itself above the other noises:

"Aw-right, folks. Get a good night's sleep. Warm bed and hot tent for the night, one dollar."

"Where are those beds?" asked Hammond as he dropped from the train.

"Right over there—" the spieler pointed to a line of men moving from the baggage car toward the dull, kerosene glow of a row of tents which spotted the darkness some hundred yards away through the snow. "Right over there, pardner!"

"Save me one," Hammond commanded and turned to raise his packsack. He halted, hand extended. In the tangle of activity, he saw Around-the-World Annie gesticulating with some fervor as she again talked to her companion of the afternoon. She was not recognizable in the shadows; nevertheless there was something about her which held the man's attention. She stood at one side, ankle-deep in snow, her coat pulled tight about her slight form—lack of bulk in her clothing made her seem almost frail beside



"We're going to do it once more . . . now watch closely!"

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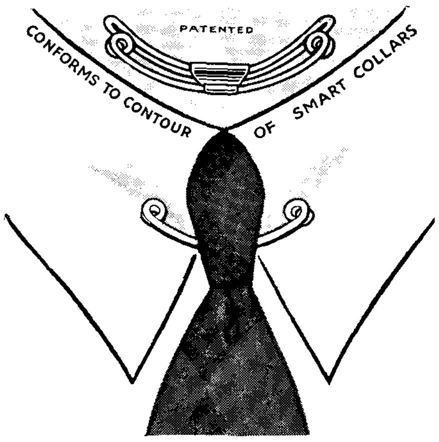
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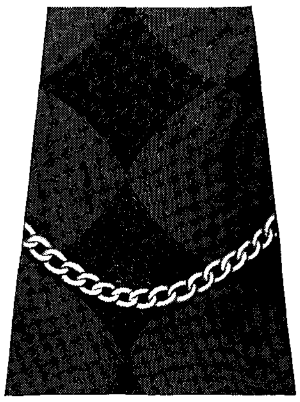

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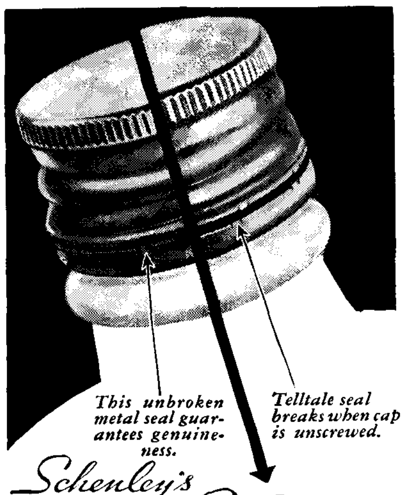
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the thickly clothed, wool-swathed persons about her. Annie waved a hand.

“Hey, Florine!” she called to one of her newly outfitted brood. “Bring me that packsack!”

Florine, miraculously undisturbed in dress, make-up, hair or manner by the long day's drag, lifted her packsack and with lolling steps, came forward. Around-the-World Annie bent resolutely, failed, loosened her waist with a pawing motion of her hands, tried again and made it. She jerked loose the straps.

“Here,” she said. “Take these woolies. And this shirt.”

The girl bent with outstretched, eager arms to receive them. Her face came into the meager spread of light from the train windows. Jack Hammond started. He knew her now—the stairway leading to his attorney's office, this girl coming unsteadily downward, her hand clutched at her throat, her brown eyes staring—

“Hell!” exclaimed Around-the-World Annie, “you might know Florine'd buy a whole mess of stuff she won't ever need. Take these mittens and breeks and socks and this parka.” She stared. “Hell, no boots. You'll have to buy moccasins. They're cheaper—and better. Get moosehide.”

“Thank you,” said the girl in a muffled voice. She started to move away. Around-the-World Annie whacked her on the back.

“And don't be a sap!” she cautioned.

“Thank you,” came again.

Hammond watched her as she went on, huddled over the burden of good fortune which she held tight to her.

“Who's that girl?” he asked as Annie, somewhat belligerent that he had sighted her generosity, swept past him. The woman turned.

“I don't know,” she answered. Then dismissing him, she turned. “Come on, you she-wolves,” she called to her waiting brood. “Let's find out where the swellest hotel's at around this dump.”

JACK HAMMOND did not see the girl again for nearly a week. That was not unusual. Fourcross rapidly had become a madhouse of endeavor—and of waiting. Mackenzie Joe was the only person who had gone onward, after leaving a note for Hammond, saying that he had changed his mind and stocked up with a four months' supply of food. Then Sergeant Hubert Terry of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police had arrived, holding everyone until a large group could follow Hammond's lead into the Stikine.

“After all,” he had said, “you stirred up all this turmoil. It's up to you to see that these people get where they want to go.”

Now, assisting the sergeant, Hammond was on the rounds of a final check-up. The trip to the Stikine was to start in the morning. Fur-trimmed parka hoods drawn close about their faces, against the below-zero weather, they slipped and scrambled along one of the many trails which led through the maze of shacks and tents. Afternoon was blending into dusk.

“Where to?” asked Hammond.

“I thought I'd drop by and see Around-the-World Annie.”

“Didn't you say you'd checked up on her?”

The sergeant laughed. He was a pleasant-featured man with an air of weathered amiability.

“Yes, I guess I've got to let her go in. What's to prevent it? She's not going to stop on Canadian soil—she knows perfectly well that the Big Moose takes a long bend near by Sapphire Lake and extends almost to the Alaskan border. Once across that and she can set up any kind of an establishment she wants. The United States authorities aren't going to send men over a passless mountain range just to police a few miles of territory. She's in the clear on that; I want to see her about another matter.”

“Mind if we stop by the post office first?”

The sergeant, his dark eyes twinkling in their frame of wolf fur, glanced at the letter in Hammond's hand.

“Wondered what kept you so long,” he mused. Then: “The daily news, eh?”

Hammond grinned. He glanced over the sprawling village of tents and shacks, howling dogs, sheltered under spruce lean-tos, or merely chained or tied to trees; at the crazily tilted chimneys and low-blown wood smoke, which now was Fourcross.

“Kay's never seen anything like this,” he explained. “My fiancée, you know. I try to write her every day.”

THE sergeant stomped his moccasined feet while Hammond mailed his letter, and brushed a mittened hand across his mustache, white with frost. They began to move. Suddenly the sergeant halted before an ice-fringed tent and called: “Annie!”

Around-the-World Annie glanced out, invited them in and shouted a command:

“Hey, some of you girls! Unsprawl yourselves and give these gentlemen sitting room on one of these cots.”

“Don't trouble yourselves,” said the sergeant. “Can't stay long.”

Nevertheless, the girls obeyed, by a casual sort of shifting process which left one cot unoccupied, while the games of pitch and solitaire proceeded undisturbed. Sergeant Terry slipped back the hood of his parka. Hammond went to the tin stove and stood with his back to it, somewhat fascinated by what he saw here.

Not that it was new. Tobacco-rank tents, with packsacks sprawled about, and women, adapting femininity to the frontier, were a common thing in gold rushes—until the police interfered. It was merely that they were women—in spite of experience, he saw no hardness in Florine's face as she grimaced over the cigarette hanging from her lower lip, nor tragedy in the pink features of the blond Babe, ending one game of solitaire only that she might begin another. The outstretched, unclothed leg of Dolores, extending from beneath a blanket, did not interest him as such, and he eyed almost casually the rose-pink of Mimi's breast, carelessly peeking from the loose fold of a robe, as she combed mechanically at long red hair.

The thing that held him was that they were women. Longing for one woman, he held intense interest and friendliness for all women, surcease in none. He saw Kay in every feminine face, yet could not find her. He warmed to Kay's eyes, he smiled at the sight of Kay's mouth, he glanced hurriedly at Kay's complexion—only to find them reminders. Suddenly he straightened, pulling himself back to the fact that Sergeant Terry was asking questions.

“You came here on the same train with her, didn't you?”

“Well, I guess I did. If it's the girl I'm thinking of,” said Annie.

“She isn't one of your outfit?”

“Mine?” Annie snorted. “Listen, I take mine experienced.”

“What'd she say she was going to do up here?”

Annie bristled.

“Start a little store, of course.”

“They all start stores. Or a beauty shop. Or work for somebody,” the sergeant replied in a voice mildly cynical.

“Who are you talking about?” queried Hammond.

“A girl named Jeanne Towers. Been working over at the Hotel de Paris.”

(To be continued next week)

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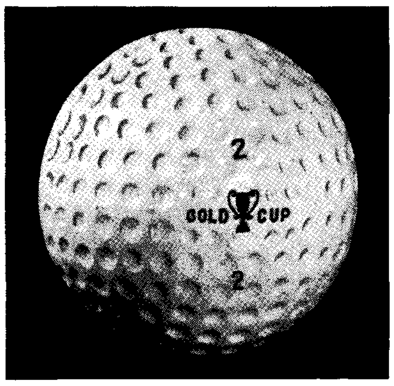

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According to Plan

Continued from page 15

and telling him it was no use fighting, while the tall officer waited and laughed.

"I think it was that sneering sort of laughing that made Keith lose his head entirely then. He jerked the carbine clear of Claudia's hands and there was no doubt he was going to shoot. The tall officer ripped out an order and his men let loose a volley. How Claudia and I escaped I don't know. We could hear the bullets whining about us like vicious little bees, and there was a rain of clipped leaves where they cut through the hibiscus vines. Keith fell over and bumped down the veranda step, choking and twisting, and one of the sailors stepped forward and finished him with a bayonet, as coolly as you'd slaughter a hog.

"I saw red myself then. Keith was my best friend and the whole business had been so unnecessary. I grabbed up the carbine and started to swing it, but they battered me unconscious before I got in one blow. Why they didn't kill me I'm not certain, but I think it was because they knew even then I was the only one familiar with the waters around Tobanga and they needed me. Claudia did nothing. Just stood there, I later heard, and stared stony-eyed at what was left of Keith. When I came to she was gone; the tall officer had taken her on the warship, and I had to bury Keith by myself.

"What happened to her the three days she was on that ship I don't know, and I don't want to know. We never spoke of it afterwards. When the ship went away, leaving men behind to finish tearing down the bungalow and start the building of the barracks, she was brought ashore, the tall officer handing her from the boat to the sand.

"She was like a statue then, white and cold. As if she were frozen. The tall officer clicked his heels and bowed, laughing silently at her, his men all grinning too. 'It has been very pleasant,' he said. 'And I shall endeavor to see that you are recompensed for the annoyances you have been put to.' She stared at him and smiled a little, the sort of smile that turns you to ice if you've any imagination at all. 'It is not necessary,' she said very quietly. 'I shall recompense myself.' That was all.

BOYER finished the liquor in his glass and filled it again, like many men who have spent a lifetime in the tropics, the strong spirits affecting him not at all. Far out in the harbor mouth the small lights of an incoming *bêche-de-mer* lugger or wandering trading schooner showed through the faint mist, coming up to the anchorage. Boyer waved at her.

"It's a tricky channel to run at night," he said irrelevantly. "A lot of bad currents and a swift tide, but safe and deep enough if you keep the lights in line."

"But the Orinoff didn't make it," I observed and he was silent for a moment as if thinking back.

"No," he agreed at last. "The Orinoff didn't make it. I'm coming to that. Just as Claudia did." He turned his glass in his hand again and went on, his blue eyes puckered. "She waited nearly twenty years," he said. "And no one guessed, not even I, until the last. They built the forts here, towed in coal hulks and provision ships . . . they've mostly been beached or taken away since . . . and they had a permanent land force of around five hundred men in garrison. They surveyed all the island, leased the good land to men of their nationality, bringing in natives to work it, and Tobanga grew prosperous.

"Claudia lived in the shack that had been mine and made some sort of a living raising and selling chickens and garden truck to the soldiers, sometimes doing the officers' laundry. Her hair turned quite white and she went about her business silent as a ghost so that half the garrison was afraid of her in a queer uneasy way, and the other half made fun of her, I suppose to cover up that same uneasy feeling.

"For myself, I used to call at Tobanga as I had always done, chiefly from habit because there was nothing here for me, except to see how Claudia was getting along. I was questioned a good deal about my knowledge of the waters here and through the archipelago to the south, and was well paid to accompany several surveying expeditions. After a while, I suppose when they figured I was resigned to everything, they commissioned me pilot, training other men chiefly, though I was always called upon to act personally when any very important vessel came to these parts.

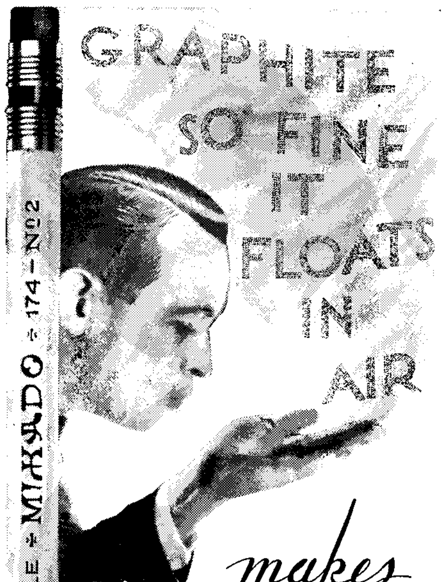
"WELL, I earned my salt, and I was true to them without being loyal, if you understand me. I was getting older and a certain income and a fixed home seemed more desirable than they had been in my youth. I didn't forget Keith, nor the days when Tobanga had been ours alone, but the whole business grew a little hazy with the years, as things do, and I thought that even Claudia was settled into a gentle melancholy of resignation. There was nothing we could do. We couldn't fight a nation. But I was wrong. She was only waiting.

"When I was sent to join the Orinoff across on the mainland I had a queer sort of intuition that something unusual was going to happen. I don't know why. It was the sort of oppressed feeling you get when the weather is gloomy, or you're not feeling very well, though to be ordered on such a commission should have made me feel honored. The Orinoff was the most powerful battleship that had been built up to that time, on her maiden cruise, and she was visiting the archipelago to impress both the residents and natives, as well as to shake herself down to a sea-tried veteran. There was a prince of the blood making the cruise with her, and as the senior as well as the best pilot for these waters, trustworthy in all respects for twenty years, it was natural they should call on me to handle her.

"The first shock I had when I joined her was to meet the admiral commanding for that cruise. Perhaps you can guess. He was gray now and wore a beard, but I couldn't mistake that face; and the sneering sort of laugh had not changed at all. That tall officer who had come to Tobanga years before. He recognized me, too, and was quite friendly, and as was proper I was respectful and friendly to him also, though all vivid again I kept remembering Keith, and the shooting before the old bungalow, and there were red moments when I wanted to take his throat in my hands and choke him."

Boyer huddled back in his chair, his eyes fastened on the harbor lights.

"I've got to go back a bit to make it clear to you just what happened next. In those days the range lights were much the same as now, except the shore light was not on the governor's residence but was an oil lamp fixed on top of a wooden beacon about twenty yards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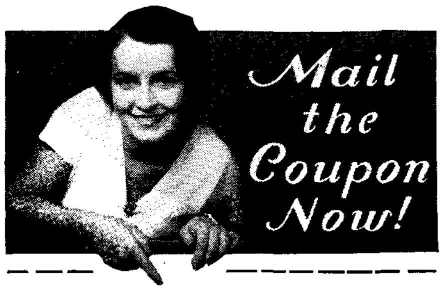
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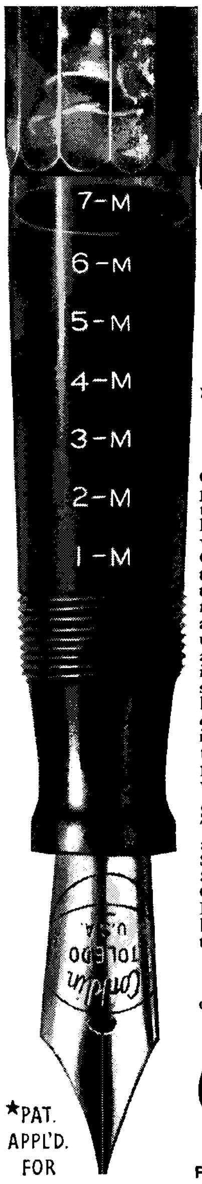

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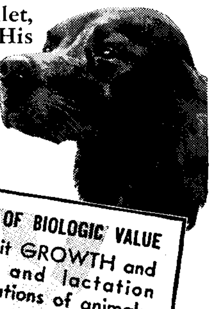


to one side . . . the channel's changed a bit since . . . and was lighted at sundown by some petty officer told off specially for that duty. To shift the range over was easy enough, of course, an old trick of shipwreckers, and one you'd think had been used so often as to be useless in this day and age. But that was what Claudia did.

"She did more. She knew, of course, as everyone knew, that the Orinoff was making her maiden cruise in these waters. She even knew who the admiral was. She was familiar with all the barrack gossip and she was particularly friendly with the wireless men in the house on the headland there, so it was easy for her to read such messages as came in. That must have been how she knew the Orinoff would be steaming past Tobanga at night though way at sea, for we were to swing round the archipelago first and stop at Tobanga last on the run home. Her problem, you see, was to get the Orinoff into the harbor after dark. The regular call was to be in daylight and that would have been of no use to her at all. Even today when I think of that lonely, broken old woman sitting in her shack and planning it all, it tightens something inside me. The utter faith of her. It was all too absurd. There wasn't a chance of success. And yet she succeeded.

"Most of what I'm telling you I did not know until the inquiry, and some of what I'm telling is guesswork. But this much is certain. Claudia in some way or the other, over that long period of years when she was serving the barracks and the officers' quarters, had got hold of a copy of the secret code. What was more, she had learned to operate the wireless, just as if she had known all along this great chance was coming to her, some young boy who had been particularly friendly to her teaching her in idle moments. He was cashiered afterwards . . . poor devil. . . . But anyway, there we were in the Orinoff, early in the night, proceeding towards the archipelago according to schedule, when an orderly came on the bridge with a message from Tobanga.

"I should have known when I read it there was something queer. I think I knew there was something queer anyway, but it seemed none of my business to raise the issue. The message . . . it had been sent in the secret code which appeared to make it authentic . . . said very curtly that the native laborers on Tobanga—who always seemed contented enough—had revolted, that the governor had been killed as well as several planters and a number of sailors and marines, and that the barracks were being attacked.

"The admiral showed me that message. 'What do you think of it?' he said. 'You know Tobanga.' I told him I didn't know what to think of it.

"He went below to consult with the captain and the prince, and then of course the natural thing occurred. We were ordered to take the Orinoff into Tobanga at once. The only logical thing to do was to go and find out what all the fuss was about. So we turned the Orinoff and opened her up.

"You can understand what happened, I suppose. Claudia had given the wireless operator on duty some sort of a drug in coffee she had fixed for him. The sentry had been drugged too. Then she had sent out the message in the secret code and destroyed the wireless outfit to such an extent they afterwards had to send back to Europe for complete replacements. There was no alarm on Tobanga. It was late.

"Poetic justice sometimes happens, you agreed. So it was that night.

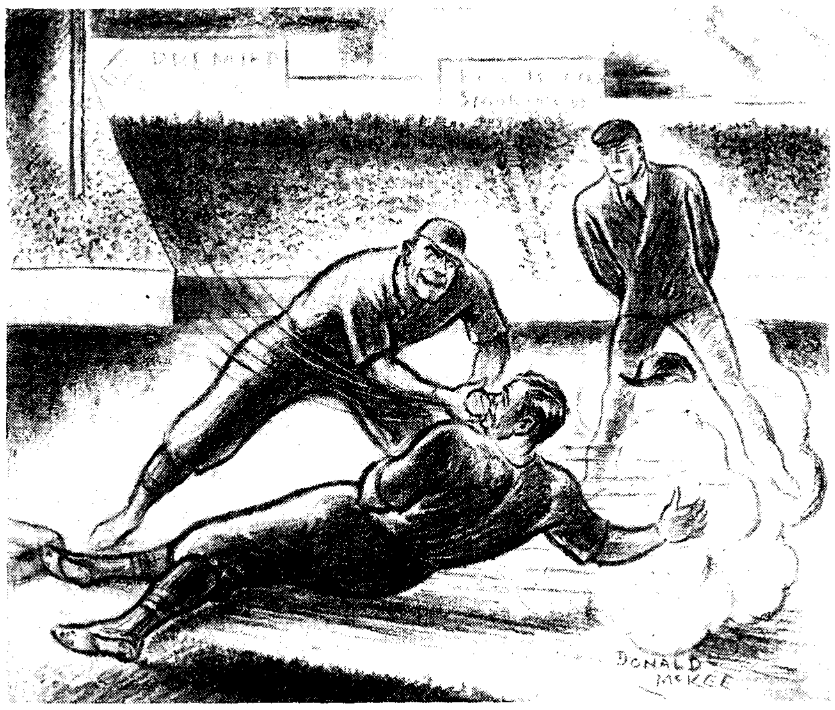
"I brought the Orinoff to the harbor mouth, stripped to fighting trim and her searchlights blazing, and I laid her dead on to the lights, the range lights. And she rammed upon the reef—the rock took the bottom out of her as clean as you slice cheese. She heeled over. . . . There was an explosion for'ard. We never found out just what caused it, but a hundred men were killed and in the confusion of getting the boats away both the prince and the admiral were drowned."

BOYER drank abruptly and flipped away his cigar. His voice had changed again when he went on, had queerly altered, grown uncertain, softer.

"It troubles me to this day, those men who died," he said. "Unexpectedly. She shouldn't have blown up. But for that, all hands would have got ashore. But how could I know? I was pilot, and their blood be upon my head. It was an accident, I suppose. What else can I suppose? An act of God. Or of retribution. But you can imagine the ghastliness of the scene; the searchlights blazing, men shouting, flames bursting from for'ard. . . .

"I happened to look up at the headland as I clawed down to the main deck.

(*Continued on page* 64)



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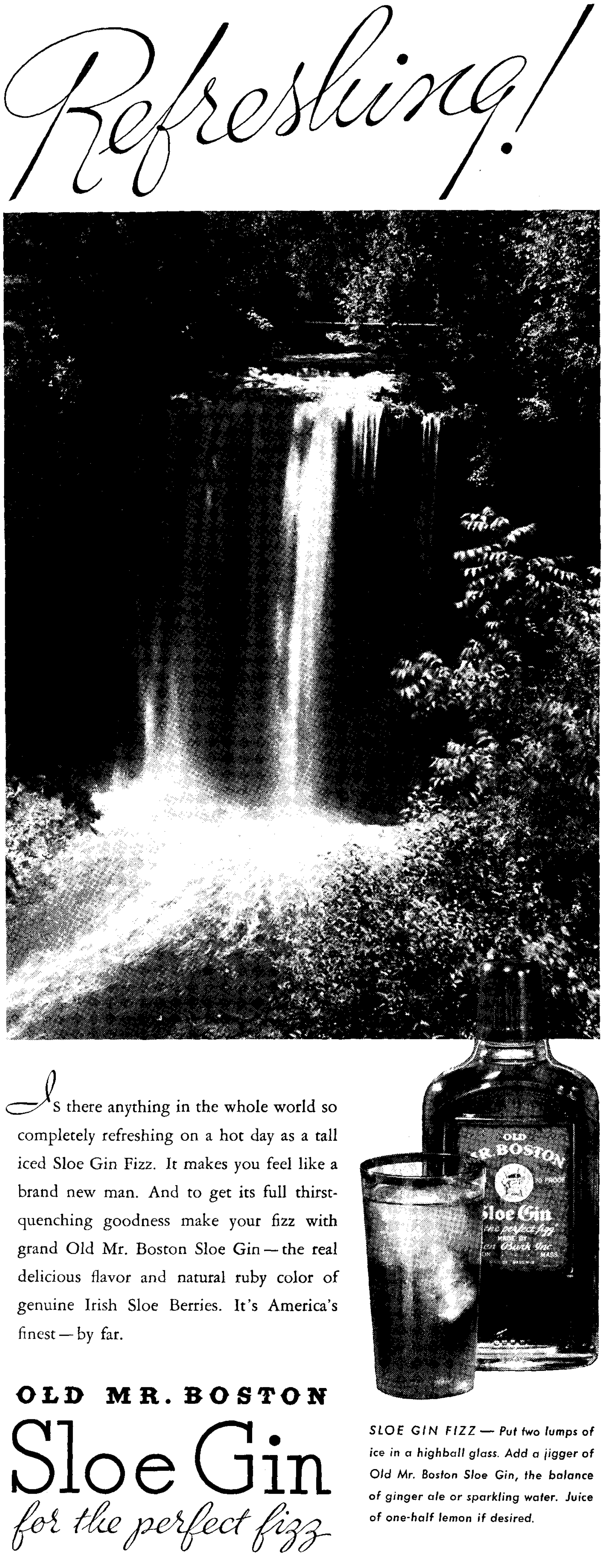
DONALD MCKEE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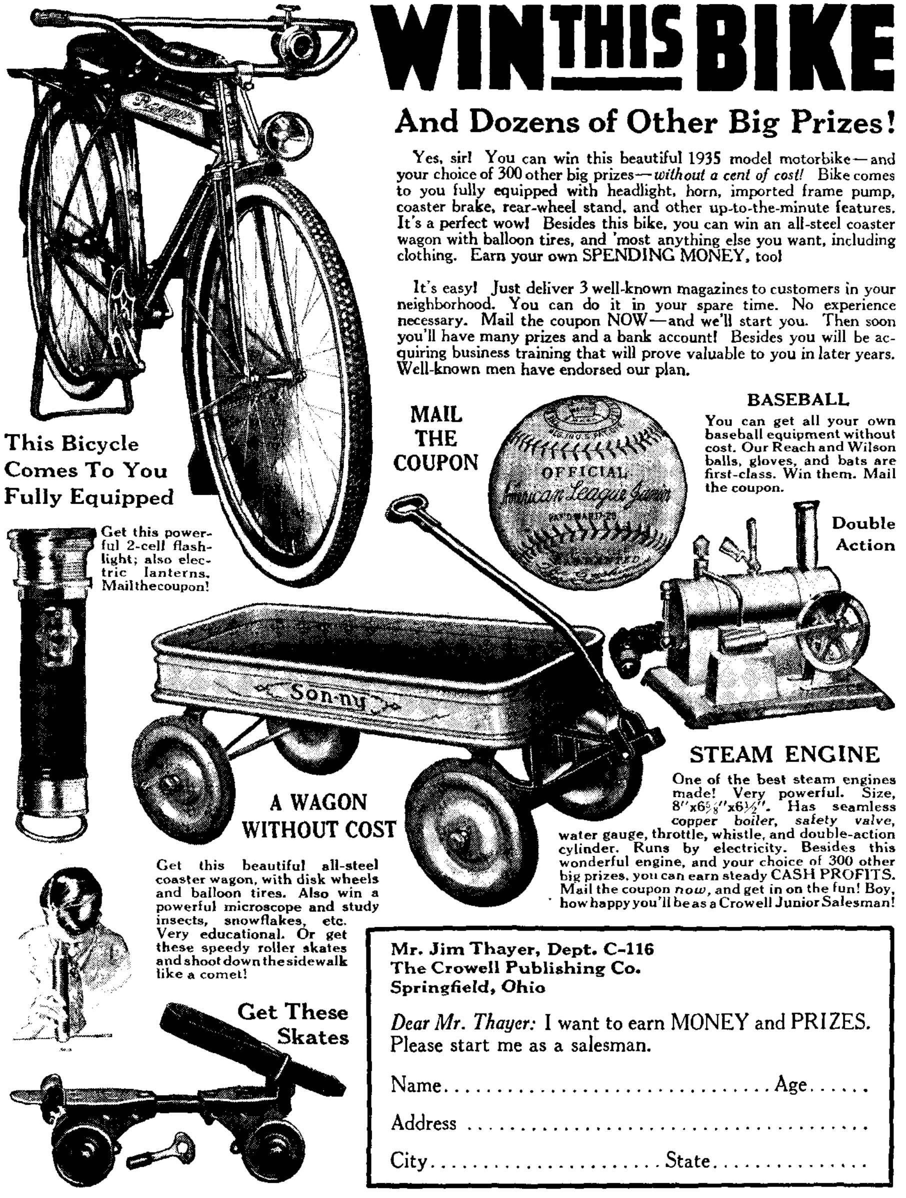

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(Continued from page 63)

One of the searchlights was pointed up there, at a drunken angle, and in that blinding light there was Claudia Bradley, her white hair blowing in the wind, her clothes wind-hard against her. She was looking down at the Orinoff and the scrambling, fighting men, and at the smoke and fire belching for'ard, and at the heads in the water, and she was laughing. Laughing, I tell you! And in that moment I understood."

Boyer lighted another cigar, and now his hand was shaking, but it was not the liquor. I understood that very well. Not the liquor at all. He emptied the last of the bottle into his glass.

"She died," he said very gently. "She died. The next morning, of course, everything was plain, and they sent men up to the shack to get her. But she wasn't there. They found her at last lying face down on Keith's grave on the headland, and when they turned her over she was smiling. She had the right to smile. . . . Yes, she had a right to smile.

"There was an inquiry, of course. The whole affair was an international sensation. I was arrested and tried. That was to be expected. They suspected me and I was kept in prison nearly a year, but what could they do? . . . In the end I was acquitted. That is all. Now you know the story of the Orinoff."

HE WAS quiet, turning his glass in his hand and smiling to himself, the frequent glow of his cigar as he drew on it etching his face in bronze. But an idea persisted in my head. There was a flaw somewhere. It was all too glib. And I grappled with the flaw at last, as any sailor would if he considered the situation long enough.

"But tell me," I said. "When you brought the Orinoff in, you had been an official pilot for twenty years. For years before that you had sailed these waters, been in and out of this harbor. You'd been in and out of this harbor even before there were lights."

He laughed a little, very harshly.

"Yes," he agreed. "No lights."

"A man who has made an anchorage as often as you had made this one," I persisted, "doesn't particularly need lights. Twenty years you'd been a pilot and you are trying to tell me you didn't know the moment you saw them that the range lights had been changed."

He did not speak for a long time. He drank slowly, and he drew on his cigar. And then at last he drew a long, slow breath and laughed again, very softly.

"Keith was my best friend," he said. "And I loved Claudia. I am sorry for the men who died in that explosion. You understand that? But it was unexpected. An act of God. Unquestionably. Their blood be upon my head."

"But the lights," I said impatiently. "Did you know?"

He got up abruptly and faced me, his feet spread wide and his jaw hard in the glow of his cigar, defiant I think, certainly unafraid of what had been and what might come. And somehow I knew in that moment he was thinking of Keith dying on the steps on his own veranda over thirty years before. And he laughed.

"Did I know? What do you think?" he said.

The Brass Gong Tree

Continued from page 18

close. His family was no doubt prepared for what happened to him. I did not know him, so his loss was not a personal loss to me. It was Japan's loss and the loss of her common people." Mitsuchi unbuttoned his jacket, smoothed his waistcoat points and buttoned his jacket again. "On the other hand," he said, "I did know the man you killed on the Dairen Maru. He was not the Prince Tokugawa. The man you killed went to his death in an effort to find out who killed the Count Ito. It was an accident of fate that you killed him instead of the prince. He was a gentleman who went to his death gallantly with no thought except the service of his country and the solution of a problem which faced our department. He was, in addition, a very dear friend that I have known since my childhood in Kamakura. For these murders you will have no trial, Herr Krupp. You understand? We are in Manchukuo and my official instructions are to stop the assassinations."

"You could not be more explicit," Krupp said to him, and with that queer ability of his to throw the feeling of gestures into the intonation of his voice, it was as if, when he said it, he had half risen from his chair and bowed to Mitsuchi.

Mitsuchi nodded to the men who had brought him in. They lifted him again and went out through the door that one of the others held open for them.

"So," Nugent said. He straightened up and drew his topcoat about him, buttoning it and couching his stick in the crook of his arm. "That convinces you then."

"About the woman?" Mitsuchi looked up at him. "It shouldn't," he said, "for death means nothing to Herr Krupp but a welcome exit. It is too easy for him. What does death mean to the woman—why did she come here to me and admit guilt—why does she hold her own life so lightly?"

"That's quite beside the point," Sturg said. "With Krupp you have Li and you have Krupp himself and you have the fact that at one time he was the finest pistol shot in Europe. With her—you have only her own admission—"

Mitsuchi said, "It would be important that she be able to shoot—naturally. But why, if she is innocent, should she deliberately throw herself into jeopardy?"

"Perhaps," Nugent said, "to save someone else."

"Perhaps," Mitsuchi nodded.

HE RAISED a hand to the man in the Norfolk jacket and motioned him to open the other door at the back of the room. There were three steps up to the door. The man opened it and called in Japanese. There was movement inside and in a moment Naḥta stood in the doorway, the drape of her white gown falling in deep folds across her black and gold evening slippers. She looked toward Sturgis but she did not speak to him. Her eyes were still, with a deep intensity that held nothing in them but quietness—no regrets—no questions—no hurt of memory. He looked at her and for the first time he could not feel her close to him. She was quite impersonal—a woman in a white gown in an open doorway. Nothing more.

Mitsuchi said to her:

"Frau Krupp—you admitted to me that you have committed murder. Why did you do that?"

She looked at him but she did not speak.

"I am forced to ask you," he said, "because we have just arrested Herr Krupp on much stronger evidence than you offer against yourself. Are we to believe that you are an accessory?"

"You are to believe what I told you."

"That you killed the Count Ito—" Mitsuchi smiled, "and the man who was killed on the Dairen? No—Frau Krupp. Frau Krupp—I have two choices. I can offer you a passport that will take you across the Siberian border on tonight's train—"

"No." Her voice was clear.

"You wish me to continue to believe then that you also did the shooting—that perhaps you shot one of the victims and your husband the other?"

She did not answer him.

"Frau Krupp," he said, "that is a mucilage bottle on the bookcase top. It must be thirty feet from you. Can you see it? Frau Krupp—break it for me."

"Break it?" she said.

"Break it—" he leaned toward her and picked up the revolver his man had taken from Krupp. For a moment he held it out to her, smiling. "Only the mucilage bottle, Frau Krupp—you understand that? Yoneoka here," he nodded to the man in the Norfolk jacket, "will not like it if the barrel of this revolver comes out of line with the mucilage bottle."

YONEOKA put a hand to his gun pocket and nodded.

"But why am I to do this? To prove that I cannot shoot? But that is no fair proof," she said. "If I could shoot—I could miss that mucilage bottle—to deceive you."

"Could you?" Mitsuchi was still smiling. "Fire, please, Frau Krupp."

"But I do not understand—is it that you like the drama of this thing—or is it," she raised the gun quickly and fired and the bottle burst with a splash of splintered glass that threw a great gobbet of wet mucilage across the plaster "—that you do not believe I can shoot?"

Mitsuchi stared at her, then he bowed and held out his hand for the gun. "Thank you, Frau Krupp." He crossed to the hall door and opened it. He nodded to Sturg and Nugent. "A moment, gentlemen." And he followed her out. Yoneoka closed the door after them. Nugent looked at Sturgis. Neither of them could speak.

The clock on the wall purred into its preliminaries to striking and commenced to strike seven. It was finishing as Mitsuchi came back in. His manner was entirely changed. There was a briskness to him now—almost a cheerfulness. Yoneoka helped him into his coat.

"I have located Miss Cass for you, gentlemen. Our department is asking a favor of her. If you will?" Again he held the door.

In the hallway outside, there were eight Kwantung infantrymen drawn up at ease—and there was an officer standing at the back end of the hall, smoking nervously. Their hobnailed boots scuffed on the bare planking and the butt plates of their rifles thumped as they moved them. The officer ground out his cigarette and barked at them. They came to attention and filed slowly down the rear stairs after him.

The Major said, "I need a whisky rather badly."

They were held up for a few moments inside the doorway, Sturg, Nugent and Mitsuchi, while Yoneoka got a cab for them. Mitsuchi held out his cigarette case.

Just as they went out to the cab, there was a sharp crash deep in the cellars of Number 55.

Mitsuchi said:

"Our department here is quite anxious to question a Mr. Arthur S. Jones." He held the door for them to get into the cab, and as he did it there was a second crash behind them in the cellars of Number 55—a long, rolling crash, choked off by its own echo rolling back on it and by the sharp blare of the band in the Café de Bagdad next door.

"We believe," Mitsuchi said, "that Mr. Jones was to come through Dairen this afternoon and we have had Miss Cass at the airport, the station and the docks to identify him for us." He looked from Sturg to Pat Nugent.

"I am sorry, Hammond san—that it was necessary for me to be so emphatic to you this afternoon—but a very dear friend of mine died last night on the Dairen Maru. I had that thought to urge me in addition to my job, you understand?"

Nugent said, "In China—the ways of the Chinese are the ways of happiness."

They drove on to the Yamato in silence.

There were tea trays still being carried through and there was the low drone of lobby talk and the tinking of cups. There was Mrs. Rainey's voice and there was General Nabouchi, with his officers, going out across the broad stone terrace and down to his staff car.

"Tea trays!" Sturgis said. "Tea trays. People have been drinking tea here for the last three hours!"

One of Mr. Masuda's clerks had claim forms for his lost baggage. He stopped Sturgis and thrust them at him.

"Necessary to fill out claims for prompt payment of loss, Mr. Hammond, please sir."

There was Vonny Cass with laughter in her eyes.

He took her arm and it felt good. The fabric of her jacket was smooth. He closed his hand over it and felt her sleeve crisp beneath it.

"Let me," Sturg said, "hold onto that arm again, do you mind?" He closed both of his hands over her hand. "Vonny Cass—you have a nice hand— Does that make sense—or will *you* talk?"

The Major was calling for a boy—and for whisky and shoving back chairs from a table, for them to sit down—fighting desperately to get back into the casualness of living.

"They have had me all over," Vonny said, "watching for Hobey Jones. They don't know him by sight. But they have given up hoping that he came in by plane or the afternoon train, I think."

Mitsuchi came back to them.

"Thank you, Miss Cass. We are grateful. That is all we will require of you."

ROGER DUHAIME had a hat for Sturg that fitted after they put a piece of folded newspaper under the sweatband. And he had a topcoat, somewhat worn, to loan him in place of the one that had gone down on the Dairen.

"There is a man from Masuda's office who wants to pay you for your lost clothing—shall I fix it for you, Chief? I do that well," Roger said. "I remember small things that other people forget—platinum studs and cuff links for instance—a presentation watch perhaps—fifteen hundred yen in cash. How much profit would you like to show on the sinking of the Dairen? You have twenty-five minutes to train time only—if you are to meet the Great White Father tomorrow in Mukden."

"Vonny," Sturg said, "you're in Manchukuo—the contract expires. I'm going to Mukden in twenty-five minutes. Are you coming?"

She looked at him. Sturgis Hammond.

"Right," she said.

When she left them, Nugent raised his glass and drained it. Then he broke it sharply on the table edge. Sturg looked at him and nodded.

"Are you drunk?" Duhaime asked him. "Or do you break glasses?"

Sturgis drained his glass and then cracked its rim.

(*Continued on page* 66)

ENJOY
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SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
SWEETENS THE BREATH
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P-146

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THE PACKER MFG. CO., Inc., 101 W. 31, New York

PACKER'S Scalptone

(*Continued from page* 65)

"She was very beautiful," Nugent said to Roger Duhaime. "Very beautiful—*very beautiful.*"

"She must have been," Roger said. "Look—how's this?" and he broke his own glass.

"Boy," Nugent called, "three whiskies."

THEY made the train a minute before it pulled out and they were the last people through the barrier. Roger chucked their bags into the observation platform and gave them a hand up over the brass rail just as the train started to move. He trotted along beside for a few seconds.

"Of course," he said, "if Mr. Rutglas happens to mention that he needs a good man in Paris or Berlin—I'll go there too, you know—just let me know." He grinned and tipped them a salute. For one awful moment there was something about the rear end of the train that reminded Roger of a train pulling out of Princeton Junction years before—but it was only a brief flash. He stopped running and the memory left him. He shouted through his cupped hands:

"Give my regards to Joe Swackhammer," and he turned back to his lonely job again. Pat Nugent went through into the car.

On the observation platform Sturgis and Vonny watched the track trench lengthen between the two long sweeps of cement platform—watched it until it exploded under the edge of the station canopy and burst wide into the black freedom of the open night.

It was cold suddenly, a cold that cut in in streams on both sides of the train and crossed a few feet beyond the back of it, chilling them as it passed. He turned up the collar of Duhaime's coat, watching the station and the Dairen yard lights wink down into the blackness behind. Switches crisscrossed, knitted a loose steel pattern from the skein of track that unwound from the wheels of the train. Red winkers and green flashed a few feet above track level, automatic blocks locked up on the cross runs as the train clacked past. Then it cleared the yard and worked into its stride, gathering speed under it and lunging out into the night. Beautiful trains, those South Manchurian expresses—beautiful.

They stayed on the back platform, letting the night become one long roar in their ears, watching the fields of kaoliang spread behind like broad washes of silver water under the early moon.

He said, "I'd like to talk of something, thousands of miles and thousands of years away. I'm lonely. I want to be young again. Very young. Did anyone ever carry your books home from high school for you?"

She said, "Yes—a big blond boy with freckles on his nose. He had divine shoulders but he stuttered."

"Do you suppose we could talk about him?"

"I don't see why not," she said; "he wore a leather wrist supporter on his left wrist and he had a dog that stood up when you said 'Sit down.'"

"And he sat down when you said 'Stand up?'"

"No—he sat down when you told him to go home. And when you said 'Where's the fire?'—he lay down and closed his eyes."

"What was the dog's name? I think that is important."

"It *is* important," Vonny said. "He was sort of a tall wire-haired—a wire-haired with a dash of collie, I should say. That kind of a dog."

"Don't stall—what was his name?"

"I can't remember. The boy's name was Deshler Ohms."

"Yes," Sturg nodded, "that sounds like it. That's it, all right. Deshler Ohms."

"He was going to be an explorer. He was rather vague on what he was going to explore. I believe he was striking somewhere between Admiral Byrd and David Binney Putnam."

"It's the same one, all right," Sturg said. "He's selling insurance in Seattle. It's too bad, but that's what he's doing. People named Deshler Ohms always sell insurance in Seattle. You can't get away from it. I think there's some local ordinance that requires it."

"You may be right. My cousin Bill Cass soloed me junior year and Deshler was afraid of me after that. He took up with a nice home girl named Mildred Emberson. She screamed at bugs. He liked that. It gave him a chance to protect her. That's what he was, I guess—a protector. Whose books did you carry?"

"Lillian Tillinghast's."

"She wore a narrow black velvet band around her head?"

"Absolutely," he said, "and she pinned fraternity pins to it—right in front—on her forehead—and it took me eight weeks to get up courage to kiss her—but I kissed her."

"You cad."

"I don't care," he said. "I kissed her, all right, and believe me I was proud of that kiss."

Vonny laughed.

Sturg said, "I'll take one more of your cigarettes."

The train lashed over a culvert, crushing the air between its sides and the concrete guard wall with a splintering sound. There were pill boxes at each end of the culvert with black slits in them for machine guns and there was the bivouac fire below—of the bridge detail. Their right rear light glinted on a bayonet. The sentry's tin hat cut the lightsome sky line in a sharp silhouette that was gone almost as they saw it appear and again they were rushing on down a black hole bored through the night.

"They take their railroads seriously, don't they?"

"So the opposition can't take them lightly."

THEY sat down in folding chairs, side by side, between the door and the car side. There was a section of steel wall before the brass rail began. They were in the shelter of that. It cut the backdraft of the train's passing and kept them fairly warm.

"There's nothing new about those bridge-guard detachments," he said. "They are simply a modern version of an old condition. People have been fighting to get Manchuria since long before the Tang Dynasty. The only difference between them now lies in the fact that we know a little less about what is going on now. Are you cold?"

"No. How long is that?"

"To the Tang Dynasty?—about thirteen hundred years."

There was something pleasant about sitting there in the rushing darkness, talking to her. She had bounce—resilience—something to give.

There was something terrifically alive in her, there in the dark shadows beside him—terrifically vital as she sat with her head bent slightly forward—her arms in a straight sweep from her shoulders to her drawn-up knee, her other slim leg thrust out firmly to brace her against the sway of the car. A feeling of long, clean muscles under firm flesh—a feeling of rhythm and perfect balance with the quick litheness to move without sound. And all of it was feeling, because he could see only the vagueness of her in the shadow, the faint whiteness of her face. But it was pleasant feeling and he was silent for a long time in the enjoyment of it.

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She stood up and stepped to the back rail, her left hand up to steady herself on the canopy stanchion, the wind of the train's flight cutting in at the edge of her skirt and whipping it roughly so that it made a faint slapping noise against the brass spindles of the railing. He had a desperate feeling that nothing in his life had ever been quite real to him before—and he was quite sure that nothing ever would be again.

He went to her suddenly.

"There is only one thing that I want to do," he said. "I want to love you. I want to take you in my arms and I want to know nothing after that—nothing ever."

"Do you," she asked him, "say true things to women, Sturgis?" She was smiling now—smiling in mockery. "You shouldn't—you should lie. Always lie, Sturgis—it is so much more amusing—so much more honest."

"Please let me kiss you now." Her arms were up to meet his.

"So," she said, "you will break the illusion—and come back to your own people?"

There was an old Japanese artillery colonel in the club car when they let themselves in from the back platform. His hair was quite white and clipped down close to his round skull. He was reading, through gold-rimmed spectacles. There was the subtle grace of scholarly detachment to him in spite of the uniform he had worn for so many years that it was as definitely a part of his being as vestments are to a priest. Sturg's mind saw his old hand raised to give the order to fire with the same impersonal benignity that a tired curate raises his in benediction.

The train howled down on Tashihchiao, thundering in on the long downgrade curve, gathering a last burst of speed under it before it ran free and the air began to pull it down.

ARVIN MORDUCHAY RUTGLAS was a small man with thin hair and a love of high adventure which he consummated by traveling all over the world first-class, with a new wife every three years.

He said, "Hammond—if Russia doesn't sell the Chinese Eastern, Japan will take it." He said, "The Emperor Kang Teh knows that, and Tokyo knows it." He said, "I want you to arrange for Mrs. Rutglas to go out to the Ming Tombs this afternoon." He said, "Have a cigar," and he pushed back his breakfast coffee and stared up at the high ceiling of the Yamato's café. The Mukden Yamato. He said, "What kind of a man is young Duhaime?"

"Alive," Sturg said, "why?"

"Swackhammer?"

"Manchuria is still a slight mental hazard to him."

"Good. Duhaime is to come here and take over then. Wire him to make the train tonight. It was between Duhaime and Swackhammer. Duhaime's our man. He comes here and Swackhammer goes to Dairen."

"Are you relieving Dixon from this office, sir?"

"Dixon left for Seoul on this morning's plane. He goes straight through to Tokyo."

"I beg your pardon?"

Rutglas said, "I want you in San Francisco ready to take over the office on the fourteenth. You can make the President Polk in Shanghai." He said, "There were fifteen Morecroft Fighters confiscated at Shanhaikwan Station late last night and the four Endos agents who had them in charge were shot. Kasugachi was one of them. I should imagine that would fold up the Students' Party in Manchukuo, wouldn't you? Take the four o'clock train to Shanhaikwan and look in on that Endos matter. Stay twelve hours—that should be enough, then go on to Tientsin, take the boat to Shanghai and connect with the Polk Wednesday morning. She'll put you in San Francisco the thirteenth."

Sturgis said, "You're sending me home." It wasn't a question but he had to say the words carefully to keep his voice from getting away from him and cracking.

Outside, the morning train for Hsingking drew slowly out of the station, washing its shadow across the windows of the café. In a few hours it would arrive in that fabulous mushroom growth, where the little dusty town of Changchun had stood beside the tracks for so many sleepy years. An hour after it arrived there, the lumbering Chinese Eastern train would rumble out on its wide-gauge tracks and rattle along northward to Soongary and Schwangchengpu—to Harbin and Tsitsihar—to Mandukhe and Manchuli and across the Siberian frontier. But it meant nothing to Sturgis. He was seeing the golden wash of the sun across the Bay—the solid column of the Ferry House Tower—the steep, hilly streets of San Francisco.

"That," Rutglas said, "is the general idea." He stood up. "Aileen—I want you to meet Mr. Hammond. Mr. Hammond is our Tokyo manager. Mr. Hammond—Mrs. Rutglas."

Mrs. Rutglas was a yellow blonde and she had a yellow fur coat over her arm, with long tails on it. A Siberian coat she was taking home. Mrs. Rutglas spoke carefully and ate carefully, to be more sure of Mr. Rutglas.

Rutglas said, "Mrs. Rutglas is very interested in jade, Hammond. If you can get someone who really knows the stuff, to put us on to some, I'd appreciate it."

Sturgis was outside in the hallway between the café and the main dining-room.

"Vonny!"

She looked around at him. He went down to her quickly.

"Vonny," Sturgis said, "I'm leaving for Shanhaikwan this afternoon. At Shanhaikwan, you see the Great Wall of China. It races down from the mountain of Jehol, leaping and tumbling to the flatlands—until it reaches the water. That doesn't stop it—it goes right on out to sea like a great serpent. Vonny," Sturgis said, "I'm going home! From Shanhaikwan I go to Tientsin. The Chinese usually break down the dikes and let the water out of the river so you have to go on to Tanku Bar to get the little steamers for Shanghai. They're smaller than the Dairen steamers, and you share your cabin with a wealthy Chink who locks you in at night—porthole and door—until you stifle, while he sits in his bunk with a forty-five in his lap, waiting for pirates to take the ship. Ten days after Shanghai, we'll be wallowing at Waikiki like a tourist—wallowing and washing fresh pineapple down with Oke. Five days later—we'll be in San Francisco!"

HE SPREAD his arms wide. "Have you ever died and been brought to life? Have you?" He took hold of her shoulders and shook her. "Vonny Cass—do you hear what it is that I'm saying to you? We're going sightseeing together for twenty-one days. We're going to start now. We're going to take Mrs. Rutglas to see the Ming Tombs. Vonny Cass—there is a little curl there—just a wisp of a little curl under your hat. Look—it's quite a lovely little curl—don't put it back. And we're going to buy jade for Mrs. Rutglas—real jade. You put it to your cheek and if it's cool that's how you tell it's real jade, but you always get fooled in the end—you always get fooled with everything—so the hell with it. Do you understand?"

Vonny said, "Yes. Do you, Sturgis?"

THE END

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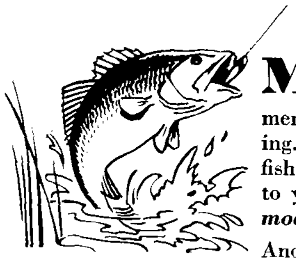

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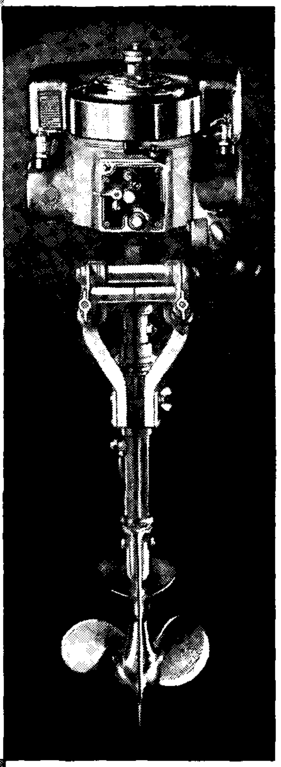

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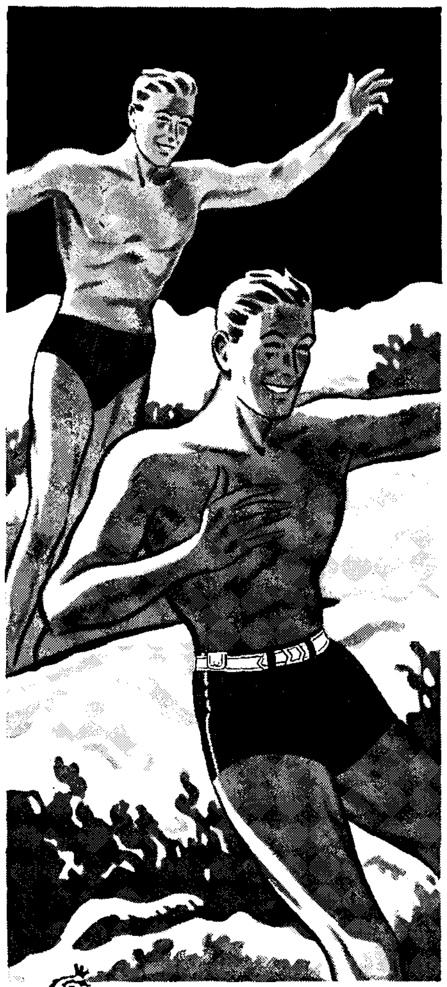

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Plenty of Sand

Continued from page 11

"Can they tell the kind of gun by that?"

"Sometimes."

There wasn't anything different at the bungalow. The police had learned nothing more. The week-end party were in their rooms or moved about restlessly. We talked with the cops a while and then went and took a walk among the sand dunes and came back toward the house. A couple of cops were watching us. O'Malley stopped, studied the sand, then dug and found a gun.

"Why, that's miraculous!" I marveled.

"Yeah? What is?"

"For you to find the gun. There are a thousand acres of sand here. How did you spot the place where it was buried?"

"I'm a smart guy. You go and tell them cops to get the people all together."

I went and met the cops, who were hastening toward us, and we returned to the house and herded the party all into the big room. O'Malley came in, swinging the gun around his finger.

"Well, friends," he told them, "we found the gun. It was hid in the sand. I don't know yet if the numbers on it will trace it to the guy that killed that lady; but whoever done the killing knows that; and a wise guy, when he knows he's going to get caught, makes it easier for himself by telling."

"I did it," Newel said.

He put his face into his hands.

"Yeah? Why?"

"I was in love with her and she went with other men and I couldn't stand it."

THEY took Newel to the station house and we drove back to Manhattan.

"Well, that's the way I thought it was," I said. "I thought Newel did it. But I don't yet understand how you found the gun."

"You seen me do it."

The next afternoon he called me up.

"You want to take a drive?"

We drove out and left the car and walked to the bungalow. The window shades were down and the place looked deserted. We knocked on the door and a plain-clothes man let us in and two others were sitting at the windows.

"What happened?" O'Malley asked them.

"Not a thing."

We sat and talked with them and looked out with them through slits cut in the window shades. Then I saw a man coming across the sand dunes. It was beginning to be dusk. He walked around the house and looked at it and tried the locked door and seemed satisfied that it was empty; so he knelt and dug in the sand and brought up a gun. He ran when we jumped out at him and we chased him as he dodged among the sand dunes, and caught him, and O'Malley grabbed the gun. It was exactly like the other gun. The man, I saw, was Inlang.

"Well, now," O'Malley said, "we really got that gun. Don't feel bad because you turned the gun up for us, dumb guy, because we was going to get you anyway."

The cops went away with Inlang.

"Wait a minute, O'Malley!" I exclaimed. "What had Inlang to do with it?"

"He was the guy that knocked her off."

"But Newel confessed."

"Sure he did. How Inlang done it was like this: He come out of his room, which was in the back, and went to Miss Carlew's room and turned on the light and shot her and turned off the light; he went out the front door and buried the gun and went around the house and come in the back door and was in the hall with the rest of 'em when Newel checked 'em up. This Inlang didn't really belong with this kind of people; he couldn't take love affairs easy the way they did. He fell in love with Miss Carlew and begun to go with this crowd because she did. But he was just one more man to her and she got tired of him and begun to go with Martin, and Inlang fixed her so she wouldn't do the same thing to no one else.

"The big luck we had in this case was when we found out what kind of gun. These guns that throw the shells out after they're fired mark the shells when they throw 'em out; and different makes of them guns mark 'em in different ways. Inlang didn't mean to leave no shells. He stopped to pick 'em up; he found two of 'em, and then he heard Miss Lessom getting up and switched off the light. He couldn't wait to find the third. We couldn't find it neither. Them guns throw the shells up when they leave the gun, and the third shell had went up in the air and come down behind a picture that was hanging on the wall. It happened a cop moved the picture and the shell fell out."

"It's not that part of it; it's the rest of it that I don't understand."

"What's hard? We couldn't find no gun. These cops had went through the bungalow and guaranteed there wasn't no gun hidden there. It hadn't been thrown in the ocean because that is a quarter-mile away and whoever done the murder couldn't have went there and got back. The best guess was that the gun was buried in the sand. Well, we couldn't hope to find no gun in all that sand, but we knew what kind of gun. So then I went and got the same kind of gun. I wanted to see how those people would act if they thought we'd found the gun. My idea was at first that I'd merely show 'em the gun and say I'd found it. But I didn't know how many ways I'd have to use the gun, and I didn't want no rookie cop or nobody else letting out to some of them people that it wasn't the right gun before I'd used it every way I had to. The fewer people knew it wasn't the right gun, the better. So I figured I'd have somebody see me find the gun and then there wouldn't be no question. I took it out night before last and buried it and remembered where it was."

"Hold on!" I demanded. "Was it by arrangement with you that Newel confessed?"

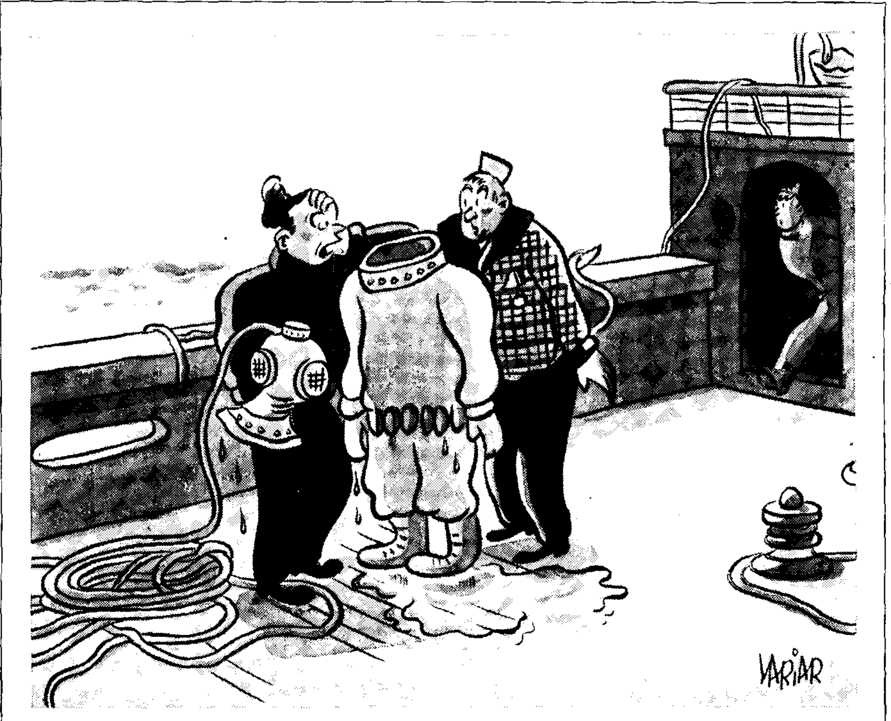
HE GRINNED. "It is about time you was getting wise to that. Those folks had all been questioned, and some of 'em we was sure hadn't done it, and some of 'em we thought maybe had. One of 'em that I had stopped suspecting was Newel. I fixed it up with him. Those people had all been wondering which of 'em had done it, and suspecting each other, and it wasn't going to be no big surprise to 'em if one of 'em, like Newel, confessed; but the guy that done it was going to get such a big surprise that I thought he couldn't hide it.

"I wasn't sure the two guns was exactly alike, even if they was the same make, so I kept swinging it around so they couldn't see it very well; but it turns out they was alike. I made my little speech and Newel confessed, the way that I'd arranged with him, and I seen Inlang get the shock of his life. From then on I was sure Inlang had shot Miss Carlew, and the right gun was in the sand, and Inlang had put it there.

"If we had to, we would have went through all this sand, but probably then we wouldn't have found no gun. And I thought maybe that we didn't need to do that. A guy that does a murder, if he thinks you are getting something on him, can't rest till he finds out how much you got, and how you got it, and what might happen next. We let them people go and closed this house and left some cops here to watch, and Inlang couldn't resist coming back to find out if we'd really found the gun he'd buried here that could be traced to him."

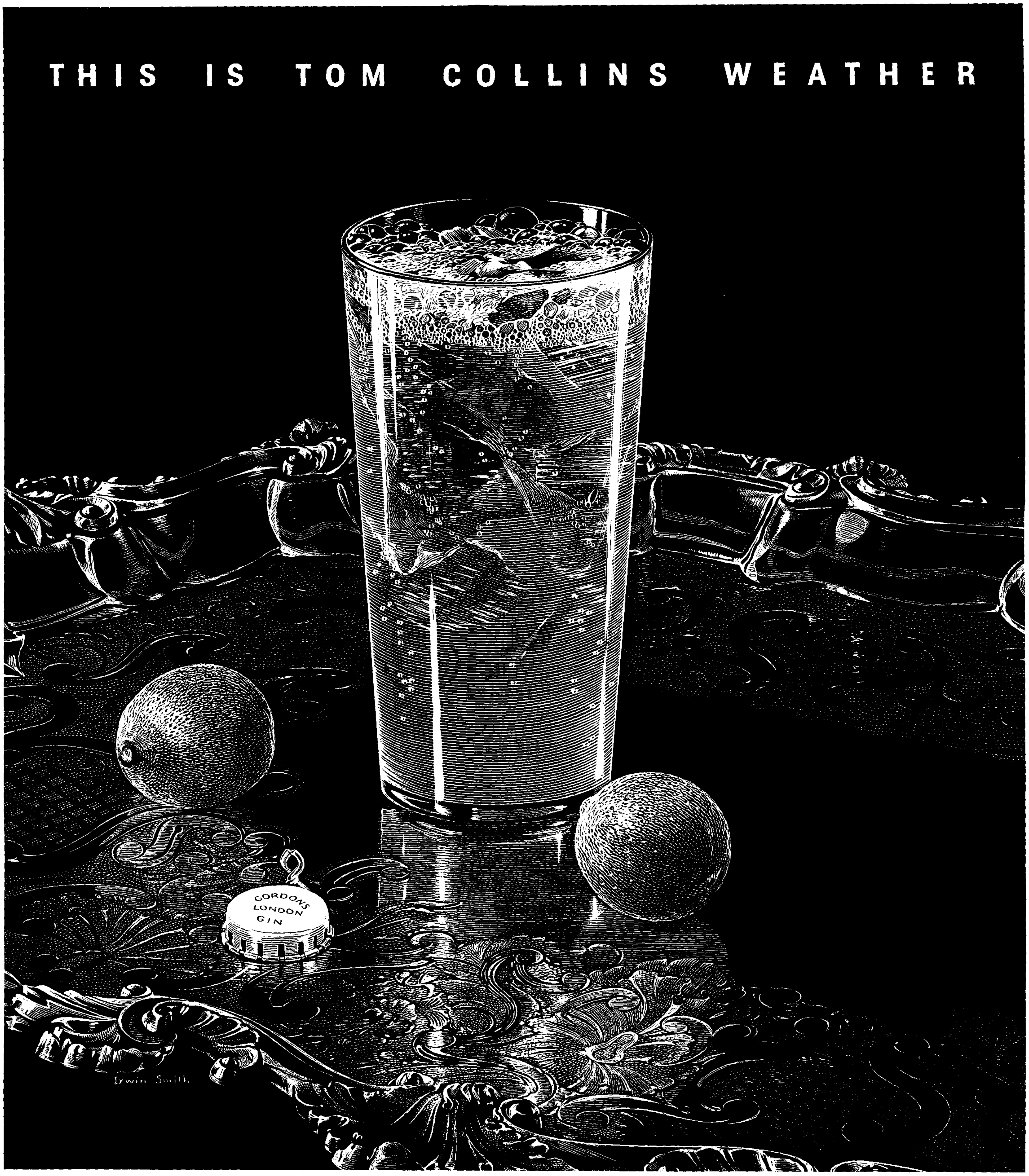
"You proved yourself too smart for him."

"All I done was fix it so the guy would catch himself. I don't know about smart; a smart guy probably wouldn't never want to be a cop in the first place."



"What's happened to Flannigan?"

LAWRENCE LARIAR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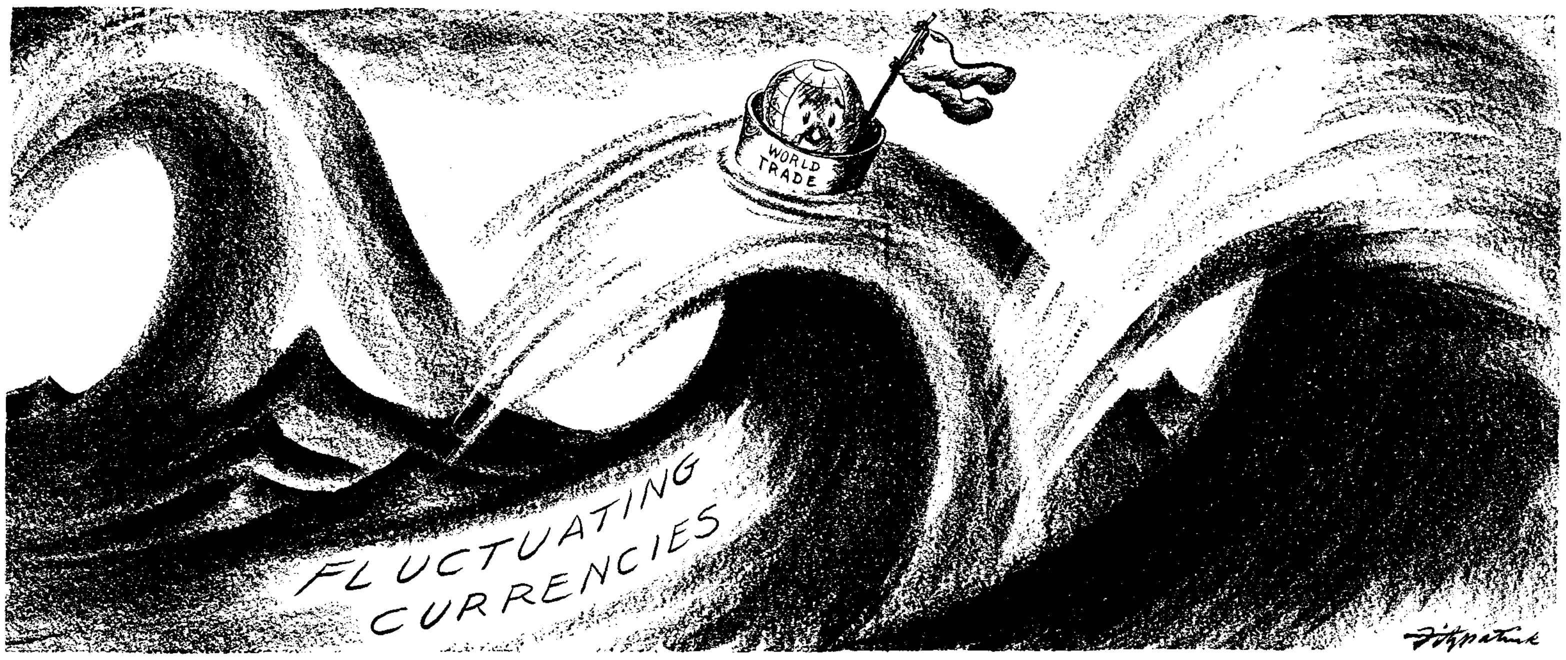

Well on Our Way

THE willingness of our government to consider stabilization of the dollar is another signpost on the road to recovery.

We have learned something from the experiences of the past two years. Even Senator Elmer Thomas is apparently reconciling himself to the inevitable. Passionate though he is in arguing for a dollar with still less buying power, the Oklahoman evidently has seen the writing on the wall.

Arguing for the inflationary bonus, Senator Thomas said: "I am for the Patman bill because by placing more money in circulation we shall make money more plentiful; we shall make money cheaper and bring down the value of the dollar so that we perhaps can stabilize it in the near future."

There has never been any question of the necessity at some time to stabilize the buying power of money. We went off the gold standard and later decreased the amount of gold by which we measured our dollar in order, among other purposes, to meet foreign competition in world trade.

Other nations had abandoned the gold standard from necessity and not from desire. Every nation which had stopped exchanging gold for paper money had done so because the gold supply was exhausted.

All of these events were a part of the economic disorganization which resulted from the World War. At the end of the war no country was on the gold standard and none had stable money. Between 1919 and 1929 the gold standard was reëstablished but on too feeble a foundation.

Consequently, on January 1, 1933, thirty important commercial nations were again off gold. During the last two years and a half currency wars have been waged and none was willing to stabilize lest another gain an advantage.

Yet during all these years every gathering of experts has recorded its judgment that a general stabilization is necessary to a wholesome resumption of world trade. Few informed people have ever questioned the correctness of this opinion. The practical questions which paralyzed statesmen were when to stabilize and at what price levels.

In these matters, historically at any rate, governments have generally taken their cue from business. Governments fix the value of their money at levels already arrived at in international trade. Stabilization is thus impracticable, if not impossible, during a panic. When confidence has returned it is much easier.

There is no question of the actual improvement of business conditions throughout much of the world. No country is free from problems and anxieties, but nearly everywhere the pressure of adversity is diminishing. Production and trade are increasing. Each government now realizes that while the present financial struggle continues none can escape its evil consequences. The conditions which must precede any reasonable attempts at stabilization now exist.

Recognition of this fact gave Secretary Morgenthau the courage to intimate the readiness of this country to enter into stabilization agreements with other governments. As he said: "We hold out to them a currency of such steadiness that the normal tendency might very well be for the rest of the world to move gradually toward practical exchange stabilization. If that can be achieved the final step should come about easily and almost of its own accord."

The need for stabilization of money arises from the universal desire for measures of value which can be trusted.

In the long run we prefer quarts which consist of two pints and not a pint and a half. It is too difficult to trade if all the standards of measurement vary. People simply will not enter into uncertain bargains. So we have feet and meters, pounds and bushels, standards of measurement which are permanent.

Money can never be stabilized completely as the standard meter or yard or ounce has been fixed. Within entirely practicable limits the values of money of the different countries, however, can be made stable within their respective territories and in international trade.

The improvement of business already accomplished has prepared the way toward stabilization for politicians and statesmen. Business, on the other hand, did not create all the economic problems which flowed from the World War and business alone cannot solve them. Politicians have a great responsibility.

One of the great barriers to currency stabilization lies in the existence of the great mass of intergovernmental war debts. These debts, owed chiefly to us and secondarily to Great Britain, are largely in default. It has been politically impracticable in this country and in other countries either to forgive the debts or to make payments upon them.

As the situation now continues, nobody is getting any benefit from the debts. With the exception of the unimportant payments which Finland makes, we are getting nothing. Our debtors derive no advantage from their ignored obligation.

It should not be beyond the wit of civilized men to work out a war debt formula more profitable to all concerned than the present formula of default and neglect. If we assume that we and all other countries were moved in this matter only by self-interest and assume further that we exercised only moderate intelligence in pushing our claims, a better arrangement could be found.

Business here and abroad is going ahead. Business would prosper better and faster if the money war were finally settled. Perhaps we and other people are now ready to remove this last great barrier to general recovery. At all events, the adventure is worth the effort. Much is to be gained and certainly nothing can be lost.

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